The Outlook

VOLUME 92 AUGUST 28, 1909 NUMBER 18

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS FIVE CENTS
MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1909, by the Outlook Company

Cover Design by Jules Guerin: Bird's-Eye View of Chicago
General Bingham's Revelations 959
A Great War Game 961
The Census and the Politicians 961
"Oh, Reform It Altogether" 962
Forests and Water Powers 963
Progress Against the White Plague ... 963
A Banker in Spite of Itself 964
The Defective Home and Juvenile Delinquency 965
Civic Friendliness 966
Two Critics 966
Uncle Warner Liscomb 967
Crete Still a Ward of the Nations 967
Oliver Wendell Holmes 968
The Short Ballot 971
My Favorite Text 972
The Spectator 973
Summer Vesper Sermons. The Temple: The Appetites 976
By Lyman Abbott
The Christie Habit 979
By Edward Verrall Lucas
The Number of the Beast 993
By William E. Barton
Cathedral Windows (Poem) 996
By Margaret Doane Gardiner
The New Chicago 997
By George C. Sikes
Poeta Poetarum (Poem) 1013
By Katharine Lee Bates
Mrs. Humphry Ward and Her Work .. 1014
By Charles S. Olcott
Sonnets of Shakespeare 1025
Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie
Play Days for Country Schools 1031
By Myron T. Scudder
The Origin and Evolution of Mental Healing 1039
By H. Addington Bruce
The Budget and the Citizen 1048
By Mary B. Sayles
The Absent Heart of Me (Poem) 1059
By Ivan Swift
Over Bemerton's—XIII, XIV 1060
By Edward Verrall Lucas
Index to Volume 92 1067

POSTAGE is prepaid on all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission. The editorial contributions of Theodore Roosevelt are fully protected by copyright, domestic and international, and are not to be reprinted in full except by arrangement in specific cases with the Outlook Company. Extracts from any of Mr. Roosevelt's articles, however, not exceeding one-third of the total, may be made, provided full credit to The Outlook is given.

RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your magazine shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of the magazine.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by each author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
Chicago Office, Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

TO CLEAN DIAMOND RINGS.

The wife of a famous artist writes us that, in her opinion, the best way to clean diamonds is to "soak them over night in a bowlful of Ivory Soap and water. Shavings of the soap dropped into warm water are best. In the morning, rinse thoroughly with hot water, and behold! they are as bright as when received from the jewelers."

Try it!

Nowadays, pretty nearly everybody realizes that Ivory is the best—*because the purest*—of bath, toilet and fine laundry soaps.

It is more than that. Because of its purity, it is available for scores—yes, hundreds—of uses, not generally known.

The cleaning of jewelry, referred to in this advertisement, is a case in point.

Ivory Soap . . $99^{44}/_{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

The Outlook

AUGUST 28, 1909

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

GENERAL BINGHAM'S REVELATIONS

If Mayor McClellan thought that his recent summary removal of General Theodore A. Bingham from the office of Police Commissioner of the city of New York was going to promote his own political fortunes, two articles by General Bingham which have just appeared, one in Van Norden's Magazine and the other in Hampton's Magazine, must have produced upon the Mayor something of a shock. As a rule, political officeholders in New York City when removed keep rather quiet about it, for one of two reasons: either they do not want unpleasant publicity over the causes of their removal, or, because they are still office-seekers, they do not care to create personal animosities by carrying their cases to the newspapers. General Bingham is prevented by neither of these motives from taking the public into his confidence. He never has been and is not now an office-seeker, and he is anxious that the public shall know the political and social reasons for his removal. His article in Van Norden's Magazine is a severe and biting analysis of Mayor McClellan's character. In many respects Mayor McClellan's administration has been an exceedingly good one, but, in the judgment of The Outlook, he has made the serious and hopeless political mistake of trying to ride two horses at once, or, perhaps more accurately, of trying to "swap horses while crossing the stream." He appointed Commissioner Bingham with the professed and, we think, the sincere purpose of taking the Police Department out of politics; and he removed Commissioner Bingham with what the public opinion of the city is a unit in believing to be the purpose of using the Police Department for political ends. The chief evil in the Police Department of New York, as well as of other large municipalities, is not the personal corruption of individual police officers, says General Bingham, but the use of the police force by corrupt political leaders to protect graft, and even crime, in which they have a money stake. If a police captain or sergeant is strict and unswerving in his enforcement of the law, he is apt to be mysteriously transferred to a precinct where he can do less harm, provided the Police Commissioner is amenable to political influence and pressure. General Bingham illustrates this with a story of his personal experience:

> One precinct in particular is in my mind. . . . This was the Harlem district of which Percy Nagle, now an Alderman, but still a district leader, was the political ruler. He had the police of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street station demoralized. . . . The policemen feared Nagle more than their superiors. If his orders conflicted with police orders, it was dollars to doughnuts that Nagle was the one obeyed. I soon realized that this precinct needed a course of heroic treatment. It got it. Many disreputable resorts had started as if sure of the right kind of protection, and saloonkeepers, apparently, had ceased to take the police into their calculation. . . . Raids were made on many of the illegal resorts in the precinct by Police Headquarters direct, and this was followed by the transfer of a new and active captain to take command. . . . The moment the new police captain had been assigned to the station it was seen by the local political lights of the district that he was not going to fall in with their ideas. Immediately rumors became general that the captain was to be transferred again. So persistent and circumstantial were these that the captain himself believed them, and naturally it took the heart out of him. . . . But there was more back of these rumors than mere guesswork and imagination. I discovered that when I received a polite request from the City Hall to send the captain to another station. Needless to say, he was not transferred. Instead, I went up to the station and gathered every policeman in that precinct before me. I made a speech declaring that their new captain would not be transferred, no matter who made the request. I told them that I

would hold them responsible and they must do better work. I ordered them to cease paying any heed to political leaders. I advised them to use a nightstick on any leader, henchman, or heeler who interfered with them in the discharge of their duty, and promised that I would stand by them if any trouble came from that source. The speech and the announced determination not to remove that police captain lessened the political influence in that precinct while I was head of the force.

General Bingham's definite charge is that he was removed by the Mayor because of his refusal to be a party to the Mayor's desire to make use of the police force for political purposes.

◆

THE CITIZEN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR CORRUPT POLICE

The article which we have summarized above is devoted to a criticism of Mayor McClellan's attitude toward the Police Department of New York City. In Hampton's Magazine, under the title "Policing Our Lawless Cities," General Bingham discusses the whole question of the relation of crime and graft to American municipal police. "It is high time," he says, "for thoughtful people in this country to wake up to the fact that law-breaking in our greater cities is to an appalling extent a safe and profitable occupation." There are three reasons, he asserts, for this lawlessness: First, the greed for money; "get money, within the law if possible, but *get* it, has become a code." Second, the superfluity of laws, many of which are placed upon the statute-books and among the ordinances not to be enforced but to be used as weapons of blackmail and graft. And, third, the laxity of judges in our lower courts. New York City police magistrates are too often appointed for political reasons and to build up a political machine. Such judges feel their responsibility to the machine and not to the community, and are lenient or derelict in their treatment of law-breakers in accordance with the wishes or directions of corrupt political leaders. "It is notorious that some police magistrates can be bought by crooks and are bought and owned at the disposition of the local political machine, wheresoever it may be." The evil of "a crooked or supine or incompetent judiciary" in the lower criminal courts is the greatest menace, General Bingham believes, to an honestly and justly governed city. In his judgment, at least eight thousand of the ten thousand policemen of New York City are honest men, while two thousand members of the force "are unscrupulous grafters," but the honest policeman may often have to wink at lawlessness or refuse to press charges for fear of transfer or other forms of "punishment" in a politically administered Police Department. General Bingham asserts that he could easily have made $600,000 in bribe money during his first year as Police Commissioner. Lest this shall seem an incredible statement, he gives the following incidents in support of his assertion:

> One day, shortly after my arrival at Police Headquarters, an acquaintance dropped into my office. "Commissioner," he said, "there is a house at —— West Thirty-third Street, run very quietly. It will be worth $10,000 a month to *you*—" but the sentence was never finished to my knowledge. A few months later I was offered $5,000 in cash and $500 a month merely to be seen shaking hands with the proprietor of an upper Broadway café.

General Bingham proposes certain definite reforms. He would abolish reinstatement by the courts of policemen dismissed from the force, although he would permit the courts to award money damages to dismissed policemen who may have thus forfeited their "vested rights" in the Pension Fund. He would have the police do nothing in connection with elections except to maintain order; all elections should be conducted under the direction of the State Superintendent of Elections. There should be a single Commissioner at the head of the Police Department. Prostitution should be segregated, but should not be licensed. Pawnbrokers, who, in a large number of instances, "are habitual receivers of stolen goods," should be licensed and controlled by the police. And, "finally, and most emphatically, there is need of individual patriotism, among not only the citizens of New York, but of all the cities of the United States. So long as private citizens ignore the corrupt governing of their cities and make a byword of the ballot, there can be no permanent reform, nor any cure for the grafting, bribing, blackmailing lawlessness which is eating out the heart of this republic."

A GREAT WAR GAME Since the British marched out in 1776 Boston never has come, and probably never will come, nearer to hostile occupation than it did last week. General Bliss and his Red Army of invasion outflanked the Blues' line of defense, held by General Pew, and occupied a threatening and superior position when time was called by the umpire, General Leonard Wood. Throughout a hard week's campaign the two armies marched and countermarched, felt their opponents' strength, threw out skirmish lines, feinted and retreated, blew up bridges (theoretically), tore down the wires, and destroyed the railways (by placard), and, for aught we know, hypothetically hanged spies. It was all pretty serious, too. The handling of such forces and their supplies is far from play; and the inclement weather gave the soldiers more than a taste of real hardship. On another page the Spectator describes some picturesque and interesting features of the campaign. It may be noted here that no fewer than 16,000 men were engaged in this mimic war, and that the operations covered a territory thirty miles square. National Guardsmen of all arms from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Washington made up the army of invasion, and the Massachusetts troops, aided by veteran regular United States negro cavalry of the Tenth Regiment, defended their home. Officers of the United States army served on the Reds' staff, while others acted as umpires. From the point of view of military education, nothing of like value has ever been attempted in this country. It is true that field maneuvers with combined State forces aided by regulars have been held two or three times, but never on this scale nor with such a definite plan of strategical warfare. Careless readers who look at the war game as a sort of summer sport for amateurs totally miss the point. We do not have an army "for fun;" the States do not support their National Guards in order to give the men a chance to parade. Our military problem is a serious one; in modern war a hastily raised army of volunteers, brave as they might be, would be worthless without a nucleus of trained men, and, above all, of trained officers. But strategics can be taught only by field work, participated in by large bodies of men. Until universal and perpetual peace is a certainty, the United States must not ignore the possibility of war, and it needs no proof to show that if we are to have any navy and any army, they must be scientifically efficient. Precisely such a problem as that studied about Boston last week is what is most likely to present itself in real war. The great cities are immediately protected by fortifications, but it is impossible so to defend the whole coast. Great battle fleets would strike each for the other and a terrific naval battle would ensue—so, at least, modern war theorists believe. But, our fleet once defeated, the enemy's obvious course would be to land an army at an unprotected place on the coast and march from the rear upon the fortifications and the cities they defend. This was the situation mapped out for last week's war game, and the campaign went far to prove that, distant as may be the danger, our military force must be kept at a high grade of strength and scientific ability if it is to be capable of grappling in dead earnest with such an invasion. After the war was over, General Wood said: "It was the first maneuver I have known that seemed to accomplish the real ends of maneuvers—to give practice in the problems of war."

❖

THE CENSUS AND THE POLITICIANS Following the excellent appointment of Mr. Durand as Director of the Thirteenth Census, and of Mr. Willoughby as his assistant, both men of executive skill and expert training, President Taft has still further shown his earnest intention of keeping the census work out of the clutches of trading politicians by a plain-spoken and positive letter on the subject to Secretary Nagel. It is true that the three hundred or more supervisors who will have the appointment of the enumerators are themselves to be appointed on the recommendation of the United States Senators and Representatives for their States and districts. No doubt these appointments will have more or less of a political tinge; but it is proposed to go beyond the recommendations and test the personal qualifications carefully. As the supervisors will hold office for a comparatively short period and will then be set adrift again, and as they must obviously be selected from the localities where they are to superintend the work, it is not likely that any better system of choice could be adopted. But even the supervisors, as well as the enumerators, are to be required to avoid any active part in politics during their service, and Mr. Taft defines this restriction broadly to forbid any kind of political activity except the casting of a man's own vote. Neither supervisor nor enumerator may serve on a committee, make political addresses, solicit votes, or in any way use his influence for a party or a candidate—National, State, or local—either in a primary or general election. Instant dismissal is the penalty. If this rule is carried out, we may hope to have an intelligent and efficient census, for President Roosevelt and President Taft gained by persistent effort from a reluctant Congress a law placing the Census Bureau employees on a sound Civil Service basis. The taking of the National census is not only a matter of great importance and one requiring high technical skill, but it is so extensive that a permanent, organized, disciplined force, free from political chicanery, is absolutely essential.

◆

"OH, REFORM IT ALTOGETHER"

The decision of the Naval Court of Inquiry as to the death of Lieutenant Sutton, of the Marine Corps, and the approval of the decision by the Department through Mr. Winthrop, the Acting Secretary, are almost startling in their frank exposure of deplorable defects in the discipline of the Marine School of Application. The first step toward reform is just such a recognition of faultiness; it is to be hoped that the whole question of the Marine Corps may be discussed anew. Apart from antiquated traditions, there no longer exists any necessity for the segregation of this Corps from the rest of the navy. In old days the marines were needed as a kind of ship police; today the bluejackets need no external police on board ship; the work can be and is done by themselves under their own officers. Indeed, the story is told that one admiral, in derision of the rule that made him put two armed marines beside each boat crew in the "abandon ship" drill, on the theory that the sailors might need to be overawed into doing their duty, used also to set two bluejackets, armed with revolvers, to watch the marines! President Roosevelt issued an order defining the duties of marines in such a way as to exclude any service on board ship, but maintaining the Corps for garrison and naval base service, and for possible use in landing on foreign soil in case of emergency (as was done in Colombia when the Panama revolution occurred), since international law does not regard such a landing of marines as an act of hostility, while to land regular army soldiers might be so considered. Congress did not regard this limitation of the functions of the marines favorably, but, in view of the present report, the next Congress might well take the subject up for fuller consideration. The findings in this case emphatically refute the vague charge that Lieutenant Sutton was murdered by a fellow-officer and the crime concealed by a conspiracy of officers as "unsupported by even a shadow of evidence, truth, or reason." Briefly stated, it appears that, presumably after a good deal of drinking, Sutton became insulting, profane, and quarrelsome, was kept from fighting one officer only by the intervention of a second, then insulted and attacked from behind this second officer, refused to obey the order of a superior to regard himself as under arrest, went to his tent for two revolvers, "ran amuck" threatening and shooting, hit two men, although not seriously, and, when overpowered, shot and killed himself, whether purposely or in the effort to kill others is not certain. He should have been put under restraint at the outset, and the court reprimands three officers for failing to do so. Commander Hood, in a minority report, which has been expressly approved by the Department, goes further, and asserts that several of the officers showed "a deplorable lack of knowledge of their duties," and that they should have been punished. Still more sweeping, and of real public importance, is the minority declaration that the results of the lax state of discipline at the Marine School of Application prior to and at the time of the death of Lieutenant Sutton " have brought serious discredit, not only on the officers directly responsible for the efficiency of the institution, but unfortunately upon the Marine Corps as a whole." It condemns *in toto* the practice of putting into positions of responsibility young men without proper previous training; and this appears to have been at the root of the whole scandalous and disgraceful affair.

* * *

FORESTS AND WATER POWERS: MAINE AND NEW YORK

The past few months have seen an interesting development in the general disposition towards preserving our timber and water power resources. Some time ago the Maine Legislature received an opinion from the Supreme Court of that State to the effect that the State might enter upon private forest lands and compel wise management. About half the territory in Maine consists of what is known as "wild land." The Maine tax authorities hold that the State should apportion its tax not only upon cities and towns but also on plantations and unincorporated townships proportionately to the value of these lands as compared with the State's total land value. On the other hand, the owners of timber protest that the "wild lands" should be exempted from taxation, and that, in place, a tax should be imposed on the crop when cut. They further urge, in common with National Forest Service officials and the National Conservation Commission, that under this system the owner, having no annual tax to pay, would allow his timber to grow and would not be tempted to slaughter it, thus conserving our forests and protecting our watersheds. In New York State, under its power of condemnation, as established by law, of any private lands in the territory embraced in the arbitrary boundary of the Adirondack Park, the New York Forest, Fish, and Game Commission has condemned, for the purpose of purchasing, about forty-three thousand acres of private woodlands on the border of the State Forest Preserve. The boundary is established by law and embraces nearly 3,500,000 acres, of which the State now owns about 1,500,000 acres. The rest is private property. The Commission's step was made necessary by the plans of a paper-making and wood-working company which had announced its intention to build a railway through this property and to found a town by the denuding of the lands and the consequent exposure of the State's holdings to fire. The owners of the land must receive, of course, a fair price for the property taken. Yet they have filed claims against the State aggregating nearly three million dollars—almost $69 an acre on an average. As a rule, the State has secured Adirondack lands at an average of less than ten dollars an acre. At all events, the plans to strip the wilderness of its forest cover are apparently frustrated, and, in addition to protecting the State's holdings, the river flow has probably been saved. Civilization would thus seem to be turning away from a proposed new industrial development because that development would jeopardize the older developments down stream. The industries along Black River, for instance, have been complaining of the fluctuations of the flow; some companies using water power were obliged to reduce their output and some were obliged to shut down entirely. The seizure of this territory also serves notice on all owners of forest lands in the State Forest Preserve that they must not take steps to denude their own lands where the interests of the State and of the general public are concerned, or they will be in danger of losing their property by forced sale to the State.

* * *

PROGRESS AGAINST THE WHITE PLAGUE

Two hundred thousand persons die of tuberculosis every year in the United States. Probably not far from a million—though this figure can be only an estimate—are afflicted with the disease. One in every eighty of the country's population is a living victim of the white plague; each year one in every four hundred gives up his life under its attack. In the United States there is a death from tuberculosis every three minutes. The figures are shockingly impressive. But no less impressive are the forces which are organizing in the city, the State, the Nation, and the world to fight the whited enemy to the death. It is the twentieth-century crusade. Its battle line reaches round the world, and news of an advance in a new direction, an outpost taken, a skirmish won, comes from every quarter. One of the handicaps in treating sufferers from tuberculosis in the poorest classes is that it is difficult to persuade them to go to a distant sanatorium, and their families to permit of their removal. The State of Connecticut is seeking to meet this difficulty by erecting, instead of a single large sanatorium, three smaller institutions in different counties. By thus dotting the State with homes the patients are placed within easy reach of their families, so that they can be visited at frequent intervals and the treatment they receive watched at first hand. Connecticut already possesses three very good sanatoriums, and these institutions take care of those patients who can, either themselves or through their friends, afford to pay a small charge. But there was practically no place in the State to which to send the cases among the very poor—the very cases which are the greatest menace to the families and neighbors of the sufferers. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has petitioned the State Superintendent of Insurance in New York for permission to erect a tuberculosis sanatorium for the treatment of its affected employees, and perhaps for a certain proportion of its policy-holders. The Company has 2,600 employees under the roof of its home office; it has some 14,000 employees in all; its policy-holders run into the millions, and among them there is a death from tuberculosis every thirty-two minutes. The scarcity, in proportion to the number of sufferers, of public sanatoriums and hospitals for tuberculosis patients is leading to the erection of privately financed charitable institutions of this kind. The Modern Woodmen of America number 1,000,000 members; they are building a tent city of one thousand acres near Colorado Springs. The American Federation of Labor has called upon its affiliated unions throughout the country to follow the example of the Albany Central Federated Union, whose 6,000 members pay five cents each a month to maintain a tuberculosis pavilion for their members. Last month the Brooklyn Central Labor Union obtained permission, under a new law regarding location of sanatoriums, to erect a tuberculosis sanatorium for its members, at a cost of $50,000. It is reported that the Associated Bill-Posters and Distributers of the United States and Canada, at their annual convention, voted to give to advertising anti-tuberculosis maxims and the like the free use of billboards in 3,400 cities and towns for a period of six months. This is said to mean a voluntary gift of a privilege having a money value exceeding a million dollars, in addition to which it is expected that the ink-makers, paper manufacturers, printers, and transportation companies will also contribute to this cause material and service representing another quarter of a million. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, in Labrador, where the white plague widely prevails, has persuaded many of the natives, it is said, to weave the indispensable if inelegant exhortation "Don't Spit" into their rugs, instead of the customary mottoes of the past. The fight is in a most serious sense a battle royal throughout the civilized world and a good portion of the uncivilized domains. There are ferry-boats by day, night camps for the day workers, a sailing ship sanatorium in England, a million-dollar group of model tenements for the tuberculous in New York City, half a mile of newspaper clippings each week on tuberculosis in the press of the United States! It is encouraging that the present death rate is lower than in any former period, and it would be hard to find a specialist to-day who will not prophesy a time to come when consumption, even if still an existing disease, will have been virtually conquered, as we have conquered cholera, smallpox, and diphtheria.

◆

A BANKER IN SPITE OF ITSELF

It is trite to say that the way to do a thing is to do it. Nevertheless, it will hardly be disputed that that *is* the proper thing to do. Not a little of the discussion in the recent Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress in Denver was devoted to the question of Postal Savings Banks, and the same subject has furnished a topic of discussion in that association and others for twenty years. Recently an investigation was begun by postal officials in Kansas City, Missouri, to learn why an unaccountably large number of money orders were not presented for payment within a reasonable time. The result was the discovery that immigrant laborers who make Kansas City their headquarters were using the post-office as a savings bank. It was found that within a year more than $250,000 had been thus deposited. These foreigners are familiar with the postal savings banks of Europe, but many of them distrust American banks. Until one clever fellow discovered how to use the post-office for a bank they carried their savings with them, and sometimes were robbed. Now they go to the post-office and buy money orders payable to themselves for a fee of thirty cents on a hundred dollars. Of course they draw no interest, but they know their money is absolutely safe, and that is the main consideration. If the orders are not presented for payment within a year, the money is turned into the Treasury and a certificate for the amount of the order is made out without extra cost to the holder of the order when he does present it. These certificates are good indefinitely. Thus has the Government become a savings banker in spite of itself—or, rather, of Congress.

◆

THE DEFECTIVE HOME AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

One who has had a wide experience in working for boys and young men in reformatories and penitentiaries recently made the statement publicly that he had yet to find the inmate of a penal institution who had had in his childhood a happy home. A study of the fourteenth annual report of the Trustees of the Lyman School for boys at Westboro, Massachusetts, convinces one that, however extreme this statement may sound, the facts bear out his contention. Out of 268 boys committed to this school during the year ending November, 1908, 101 had lost one or both parents. The report for the reform school population of the United States gives seventy-five per cent orphans or semi-orphans. Evidently nothing can take the place of the normal home in which both parents are living. That an artificial relationship is a poor substitute may be observed from the fact that thirteen of these boys had stepfathers and fourteen stepmothers. We would expect to find intemperance one of the elements in the reform school boy's home environment; 103 boys had intemperate fathers, five intemperate mothers, and, in addition, there were sixteen homes in which both parents were intemperate, making in all nearly fifty per cent of the homes into which the drink question had so seriously entered as to influence the boy's conduct. That domestic discord has its bearing upon delinquency is clearly evidenced from the fact that about fourteen per cent of the boys were handicapped by having parents who had separated. Over one-half of the boys had been arrested before, but when the homes to which they were returned on probation are considered, it was inevitable that they should offend again. Among English reform school authorities are those who hesitate ever to allow a boy or girl to return to his or her own home on discharge from the school. The statement is somewhere made that of all industrial school-children who go back to their homes only one-fourth as many turn out well as of those otherwise disposed of, and in one school where seventy per cent did well not one did so who returned to relatives. The average age of commitment for Lyman School is thirteen and a half years, and yet fifty-seven per cent of the boys were tobacco-users, a fact due either to a lack of salutary control or good judgment on the part of the parents. One hundred and twenty-three of the boys were idle when arrested. Has the time come when it is necessary for an individual to commit some crime in order that he may learn a trade? It cannot be argued that poverty is the main cause of juvenile delinquency, as in forty of these cases the boys' parents were the owners of the residences in which they lived. On the other hand, seventy-one of the boys came from homes in which some member of the family had previously been arrested. A criminal environment evidently breeds criminality. "Environment," said Dugdale, "is the controlling factor in determining careers," and it is the home environment more than any other which makes or mars the child. The work of transforming a delinquent into an honest, useful citizen is a highly commendable task; to transform the conditions under which the potential delinquent is growing up so as to nip his incipient delinquency in the bud before the reformatory period is better still; but to begin the transforming process early enough with the *parent*, so as to prevent a predisposition to juvenile offense on the part of the child, is the large ounce of prevention that will prevent the necessity for the pound of cure.

⁂

CIVIC FRIENDLINESS The idea that has made the social center movement in Rochester a growing success for the last two years has been described as "the democratic, friendly spirit of broad acquaintanceship which made the little red school-house in the country the fine community gathering-place it was." The use of the school-house as a meeting-place for the people in the evenings and for various forms of enjoyment and culture is not new; New York, Chicago, and other cities have had their own experiments in this direction; but Rochester has worked out a plan of its own, and the inspiration came, as one of the workers says, "because we remember how, back home, the folks used to get together in the school-house evenings, for spell-downs, singing-schools, and festivals, where there wasn't any difference between the postmaster's wife and the hired girl, because the women took their hats off; and how the men folks got together there evenings, and decided things, by free, honest discussion." As one turns over the pages of the printed story of the first two years of this friendly undertaking, the pictures show the diversity of the plans. Here at different times are going on games, gymnastics, basket-ball, lectures, fencing, debating, negro minstrels, women drilling, wrestling, interchange of flags between the women's club and the club of Italians, and a dozen other things which show that the people—not the children, but the adults—of a given vicinity have improved with joyfulness and enthusiasm the opportunities given them, through the social centers and through the use of school buildings, to get every conceivable kind of entertainment as well as of improvement. The spontaneousness of the whole thing is refreshing, and its value so impressed Governor Hughes when he visited the Rochester social center that he declared: "I am more interested in what you are doing and in what it stands for than in anything else in the world. . . . You are buttressing the foundation of democracy; you are making it more sure that our children will enjoy, even more richly, that which we have cherished in our lives." Politicians, exponents of social theories, lecturers on all sorts of subjects, agree that the result has been the development of a good community spirit as well as a place for the discussion and understanding of civic questions. For instance, a local political leader declared: "The school-houses are the real places for political meetings. I do not mean that they should be open to any one political party, but to all. Why should I be compelled to go into a bar-room to address a political meeting, where the bartender uses me to advertise his beer?" It is evident that to carry on all the activities of such a social center good judgment and fair-mindedness must prevail; the center must not be allowed to fall into the hands of faddists or any political party; most of all, the people must be encouraged to manage things themselves. Rochester has evidently been wonderfully successful in the direction which has been exercised over its social centers, and those who have interest in the general object, and would like to see other cities profit by the experience of Rochester, would do well to send for "The Story of the First Two Years," which is published by the League of Civic Clubs of Rochester.

⁂

TWO CRITICS It seems hardly possible for one to mistake Agrippa's bantering reply to St. Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian" (more correctly given in the Revised Version, "With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian"—Acts xxvi. 28), as showing "signs of a disposition to become a Christian." This, however, is the way in which the late Professor Pfleiderer, of Berlin, understands it in his recent volume on "Primitive Christianity" (Putnam), as reflected in the Synoptic Gospels and the Acts. Readers unversed in critical studies, but possessed of common sense, are not likely to have the confidence to follow into deep waters a guide who thus slips in the shallows. Nor is such hesitation lessened by finding the critic objecting to St. Paul's gentle censure of idol-worship at Athens as " difficult to reconcile " with his severity toward it in Romans i., and, again, finding the warning against covetousness in his discourse at Miletus (Acts xx. 33–35) set down as a mark of second-century authorship, fifty years later. Such spiderwebs of criticism tend to distrust of the critic's radical reconstruction of the Passion history. According to Professor Pfleiderer, Jesus came to his death through a fatal mistake. He went up to Jerusalem " to overthrow the hierarchy " by an appeal to the people, and " to establish the true theocracy by means of a religious and social reorganization. . . . He underrated, as heroes are wont to do, the forces of the actual world." Much more plausible is Dr. Pfleiderer's ingenious theory of the Gospel according to Matthew, with its remarkable combination of opposing tendencies—narrow and broad, Jewish and Gentile, primitive strata and secondary—as a successful second-century attempt to unify the diverging tendencies of the Evangelic Tradition in the Churches of the West and the East. A portion of Dr. Pfleiderer's ground is covered in the recent volume by his colleague, Dr. Harnack, on "The Acts of the Apostles " (Putnam). Here, notwithstanding vulnerable points, is found, on the whole, a history that abides crucial tests—no such second-century patchwork as Dr. Pfleiderer pronounces it, but a high-grade, genuine product of the Apostolic age. Here, again, the general reader is not incompetent to judge fairly between the opposing critics—Pfleiderer holding that " extreme anti-Judaism is the most characteristic motive of Acts;" Harnack, that it is rather " the mission and expansion of Christianity from Jerusalem to Rome." While the battle of books is still on, there is ground for Harnack's hope: " Perhaps it will at last be seen that criticism, after its long and painful exertions, must return to the occupation of positions it has deserted."

* * *

UNCLE WARNER LISCOMB

Some refreshing light is thrown upon the race question in the South by a remarkable obituary notice which appeared in the Southern Presbyterian, of Atlanta, Georgia, for August 11, and which has just come to our attention. The notice is an account of the life and character of " Uncle " Warner Liscomb, a colored servant of the well-known Dabney family of Virginia, and is signed by Dr. Charles William Dabney, now President of the University of Cincinnati, and his two brothers and sister. Uncle Warner, who died last April, was born a slave eighty-three years ago. A few years after the Civil War he entered the service of Dr. Robert Dabney, the well-known Virginia clergyman who became General Stonewall Jackson's Chief of Staff. In 1883 the Dabney family removed to Texas and Uncle Warner remained in Virginia, but it was not long before his affection for the family drew him to Texas also, and there he lived with the Dabneys as a family servant until 1907. Then, desiring to spend his last days on Virginia soil and to be buried in a Virginia grave, he returned to live with his daughter in Lynchburg. Dr. Charles Dabney and his brothers and sister conclude their tribute to their old friend and servant in these genuinely touching words: " If steadfastness, honesty, dignity, and truth, instinctive courtesy and self-respect, combined with kindly humor, make the gentleman, he was one. It is the peculiar honor of our mother, Old Virginia, that she bred these virtues in her worthy sons, both white and colored, and in none more than in Uncle Warner. If duty well performed in every relation of life be an outward sign of inward grace and true piety, we feel the comfortable assurance that he abides in the house of our Father with his best friends, our sainted parents, in the fellowship of just men made perfect."

* * *

CRETE STILL A WARD OF THE NATIONS

As well lay a tempting bone between two hostile dogs and expect them not to growl at one another as to leave Crete defenseless between Turkey and Greece. In this case, moreover, instead of being merely a bone of contention, Crete has had very strong ideas of its own about its disposal. Remembering ancient times, hating Turkey and loving Greece, nothing but the strong hand of the Powers can prevent Crete's union with Greece. But any attempt in this direction would mean war between Greece and Crete's nominal suzerain, Turkey—a most deplorable result from the international point of view, and injurious to Crete above all. At one time, as reported in The Outlook, the Powers, which have for several years kept a joint international force in Crete, went a good way in allowing Greek influence to prevail in Crete; thus, they let the King of Greece nominate High Commissioners over the island and send Greek officers to command the international police. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that when the Powers decided to withdraw their own troops from the island, the Cretans should declare themselves loyal to Greece. At first Turkey, absorbed by its own dangers and revolutions, took little notice; but when the Cretans went so far as to raise the Greek flag over the Cretan fortress of Canea, Turkey gave no uncertain evidence that it would not allow this province to be wrested away from its overlordship as others have been. The Powers very properly came to the conclusion that their action in withdrawing was unwise and premature, and that there was nothing to do but to continue to control the affairs of the island as they have for the last eleven years. Accordingly, last week detachments of sailors were landed from the foreign war-ships at Canea, and the Cretans sorrowfully watched them haul down the Greek flag which they had themselves flatly refused to lower, war or no war. Thus, in all probability, ends this exciting and threatening incident. Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia will continue to keep the peace; will prevent, on the one hand, Turkey from oppressing Crete, and will restrain, in the interests of international peace, on the other hand, Crete and Greece from effecting the union ardently desired by both. One thing proven is that the military forces of the Powers may be used jointly for a common peaceful end. Such combinations as this in Crete and as that of the Powers in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion may be regarded as a foretaste of the time when an international military force will make war impossible by enforcing the decrees of arbitration and by acting as the world's police.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

There will be many who will remember Oliver Wendell Homes on August 29, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, as one of the purest American types of temperament and mind. To recall him brings back the most gifted group of men of letters who have appeared in this country, and the most companionable and genial comrades. A Southern man of distinction, after some humorous comment on old Boston, added: "There has been no quicker wit or keener intelligence in any other city at one time since the days of the Mermaid Tavern." It is a misfortune for the world that there is no register sensitive enough to record those brilliant and unforgetable hours when the talk is like the flashing of swords in "The Three Musketeers;" thrust and parry of steel so swift and continuous that one is sensible only of a miracle of blended strength and skill. Hawthorne has made a humorous sketch of the "Saharas of Silence" that sometimes fell on the company in Emerson's library when certain highly individualistic men of gift and mood were gathered together. Mrs. Hoar once said that Thoreau acted as if he believed that Nature was born and grew up in Concord!

Emerson had a wonderful gift of illuminative silence; his beautiful smile was better than speech, and in his atmosphere the best things were credible. He rarely laughed, but he often smiled, and the light on his face was full of ease and play of soul. He had, however, a wit as keen and penetrating as his intelligence; it was a sudden flash of pure intellect that went to the very heart of the matter and was more searching than an evening's argument. He hated argument because it so readily passed from a joint effort to overtake truth into a competition for the mastery of the field; and there is a delightful story to the effect that, on a certain evening when he was entertaining two friends and was unable to change a sharp debate into a rational discussion, he quietly left the room and went to bed. Lowell's wit was of a high order, and his talk was illumined by a continuous play of humor, full of sagacity and not lacking the element of fun. Hawthorne's shyness made access to him less easy than to

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

From a photograph by Notman

other members of the circle, and he was known only to a few intimates. They found his talk as unusual as his writing, and as individual; touched by a humor which stopped short of merriment but was neither morbid nor somber. Longfellow's work shows few traces of humor, but there was in his charming temperament a keen sense of the incongruities and absurdities in which life abounds. His refusal to join the Philosophers' Camp in the Adirondacks because Emerson was to have a gun is a delightful example of his quiet fun.

In quickness of wit Dr. Holmes was easily first in the group of wits who bequeathed to Boston a tradition of captivating talk which Aldrich easily continued and which promises to survive the many changes that have come upon the old city on the three hills. Boston has the habit of conversation as an art, to the free play of which not only the older men of letters contributed their various gifts, but men less widely known, like Dr. Holmes's brother and "Tom" Appleton, who were as quick and merry of tongue as their more distinguished contemporaries; to say nothing of Mrs. Howe and a group of women of gift and charm.

In his later years Dr. Holmes created a new kind of monologue; his reputation made younger men slow of speech in his presence, and he fell into the habit of being his own interlocutor. This monologue had all the vivacity and variety of a sustained conversation; there were, indeed, few conversations that could rival it in range and richness of resource. Dr. Holmes has somewhere defined genius as the ability to light one's own fire; that was his special quality. He could set himself going, so to speak, and as his talk flowed along he continually reinspired himself. There was a frank and innocent egotism about him that was entirely captivating. "I am told," he once said, "that I am entirely spoiled. What harm does it do if you are spoiled—after you're eighty?" It was no small part of the pleasure of hearing this monologue to see his keen enjoyment of the play of his mind; the surprise with which he turned unexpected corners, the boyish elation of coming on unforeseen bits of pure fun.

There was in this monologue all the elements of a fully developed conversation: reminiscence, criticism, irony, wit, humor, wise comment, shrewd guess, pungent characterization. Many a man has gone away from the "Autocrat" after one of these "noctes ambrosianæ" intent to preserve by some memorandum the charm of the talk, its vital quality, its lambent wit, its quick flashes of intelligence; only to find that it was like trying to photograph the lightning that plays about the horizon on summer evenings. Unless the elusive conditions of the time and place, the flavor of personality, and the atmosphere of a fleeting hour can be preserved, such talk is unreportable. It remains a kind of brilliant mist in the memory, with a few individual flashes left on the mind.

Wit is a social quality, and Dr. Holmes was pre-eminently a social person; he needed an audience, and an audience in his atmosphere became a group of friends. Abstractions had small interest for him; he was moved by things in their relations to people, to history, to occasions. He was, therefore, the poet of sentiment, and his most characteristic verse, "The Voiceless," "The Chambered Nautilus," "Under the Violets," "The Iron Gate," are songs of the heart. He was without a peer as the poet of occasions; but the verse which he read or published was not occasional verse; its feeling was so sincere and genuine that it detached itself from the time and place and took flight into the upper air; it passed beyond local felicity, happy adaptation to the hour, into the broader region of art. He was, more often than any other of his contemporaries, the celebrant at the altar of friendship. "I have done my share in paying tributes of respect to many poets of my own land and other lands," he wrote Mr. Winter in his seventy-fifth year, "and the time has come when I must claim the privilege of leaving the kind of tasks I have so often undertaken—grateful and honorable as they are—to others who can do full justice to occasions. . . . I told a gentleman who called me up at a dinner the other day that I was an Emeritus Professor, after more than thirty-five years' service—but an Emeritus as Occasional Versifier of more than fifty years' standing."

In that half-century of tribute-bearing to genius and to friendship Dr. Holmes was never dull, rarely mechanical, often so happily inspired that he made the occasion memorable in our literary history. Emerson sometimes threw a spell over his listeners. Those who heard his speech at a dinner years ago in honor of Burns speak of its magical effect, due to the personality of the speaker, the charm of his beautiful voice, the quality of expectation in his manner, the unerring felicity of phrase which came at the end of the recurring pause that kept his auditors on tiptoe with eager anticipation. Dr. Holmes touched the heart of such occasions so lightly, with phrases so affectionate and yet tempered with restraint, that he moved his hearers as deeply as he moved himself. Mr. Winter has given us a vivid impression of his manner and effectiveness. "At times when he had thus to speak he became eagerly animated; joyously excited; keenly conscious of the intellectual feat he was about to accomplish and of the effect to be produced. His countenance, pleasingly eccentric rather than conventionally handsome, and more remarkable for intensity and variety of expression than for regularity of feature, would at such moments glow with fervency of emotion; his brilliant eyes would blaze as with interior light; . . . his voice, clear and sympathetic but neither strong nor deep, would tremble and sometimes momentarily break with ardor and impetuosity of feeling." Mr. Winter describes his bearing at a dinner in honor of the poet Moore, when, on rising, he fixed his gaze steadily for a few significant seconds on a bust of the poet, and then, without a word of preamble, began a glowing apostrophe to the Irish singer in the form of an illuminative parallel between his genius and that of Burns, catching and bringing back the very note of Moore himself. "The effect of it was magical. A brilliant assemblage, hushed, almost breathless with excitement, hung enraptured upon every syllable and every tone, and when the last words rang from the speaker's lips, there was such a tumult of acclamation as seemed to shake the walls."

Dr. Holmes's prose and verse will be inventoried and appraised many times on this centennial anniversary of his birth; The Outlook finds the happiest use of the occasion in the endeavor to recall the man of wit and sentiment; the highest type of that American alertness of mind which is so often illustrated by its broader and coarser forms; the man of intense local sensibility, who loved his ancestry, the house in which he was born, the college from which he was graduated, the class of which he was a member, the old city in which he lived and died, the craft which he practiced as an avocation with such joy and skill that it became his chief business in life; the lover of his friends, and their celebrant on memorial or festive occasions.

⁂

THE SHORT BALLOT

Some of our readers appear to think that the Short Ballot idea is a novel and radical one. It is not. In American politics it is a hundred and thirty-two years old.

The Short Ballot idea has been defined and described in several articles recently published in these pages. It is that we should follow in our municipal and State elections the method of our Federal election; that we should make our elective public officials as few as possible and confer upon them as great executive powers as possible. The Constitution of the United States, submitted to the people in 1787, adopted for the National Government the Short Ballot plan of conducting elections, and rejected, after serious debate, the method now universally followed in elections in the various States. In National affairs the citizen votes for one President with a vast appointing power, one Representative, and (although indirectly) for two Senators. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, was largely instrumental in having the Short Ballot idea introduced into the Federal Constitution. Ten years before, in 1777, he tried to introduce it into the Constitution of the State of New York, and unfortunately failed. Theodore Roosevelt, in his very interesting and illuminating life of Gouverneur Morris, published twenty years ago, in the American Statesmen Series, makes the following significant comments upon Morris's connection with the first New York State Constitution:

> It was over the executive branch that the main contest arose. It was conceded that this should be nominally single-headed; that is, that there should be a Governor. But the members generally could not realize how different was a governor, elected by the people and responsible to them, from one appointed by an alien and higher power to rule over them, as in the colonial days. . . . Morris himself was wonderfully clear-sighted and cool-headed. He did not let the memory of the wrong-doing of the royal governors blind him; he saw that the trouble with them lay, not in the power that they held, but in the source from which that power came. Once the source was changed, the power was an advantage, not a harm, to the State. Yet few or none of his companions could see this; and they nervously strove to save their new State from the danger of executive usurpation by trying to make the executive practically a board of men instead of one man, and by crippling it so as to make it ineffective for good, while at the same time dividing the responsibility so that no one need be afraid to do evil.

While the views of Morris were adopted in the Federal Constitution, they were rejected in the State Constitution. The result is that to-day boss-made and machine-driven government flourishes in our State and municipal administrations, while it has comparatively little influence in National affairs. The popular will is expressed more directly and more efficiently through the Short Ballot of our Federal elections than through the cumbersome method by which, in Boston, for example, the voter is confronted with the names of nearly ninety candidates on his ballot.

Boston has discovered the fact that its present system of elections contributes to the confusion of the voter and the strengthening of the corrupt or selfish boss. The Boston Finance Commission, after disclosing a condition of corruption at the City Hall which aroused the attention and indignation of the whole community, has proposed and put through the State Legislature a Charter Bill by which two plans for city elections will be submitted to the voters next November. Plan Number One is generally regarded as the plan of the politicians; Plan Number Two is that favored by the Finance Commission. Both plans, however, provide for a shorter ballot than Boston now employs, for the present city government includes thirteen Aldermen elected annually at large and seventy-five Common Councilors elected annually by wards. Plan Number One, or the politicians' plan, provides a Common Council of thirty-six members, and, while a concession to Short Ballot sentiment, still clings to the idea of a bulky and unwieldy administration. Plan Number Two, in our judgment far the more practical as well as far the simpler, provides for a City Council of nine members. The entire Council is to be elected the first year, but, after a certain definite period provided in the Charter, there will be only from four to six municipal candidates to be elected each year, the larger number falling in those years when the Mayor and two members of the School Committee, as well as three members of the Council, are being chosen. The Mayor will be elected for four years, but there is provision for a "recall" on the expression of the will of a majority of the registered voters.

The weakest spot in American democracy to-day is American city government. Advocates of municipal reform in all parts of the country will join with the Boston Finance Commission in the hope that the voters of that city will adopt Plan Number Two. The Finance Commission, in urging its adoption, makes the following prediction:

> By reducing the number of candidates, and thereby simplifying the ballot, good nominations and intelligent discussion of candidates will be possible. This is not now the case. . . . The Commission is under no illusion that the changes recommended will of and by themselves secure good government. No municipal charter can be a self-executing instrument of righteousness. If the people want the kind of government they have had during the past few years, no Charter revision will prevent it. If, as the Commission believes, they desire good government, the plan suggested should enable them to obtain and keep it.

Why should not the Short Ballot idea, which has been put into successful operation in some of our Western cities, and is now likely to be applied to municipal administration in Boston, be taken up, discussed, and perhaps embodied in constitutional amendments in the various States as a means of reforming State politics along practical lines?

❖

MY FAVORITE TEXT

What is your favorite passage in the Bible?

I have none. How is it possible to have one? One passage a favorite for all moods and all hours! What is your favorite article of diet? Do you always want the same thing? The same in hot weather and in cold, for breakfast and for dinner? Who is your favorite friend? You are to be pitied if you have only one. Different friends, at different times, for different needs.

Books are companions, and one ministers to a want for which another can do nothing. You want to grapple for a while with the great laws of life; you take down Hegel's "Philosophy of History." You want to study the essential spirit of social justice; you ask Montesquieu to talk to you. You want to forget the present and dwell for an hour in the remote past; you take down Homer's Odyssey; or, if for lighter pasturage inclined, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." You want the present conditions which give rise to modern-day problems put before you so vividly that you cannot help seeing them as they are, through an imagination more clear-visioned than your own; you take "Marcella," or possibly "The Pit." You are weary of to-day's problems and want to escape from them into the world of romance; you take Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," or Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield." If you have relish for half an hour of pure nonsense, you take down a volume of "Punch" or "The Bab Ballads." If you want philosophy, you do not read "The Bab Ballads;" if you want mirthful nonsense, you do not go to Montesquieu or Hegel.

The Bible is a collection of Hebrew literature gathered out of the best literary works of that peculiar people produced during a period of ten or twelve centuries. What do you want to-night when you take it up? History, philosophy, ethics, devotional literature, poetry, drama, fiction—what? Do you want drama? There is no sweeter and more wholesome love drama in any literature, ancient or modern, than the Song of Songs. Do you want fiction? For an idyl read Ruth; for historical romance read Esther; for a bit of caustic satire on religious narrowness, whether ancient or modern—and they are much the same—read the Book of Jonah. Do you want to get at concrete illustrations of the essential principles of social justice in a free state? The Book of Deuteronomy is at least as worthy of your study as Montesquieu. Do you want to be stirred by a great epic? The Book of Job is more profound in its insight into human nature than Homer's Odyssey, and not less vigorous in its grapple with the problems of an enigmatical existence than "Hamlet." Are you tired of emotions, whether religious or secular? The Book of Proverbs is the "Poor Richard" of Hebrew literature; read it for its interpretation of the ancient school of ethical culture. Do your emotions reach out for some better ministry, some higher inspiration, than they get from the monthly magazine, the modern novel, or even the pulpit? Turn to the devotional side of the Bible. Are you oppressed by the woes of the world? Does life seem to you one great hopeless tragedy, so that it seems hardly worth the while to try to better it? Do you want some one who has faced the facts of life as you face them, and yet has kept alive his courage and his hope, to speak to you? Read the eighth chapter of Romans, with its deep feeling of the tragedy—"We know that the whole world groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now"—and its clear vision of the ultimate issue when we shall, through struggle and pain, be perfectly conformed to the image of God's Son, and he be no longer a single figure in human history, but the first one among many whom he shall call brethren. Do your own blunders and your own sins oppress you? Have you failed so often, and so often repeated the same failure, that you are ashamed to ask forgiveness and aid again, and are afraid to meet the Judge of all the earth, not because you think he is not righteous, but because you are sure he is? Read the one hundred and third Psalm. Has your friend, your child, your life companion, left you and gone out into the unknown, and you have heard the voice at the open grave saying, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but cannot realize the added words, "The spirit to God who gave it"? Read the fourteenth chapter of John, or the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, or some of the splendid chorals in the Book of Revelation, written in that age of awful persecution and wholesale slaughter. Are the connections between earth and heaven broken? Has prayer lost its meaning, and is aspiration dead? Read the seventeenth chapter of John.

You will not think that this is meant as an exhaustive counsel. It is only suggestive and illustrative. The Bible is a book of human experiences, recorded that they may minister to human need. That is at any one time and in any one experience my favorite passage in the Bible which at that time and in that mood best ministers to the need of the hour.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE SPECTATOR

The Dutch have taken Holland. Boston, the Hub of the Universe, and a very respectable bump on the periphery of the fore wheel of the American coach of state, has been captured—constructively, putatively, metaphorically—by an American citizen army. The treasures that lie clustered beneath the sacred codfish are at the mercy of the invader from within. But the Spectator feels spunky enough to wager a round New England doughnut that an invader from without would never have turned the trick so easily. The phrase with which this paragraph began seems to hint at the idea that it takes the Dutch "to beat the Dutch." The Spectator is very sure it takes Americans to beat Americans.

For an hour and a half the Spectator had been looking for trouble—not trouble for himself, but the trouble in which the Red and the Blue armies were pleasantly engaged. The bobtailed car, which the shrewd Yankee proprietor of the "auto exchange" had assured him was the best possible vehicle in which to visit the scene of hostilities, went bucketing through the heavy sand of the cross-country roads like an errant sewing-machine of the vintage of 18—. The country was as peaceful as a churchyard, smiling lazily, under the flecked sky of vivid blue and billowy white and gray, with the homely, inviting good humor of the New England land. The aroma of early apples, and sweet-fern, and pine needles offered tantalizing suggestions. But we were bent on sterner business.

⁂

Soon we passed a deserted camp site of a night or two before; then another of more recent use, its paraphernalia still waiting in the wagon train along the roadside for the word from the front that the fighting was over and the fighters ready to eat and rest. The squad that guarded the wagons wore blue scarfs about their hats, and by that token we knew that we were within the lines of the defending army. A mile or two more, and things began to look more businesslike. A company or two of the Blues occupied a cross road, a line of them prone behind a stone wall, while twice as many were drawn up in column ready to move to some other point of strategic importance. A communicative private advised us onward, "to the next town, wherever that is," where big forces from both sides were facing each other. His advice was good, for in a few minutes (in spite of the sewing-machine) we were in the thick of it.

⁂

A road, wooded on both sides, leading off to the right, was filled with artillery of the Blues—six-horse teams with their postilion riders, guns, limbers, and caissons crowding the roadway, and a gun or two in position in the woods on either side threatening some unseen enemy. Far off to the left, behind the woods, an occasional *tock—tock—tock*, followed by a helter-skelter *tocktocktocktocktock*, said that the infantry rifles were busy over there. But along our road everything was quiet. A walk to the head of the line showed the road running down a little slope past a railway station and up again through a town—Hanover Four Corners. Ahead of our guns (it doesn't take the Spectator long to become a partisan in any game he witnesses) were some of our infantry, and, facing them, about the station, were a body of the Reds. But nothing was happening. It might have been a Fourth of July parade in one of those moments of blockade when the tidy stream spreads out into a shapeless puddle. The fringes of the Red and Blue lines had drifted together, and, if they were not engaged in "swapping" tobacco for coffee as the Gray and the Blue did forty years ago, they doubtless had plenty of stories to "swap." Suddenly to the Colonel of the Blue regiment appeared an officer on horseback, an indefinable something about his carriage or his manner placing him as a Regular, the white scarf on his hat denoting him an umpire. "Colonel," said he, "General Wood decides that the Blues shall drop back half a mile, and that hostilities shall recommence at twenty-five minutes to twelve. The Red forces greatly outnumber you here. It is now eleven-five. At eleven-thirty-five hostilities commence again." A bit dejectedly, the Blue forces fell back, while the Reds rearranged their lines. In the interval the Spectator fell upon friends with a real motor car, and secured release from the sewing-machine and all its works by a transshipment. The next moment he discovered that the knoll beyond the station was not only the headquarters of the Red army, but, for the moment, of the chief umpire and his aides. This was evidently the center of the battle, the very crux of the situation. The Spectatorial luck had again not failed.

⁂

Sharp on the minute a signal-gun boomed and "hostilities recommenced." The Spectator had already discovered that a battle is not a thing that you can sit down with in your lap and pore over as you might a game of chess on a board. Chess it certainly is. But the squares may be a mile across, and each is hidden from the other by woods and hills and distance. Only the commander sees the whole. His eyes to see the enemy's moves, his hands to make his own moves, are his scouts, his messengers, his telegraph and telephone lines. The observer sees but a square or two—a knight facing a rook, perhaps. After threatening brandishings of the knight's spear and hoarse cawings of defiance from the rook, the one falls back, the other hastens off to help a brother piece or to attack a vacant square. Surely a commanding general must be a man of imagination. He must fight the battle in his head.

❖

But what did the Spectator see of that fight? He saw the streets of that little village on the slope filled with artillery. A single gun grimly guarded the road down which the Blues had retired "half a mile." Another dashed down into the back yard of a trim Colonial house, whirled about, and to the quietly reiterated commands "Load!" "Fire!" and the swift, unhurried, rhythmic motions of its handlers, barked defiance at the uncommunicative woods a quarter of a mile away. Down a sloping road between meadow fields stood a half-dozen guns speaking their smoky, ejaculatory pieces over the fields to whatever those woods might contain. Behind each stone wall across the fields even to the edge of the woods lay thin lines of red-scarved khaki-clad men, and anon they fired volleys, presumably at something, but what no mere onlooker might tell. Anon they fired at will, the *tock-tock-tocks* making an even pattern of sound on the summer stillness, with the sharply bitten-off *bup—bup—bup* of the field guns weaving a deeper tone into the warp. From over the woods clouds of smoke and barkings, as if in echo, suggested the enemy. But no other sign of his presence was revealed to the unelect. And that was all that the Spectator saw of the Red side of that fight. One thing only seemed clear to the Spectator's limited vision. The Red troops at this point were holding their own, and if the Blues wanted to drive them out of the position they held, they gave no sign of accomplishing that desire. The Spectator learned from his friends that the Reds, under General Bliss, had turned the flank of the Blues and had before them a clear road to Boston. But the Blues had attacked them in the rear, and the Red Army had to stop and beat off this rear-guard attack before it could proceed to its destination. To use a football figure, Red had made a successful end run, but, just as it was starting for the goal-line, Blue had tackled from behind and the Red runner must stop an instant to shake off the tackler.

❖

A detour, in the delightfully able-bodied motor car, of a mile or two brought us to the Blue lines and the Blue battery, whose smoke we had seen above the trees. It held a fine position on an eminence looking across a swamp to the woods. The four guns barked steadily, two of them in clear, powerful tones, but two with a kind of lingering cough, which seemed to speak of wet powder or some other artillerial malady. In the road behind the battery were other guns, and it was far from clear to the lay eye why they were not in action. In their midst were two guns manned by Red soldiers, a little sheepish under the good-natured gibes of their captors. As one o'clock came nearer—the hour when hostilities would cease for the day, and, in fact, for good and all—a company or two of Blue infantry was suddenly galvanized into activity and started off down the road at the double. The Spectator doubled after regretfully, for the noon sun was very busy in the heavens. Down the road, through a gap in the fence, into a field, and down behind a stone wall, ready for action, went the Blues—and the signal boomed. This cruel war was over. As blue-scarved heads rose from behind fences, stone walls, and railway embankments, and red-scarved heads from the middle of a swamp facing them, an officer of the newly arrived reserves plucked the elbow of a handy umpire. "Major," said he, in a Southern accent that belied his uniform of Massachusetts militiaman, "I want you to see these men here in position. I don't believe you knew they were there." He spoke, without the quiver of an eyelash to suggest that he knew that they had been there for about three seconds and a half before the end of the fighting. The umpire looked them over and promised to report

4

the fact to the other umpires "down at the bridge."

* * *

The fighting was over, and the next thing for the combatants was food, then camp, then home. As the Spectator and his friends broke their fast, column after column of Blues, sprung apparently from nowhere, but probably out of the woods which the Reds had been attacking, tramped wearily by toward their wagon-trains and the labors of going into camp. As we sped toward Boston we passed what seemed miles of wagons, loaded to overflowing with tents and blankets and cooking outfits, and the thousand and one accessories of field housekeeping. Our last view of the war was of a battalion setting up its camp for another night before the return home.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE APPETITES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—1 Cor. x. 31.

HOW can we eat and drink to the glory of God? Paul tells us that our body is a temple in which dwells a spirit which we have from God. This temple is in need of constant repair. We eat and drink to the glory of God when we so eat and drink as to keep it in good repair. Every act, physical or mental, destroys some tissue of the body. New tissue must be imported to take its place. This is one function of food and drink. The life of the body depends upon keeping up a certain standard of heat within. Food is fuel. This is another function of food and drink. When food and drink are so used as to make the body the best possible tenement for the spirit to inhabit and the best possible instrument for the spirit to use, we eat and drink to the glory of God. The appetites are not a sin. It is not sinful to enjoy a good meal. What is sinful is to allow our enjoyment to induce us to partake of a bad meal—that is, a meal that does not repair but impairs the body.

Some persons violate this law by eating too much; others violate it by eating too little; still others by eating unwisely. Fasting is not a duty, feasting is not a sin. Sometimes fasting is a sin, sometimes feasting is a duty. The law of the Old Testament provided for many feasts and for only one fast. It was degenerate Judaism which added other fasts. The Pharisee who boasted that he fasted twice every week was condemned, not commended, by Jesus Christ. Christ said of himself that he came eating and drinking. When his enemies called him a glutton and a wine-bibber, they lied; but it was not the kind of lie they would have told of an ascetic. He was accustomed to compare the kingdom of God to a great feast. The records contain no account of his declining any invitation to a social meal, and they report more than one acceptance. His first miracle was performed to prolong the festivities of a wedding; almost his last one was to invite his special friends to sit with him at a national festal board. Thus Christianity affords no justification for asceticism. It is as much a duty to eat and drink enough to keep the body in good condition as it is a duty to refrain from eating and drinking what will put it in bad condition—a truth I recommend to the especial consideration of some of my too dainty women readers. I know a young woman who at home thought she could eat nothing which it did not please her exacting taste to eat. She went to boarding-school, found that nothing pleased her exacting taste, and came to the sensible resolve to eat, not to please herself, but to equip herself; the result was great benefit to her health and great comfort to her family. Let me change the apostolic figure. The body is like a mill; if there is a flood and too great a torrent sweeps through the race, the mill cannot do its work; if there is a drought and no water runs through the race, the mill cannot do its work. To keep our appetites so adjusted as to let in water enough and not too much is to obey the divine law: Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

Total abstinence is not a synonym for temperance. Temperance is the control of the appetites so that they shall serve their legitimate purpose, which is to keep the body in good condition for the work the spirit has for it to do. To drink too much coffee may be as intemperate as to drink too much beer. I have been told of a Christian man who was informed by his doctor that he had a serious and insidious disease, and that his health demanded of him that he discontinue the use of meat. He went straightway home and ordered and ate a large steak, a food of which he was inordinately fond. He was as truly intemperate as if had drunk a quart of whisky. Intemperance is not confined to the saloon nor to the homes of the poor. Our extravagant and prolonged dinners are no less a form of intemperance. The modern habit of making the dinner-table an occasion for public speaking is an excellent habit. What is not excellent is our custom of eating so much before the speaking that the orators are unfitted to speak and the audience is ill fitted to listen. I have attended many public dinners. A happy accident gave me the only one I ever attended which I thought was truly hygienic. When I reached the club-house, I was met with the information that the steward had mistaken the date and no dinner was prepared. The efficient committee scurried around, found in the larder of the club enough wholesome food to satisfy all reasonable appetite, and we sat down to a dinner of four courses—soup, beef, salad, and ice-cream—and had a delightful evening for the social speaking, and got to bed about the time social speaking generally begins. We hold up our hands in horror at the excesses of the ancients who ate until they could eat no more and then took an emetic and began again. But when we contrive our elaborate dinners so as to tempt the palate to invite in more food to an already overburdened stomach, we repeat the offense of the ancients, though in a form not quite so vulgar.

This vice may be and probably is confined to our cities and large towns, and is not peculiarly American. What is peculiarly American is the manner of our eating, which Charles Dickens, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," satirized to the great indignation but also to the great benefit of America:

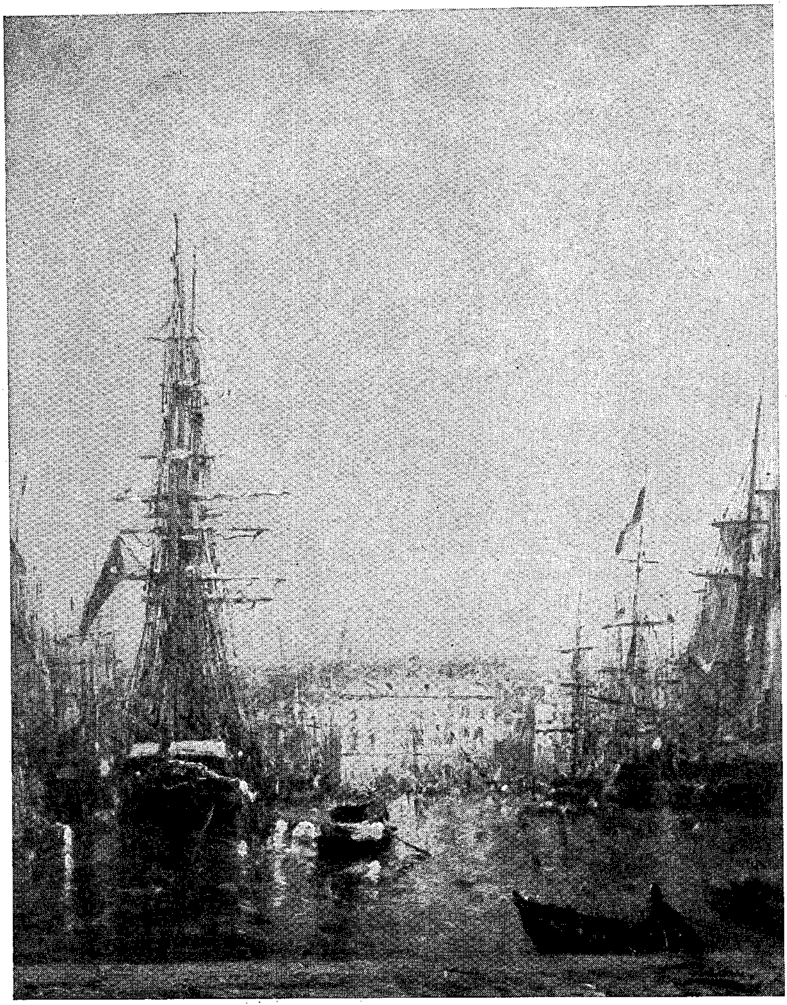
> All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken; and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defense, as if a famine were expected to set in to-morrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. . . . Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; feeding not themselves, but broods of nightmares, who were continually at livery with them.

This was a caricature then; it would be still more a caricature now. But no one would think of caricaturing the excessive slowness of the American busy man's midday meal. To run from one's office to a lunch-counter, to shovel food into one's stomach as a stoker shovels coal into a furnace, and then run back to the office again to take up one's work, is a practice not so universal as it once was, but still by no means uncommon. And dyspepsia is in consequence a National disease. I once attended a wedding—but that was nearly half a century ago—in a rural section in the West, at which the ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the country inn. When the rest were about half through, the bridegroom rose, wiped his mouth, and said to his bride, "Jane, I never sit at the table after I have finished my meal, and you may as well get accustomed to my ways now as later," and then disappeared from the room. The incident would hardly have been possible except in America. A hard-working friend of mine went to his doctor for a remedy for dyspepsia. The doctor recommended a cigar after each meal, and it cured him. But my friend, who told me the incident, added, "I do not think it was the cigar; I think it was the rest for half an hour after meals which the cigar required." No rational driver thinks of feeding his horse immediately on stabling him after a hard morning's drive; nor will he start him out for an afternoon's drive with the oats still undigested in the stomach We ought to treat our bodies at least as well as we treat our horses. To eat in haste is sure to entail repenting at leisure, and it is to sin against the law of God. To bolt one's food as an ill-trained stoker shovels coal into the furnace—the more per minute the better—and to send one's nervous energy to one's brain when it is needed by the stomach, is to violate the law, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

America violates this law habitually through ignorance, which I cannot but think is culpable. Every woman ought to understand the essential principles of hygienic diet, and so how food should be prepared. She need not be a cook, but should understand the science of cooking. Every girls' school should give the girls some acquaintance with the chemistry and the physics of the kitchen. I do not demand that the schools teach cookery as a fine art; I do demand that they teach it as a practical science. The woman who knows nothing about cooking is not, to use the vernacular, "on to her job." I once asked a great ironmaster in Pennsylvania what was the common cause of strikes. "Bad cooking," he replied. I opened my eyes in mild astonishment. "I am quite serious," he continued. "The men bring indigestible luncheons to the furnace in their dinner-pails; they get dyspepsia—and are discontented, for how can a dyspeptic be contented? And their discontent incites to strikes, in the futile notion that so they can better their condition." Three successive summers I cruised about with a companion among the islands of Penobscot Bay. We slept on board and cooked our meals. We could catch fresh fish from the deck of our boat, and could make our own coffee and cocoa; and we could get at any farm-house milk or fresh eggs. But not once in those three summers could we get good bread except in the bakeries at the larger towns. The bread in the farmers' houses and the fishermen's cottages was invariably sour and soggy and indigestible. Once a fisherman rowed out to us to ask the gift of a from dyspepsia. He had tried all sorts loaf of bread. He was a great sufferer of cures, and had thrown away money on a quack advertising doctor. What he needed was a wholesome diet. "None of our women about here," he said pathetically, "know how to make good bread." And our experience confirmed his. It so happened that I spent that night on shore. And I came on board the next morning hungry, after what would have been a wholly uneatable and indigestible breakfast but for the blueberries and milk which accompanied it. How much better the town and city girls are equipped for this fundamental part of home-keeping than their country sisters I do not know. But from the alacrity with which they take to hotels and boarding-houses I suspect they are at least distrustful of their expertness.

I am not demanding that we should all be physiological chemists and should be always studying the question how much of proteid and how much of phosphate our body needs. But we should know how to make food that is both palatable and digestible; we should know what kinds of food help and what harm the body; and we should learn by our own experience our own individual needs. I once invited Henry Ward Beecher to dinner at a restaurant, and offered beef as a part of the dinner. He declined. "Beef makes blood," he said; "you need it; I don't. I have too much blood already." To know our own needs and to provide intelligently for them is to obey the laws of the appetites. To realize that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment; to eat to live, not to live to eat; to make reason, not temporary pleasure, select our viands for us; to recognize, habitually, the truth that the body is the instrument of the spirit and is to be made its useful and obedient instrument, and to select our food and drink and our time and our methods of eating and drinking so as to make the body the best possible servant of the spirit which dwells within it, which ministers to others through it, and which should control it—this is to eat and drink to the glory of God.

The Pictures of a Good Judge



MARSEILLES

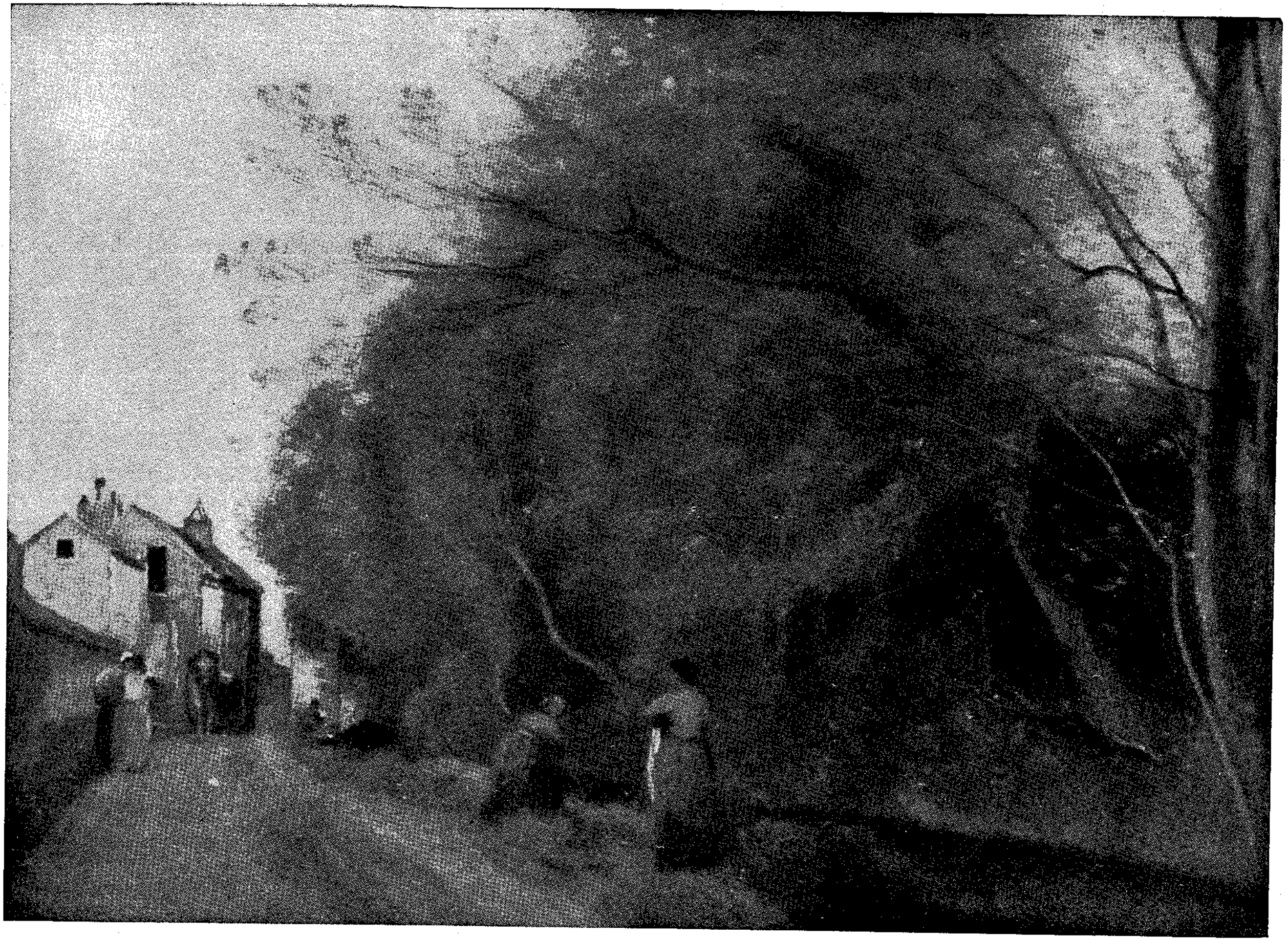
BY F. ZIEM

Illustrating

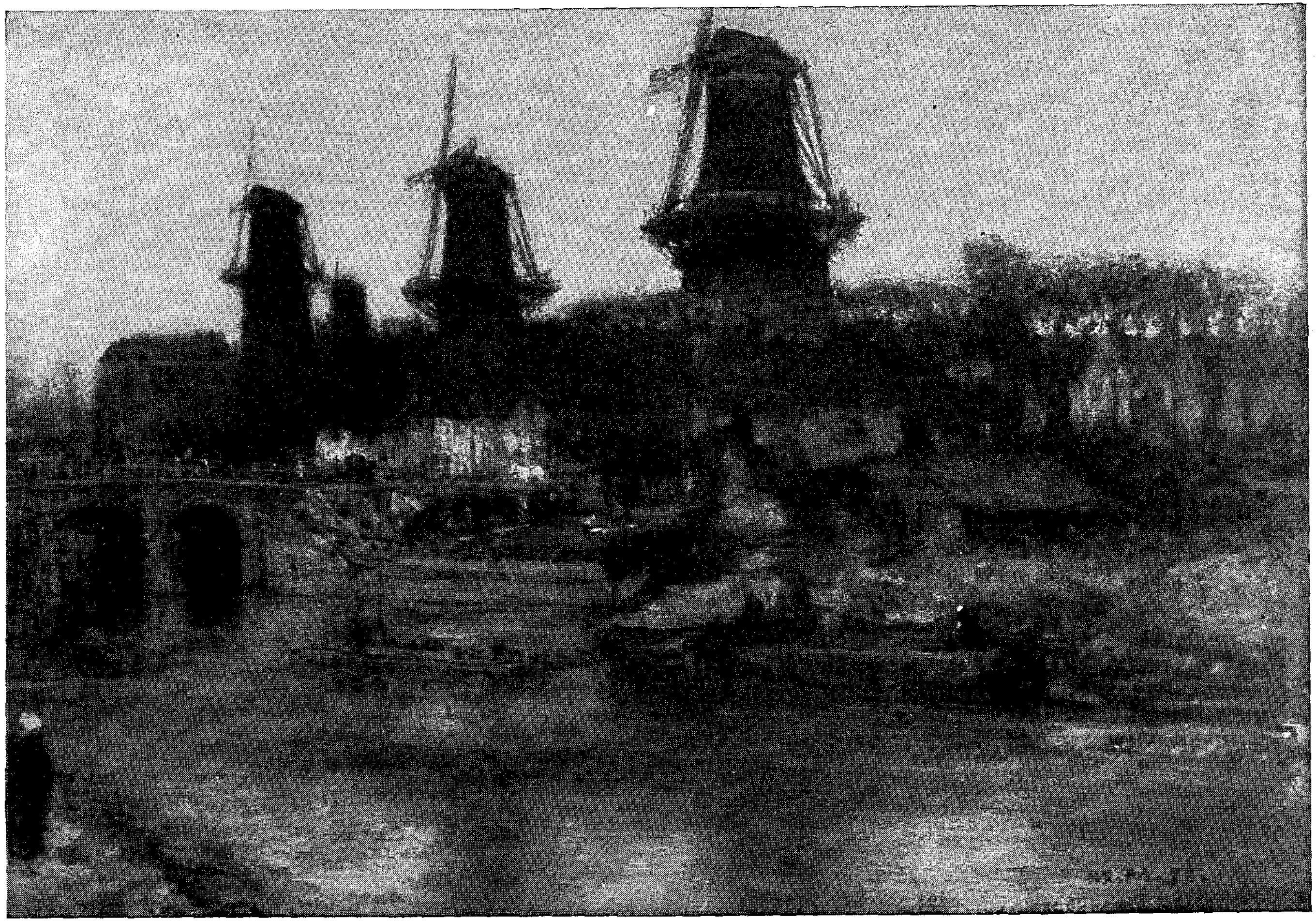
The Christie Habit

By Edward Verrall Lucas

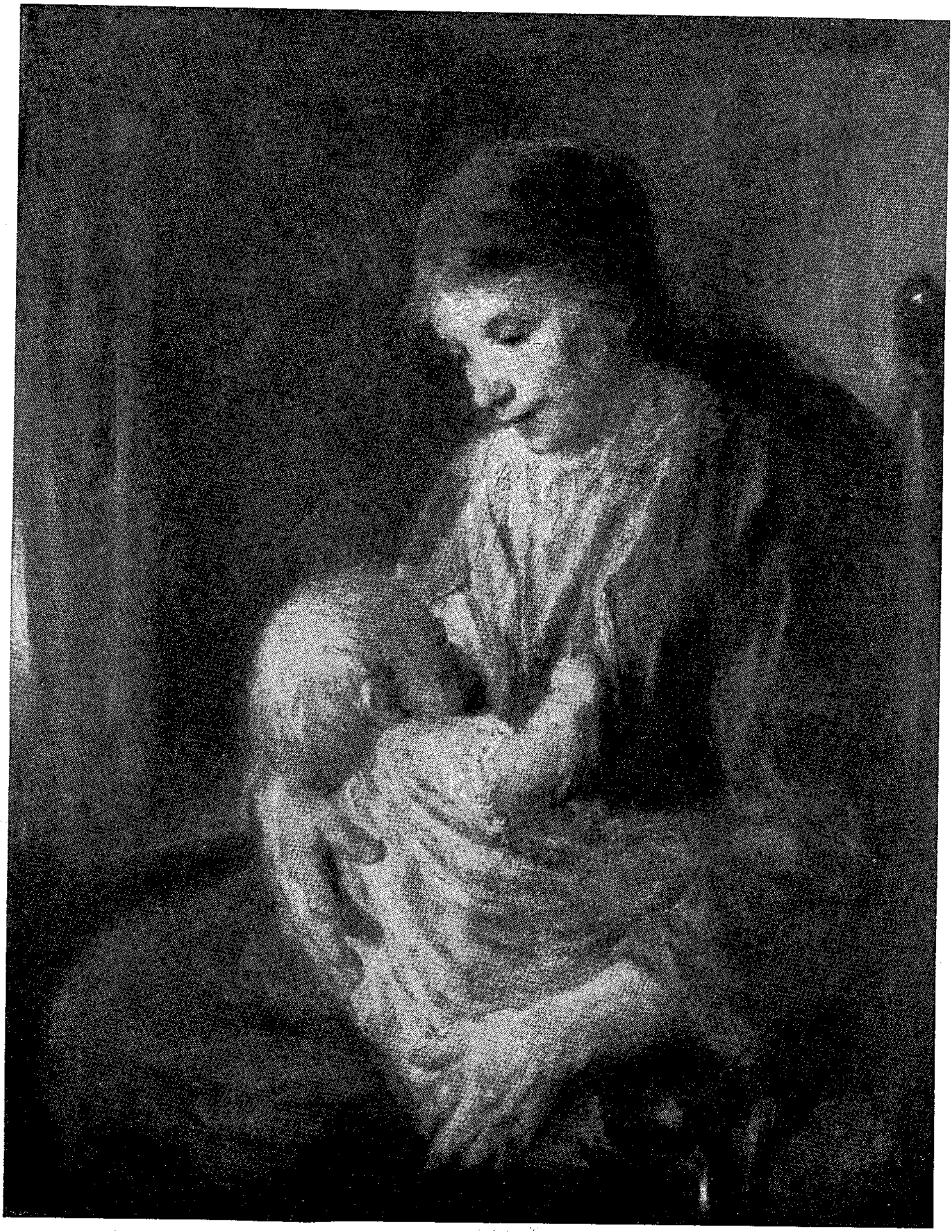
Illustrations from the Christie Catalogue



ENTRANCE TO COUBRON, BY J. B. C. COROT
"Sweet lark songs among the light clouds of a gray day"

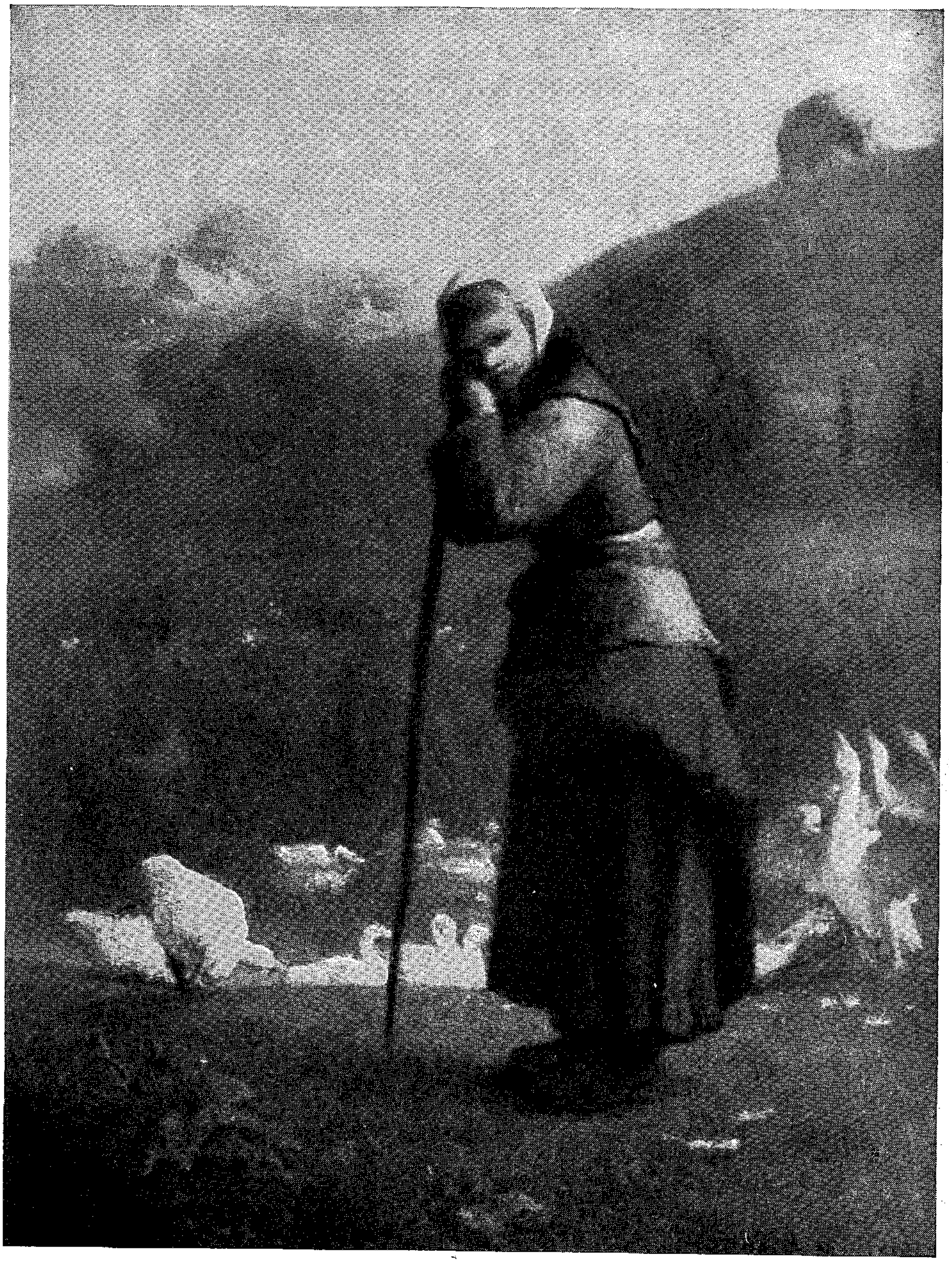


THE FOUR MILLS, BY MATTHEW MARIS
"The quietest little red and brown picture you ever saw"

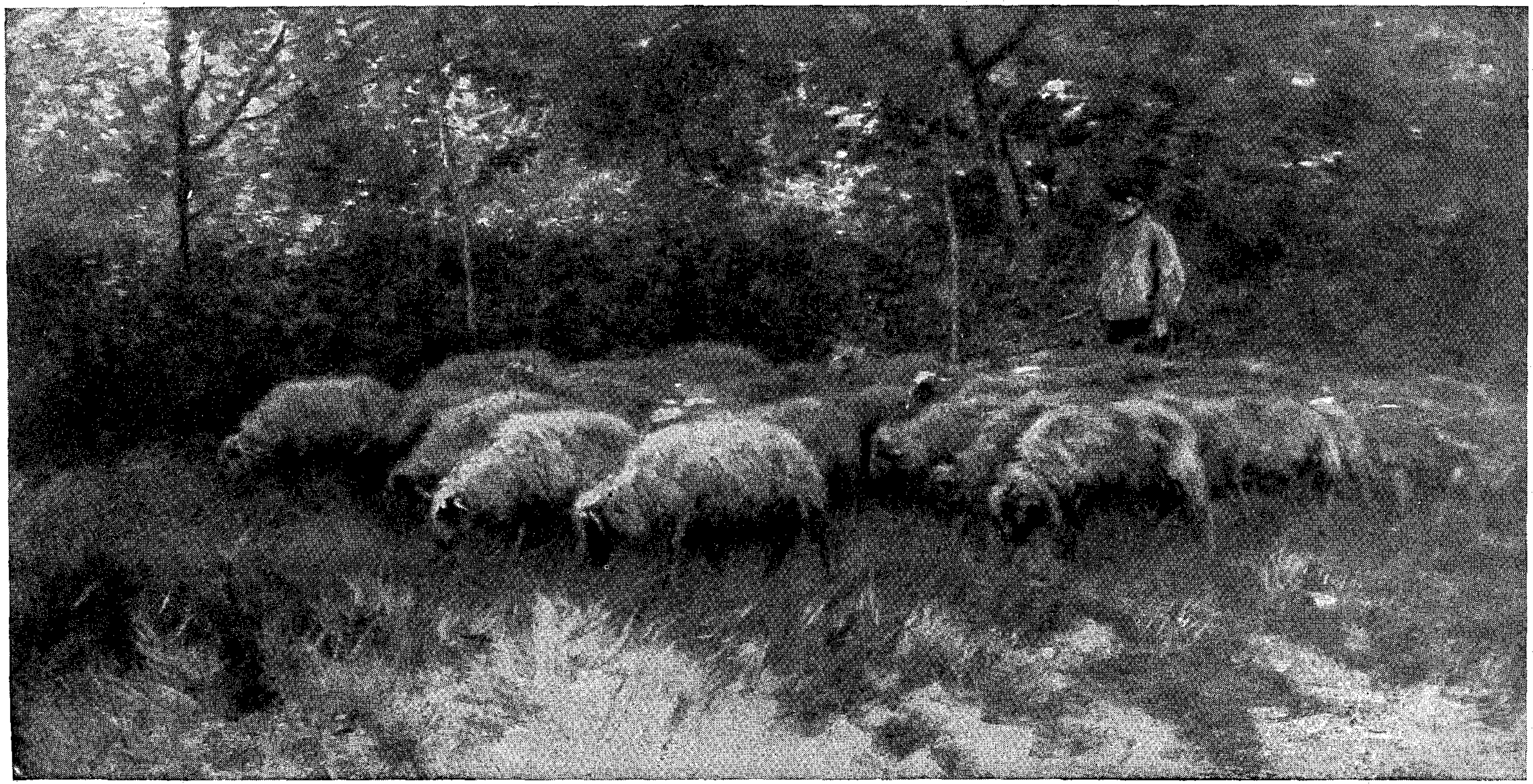


BONHEUR MATERNEL, BY JOSEPH ISRAELS

" It was hard to think how many of these pictures I should probably never see again "

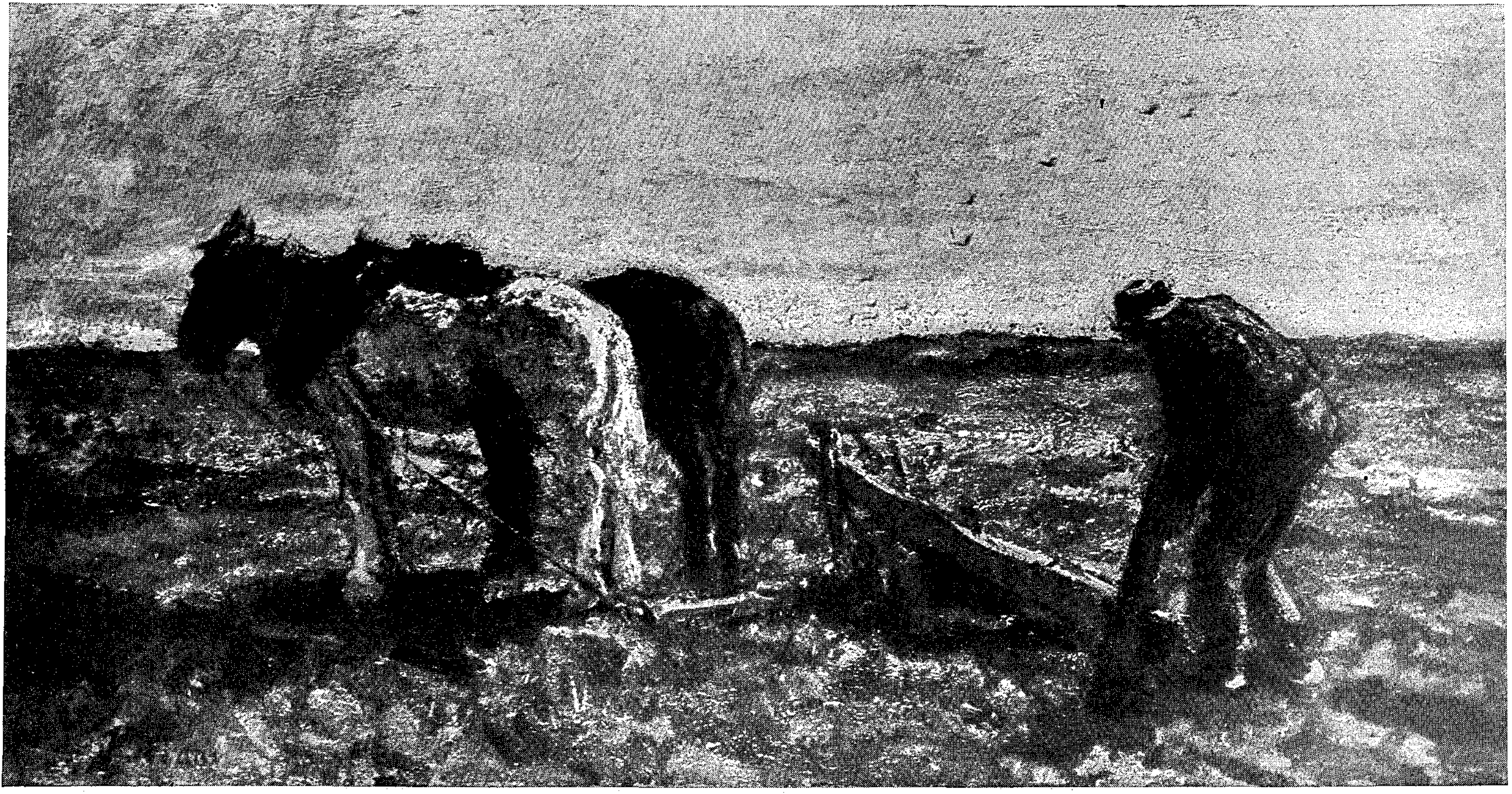


THE GOOSE MAIDEN, BY J. F. MILLET
"An old master—a jewel of paint—from the moment it was born"



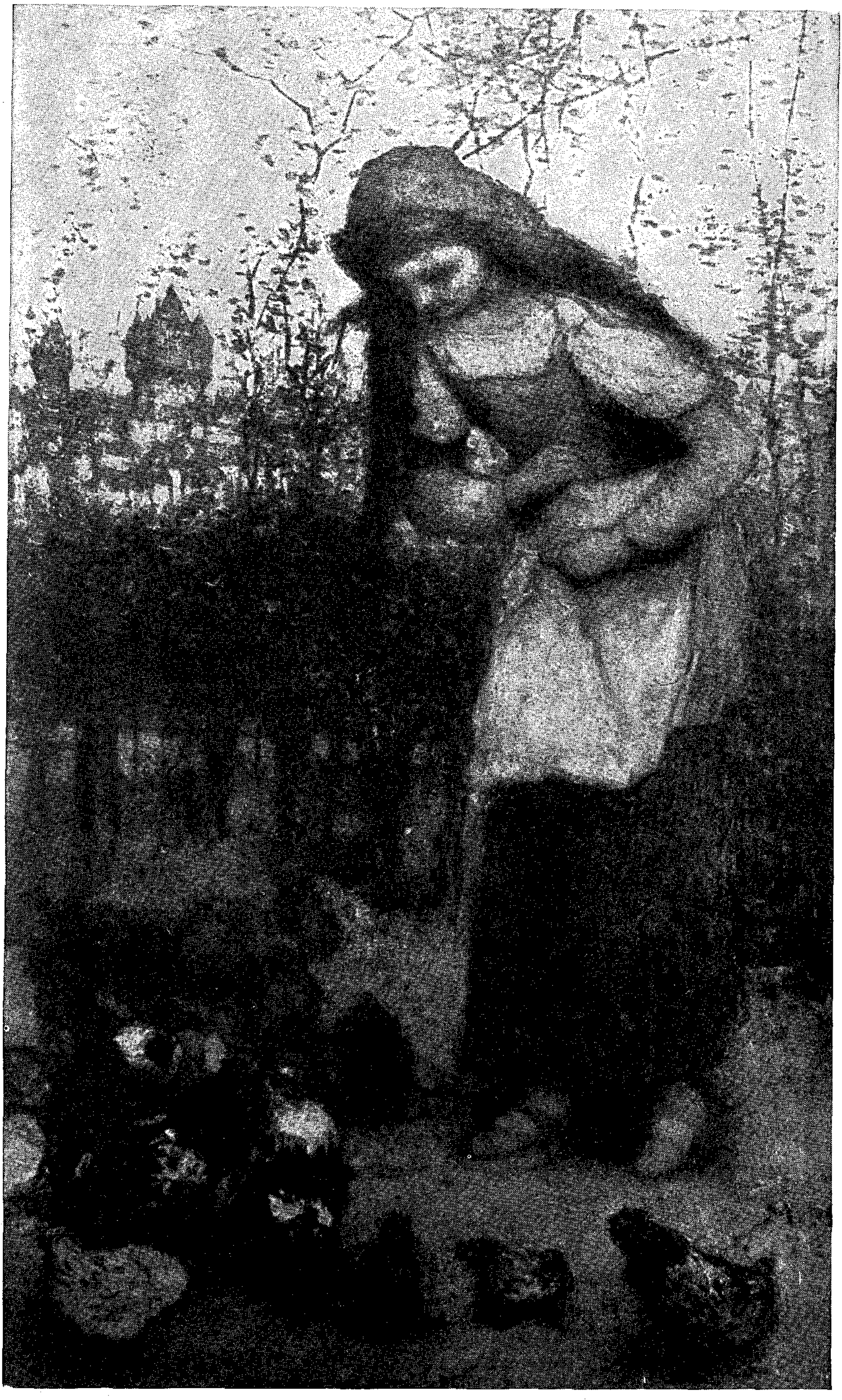
TROUPEAU DE MOUTONS SOUS BOIS, BY ANTON MAUVE

"A picture of which Mauve was very fond"



PLOWING, BY JAMES MARIS

" It gave me immense pleasure to see the brave, candid painter so popular "



FEEDING CHICKENS, BY MATTHEW MARIS
"The mysterious romantic feeling of it, or the richness and delicacy and sweetness of it"

The Christie Habit

By

Edward Verrall Lucas

Author of "Listener's Lure," "A Wanderer in London," "Anne's Terrible Good Nature," etc., etc.

HOW many Americans, I wonder, visiting London, have acquired the Christie habit? And, indeed, how many Londoners, living there, have acquired the Christie habit? Quite enough, perhaps, for the comfort of those who have, and possibly for Christies' admirable servants, too; but in the interests of the Muse of Painting far too few.

By the Christie habit I do not mean the habit of attending Christies' sales, but the habit of dropping into their rooms at odd times to see what is on view. Sales are stuffy and restless occasions; but when no sale is in progress, it is always possible comfortably and coolly to study the walls, and it is practically impossible to make one of these casual visits without finding something good; and if one wants to buy it, or compete for it, there is always a commission agent handy to endeavor to get it for you when the time comes. There are, of course, amateurs who prefer to do their own bidding; but I doubt if they are wise.

To the true Christiean (shall I say?) the English National Gallery is situated not in Trafalgar Square but in King Street—a National Gallery that changes every day, like the weather, and contains in the course of the year hundreds of thousands of pictures. I do not say that it is visited by better paintings than most of those that abide in Trafalgar Square, except on very rare occasions (and, of course, many of the most treasured of the National pictures have reached the Gallery by way of King Street); but there are few sales at Christies' that do not contain one masterpiece. And now and then, as in the sale I am about to describe, one can fancy that the collection has been brought together with the malicious purpose of discovering to the Trafalgar Square Trustees their own nakedness. At any rate, I watched Sir Charles Holroyd, the Director of the National Gallery, while the bidding for certain works was in progress, and he did not look too happy. How could he, with such fine and generous ambitions as he has, and such trumpery funds at his disposal to back them?

For consider, you may go to the National Gallery and search in vain for a Corot, a Millet, a Maris (whether Matthew or James), a Mauve, or a Daubigny *that is its own property*. The generosity of Mr. George Salting, who, with his long white beard, his commanding presence and discerning eye, is a notable landmark at Christies', and of Mr. J. C. Drücker, a Dutch connoisseur with a London home, has placed certain French and Dutch canvases of great beauty at the disposal of the Trustees for a season, while at this very sale, as I shall relate, a Rousseau was bought as a present for the nation; but such acts of piety do not excuse our own poverty.

The grievous fact remains that the English Government does practically nothing for art. It is only, for example, within a few months that the people (to whom the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and the Wallace Collection belong) were allowed to enter these buildings on Sunday at all—the only free day many of them had. I don't know how America stands with regard to Sunday and the contemplation of works of beauty; but I know my own feelings, and I was simply ashamed of this English obscurantism.

Christies' (now a household word) has been in existence for nearly a hundred and forty-three years. The business had a sagacious and very capable founder—James Christie the first, who came to the rostrum by such an unusual route as the Royal Navy, in which he held a commission. Many a naval officer has, especially in times of threatened peace, retired from the sea, but few can have exchanged the cutlass for the ivory hammer. James Christie, who was born in 1730, was aged thirty-six when he held his first sale in his rooms in Pall Mall, and thus laid the foundation stone of one of the finest and most interesting businesses in English history. Christie became the friend of Reynolds, Garrick, Gainsborough, and other illustrious men; it was he who sold the library of Dr. Johnson for £247.9.0. "With an easy and gentleman-like flow of eloquence" (how different from the naval officer of tradition!), "he possessed," says John Nichols, "in a great degree, the power of persuasion, and even tempered his public address by a gentle refinement of manners." The public address, I may say, has gone out at Christies' now, the auctioneer merely prefacing the sale by a remark as to reserve or no reserve, and announcing the lots as they occur, without flowers of description.

The original Christie died in 1803, and was succeeded by James Christie the second, who was a man of considerable culture and an antiquary of some standing. It was he who in 1824 carried the business to its present home in King Street. On his death, in 1831, his two sons succeeded, and in course of time the brothers Manson came in and Mr. Woods. To-day the house must flourish exceedingly.

There could not be a better sale to describe—save that it was too good to be typical—than that of the pictures of the late Sir John Day, the English judge, which were dispersed under the hammer (as the papers say) on May 13 and 14 of this year. It excited immense interest not only in London but on the Continent. It produced a large sum of money (the first day's total, for 123 lots, realizing £75,110.14), in spite of the fact that a devastating budget had been fired at the country only a week or so before; and, what is far more to the point, the collection was homogeneous—a sincere reflection of expression of the collector's temperament. Not a single picture had been bought for its monetary value; every picture had won its way to Sir John Day's walls by the one legitimate highroad—it had first to please him. The dealers through whom he made most of his purchases say that nothing would induce him even to consider the purchase of a picture if he did not like it. The idea of laying down a picture, so to speak, in the hope of its acquiring greater value with age was intolerable to him. His pictures were his friends and companions. This circumstance makes the commercial success of his collection the more gratifying, for the sum yielded by the two days—£94,946.5.0—gave a profit of £51,096.0.0.

The sale was particularly interesting to me, since it happens that I have the satisfaction of sharing Sir John Day's predilections—his gods are for the most part mine. I, too, would cover my walls (if I had any) with Corots and Daubignys, with Marises and Mauves, with Harpignies and Bosbooms, with Rousseaus and de Wints. I, too, prefer the wistful crepuscule to the vivid noon. Hence I entered Christies' at a quarter to one on May 13, and took the place that a boy messenger was keeping for me, with feelings of peculiar excitement and enthusiasm.

The seated company at a big sale at Christies' is as unchanging as an ordinary congregation. A few strangers may be there, looking in for the first time, but the rest, the regular attendants, the pew-owners, so to speak, know each other, and are known to the auctioneer, so that the bids of those who engage in the contest are often imperceptible to others, although to him clear as speech.

The sale opened modestly. Lot 1 was a seascape by de Bock, and the first bid was five guineas. It little thought, that bid, what a huge total would be built upon it. The de Bock reached 160 guineas, and then made room for a Bosboom. The pictures, by the way, are placed on a ledge with a swivel attachment fixed to a pole, against which the frame leans; and the attendant swings the picture so that all parts of the room may see it. Bosboom is a modern Dutch painter, now dead (you may see his palette in the Museum at The Hague), whose church and domestic interiors have a grave and somber beauty that I suppose has never been equaled. Among collectors he is becoming more and more desired, especially, perhaps, as a watercolorist. Mr. Drücker, whose name I have mentioned as a true friend of the National Gallery, has a wall covered with Bosboom's work, and I would wager there is no more satisfying or distinguished wall anywhere.

After the Bosbooms we came to Corots, of which there were a round dozen, and a little anticipatory flutter was perceptible in the room. There are better Corots in the world than Sir John Day possessed; but this procession of twelve of the gentle, serene canvases from the Ville d'Avray studio was very wonderful, and one lost the bidding in the quietude of the paint. Among them were three early works, when the artist liked a more rarefied air than later in life. And these one has to know in order to realize fully, not only how superb Corot was, but how bewilderingly blind were the connoisseurs of that day to let him languish as they did. Of course it is easy to recognize his greatness now, when the very name Corot carries magic with it. It is difficult to put one's self back into those times when it meant nothing, and to see the pictures with eyes unassisted by tradition; and yet I find it hard to believe that if one of these early works had come to me suddenly out of a clear sky, I should have failed to be arrested by it. By Jove, I hope not!

Well, there we sat, packed together like excursionists, while the giant picture dealers of Europe fought for these tender landscapes — these sweet lark songs among the light clouds of the gray day, to quote Corot's own description of his ideal—until the dozen had reached a total of nearly £12,000.

To Corot succeeded his friend Charles Daubigny, whose vast and luminous "Harvest Moon" produced the instant bid of 1,000 guineas, to which, after a long interval of silence, it fell. His "Bords de l'Oise," a great wet landscape, with Daubigny's stern, sincere beauty drenching it, brought 1,800 guineas. Others followed, and then five rich scenes by Diaz, also a citizen of the white village of Barbizon, whose house you may see to-day, with a tablet on the gate, almost opposite the rambling home of Jean François Millet. The first of these Diazes was an evening picture with cattle coming down to drink beneath a stormy sky; not unlike the superb moorland scene from the same brush which Mr. Salting has lent to the National Gallery. It began at fifty guineas and reached eight hundred and fifty. (By the way, the starting of safe pictures at fifty and a hundred guineas would be a pleasant task for a reduced gentleman of the Captain Jackson type, who, able no longer to collect, wished still to sun himself in the illusion of prosperity and connoisseurship. To make in a loud voice a bid of a hundred or five hundred guineas, whether one has such a sum in the bank or not, must do something for the spirit. It cannot leave one quite where one was.)

After Diaz, Jules Dupré, another great and sincere painter of landscape, a direct disciple of Constable (who, of course, founded the Barbizon school) and the friend of Corot, Rousseau, and their friends. It was Dupré who said beautifully of Corot that he might—it was within the bounds of possibility—be replaced as a painter, but never as a man. There were five Duprés, upon the first of which a sanguine friend of mine, unconscious of the growing value of this master, had placed the sum of one hundred pounds, for which I was to try and get it for him. It was too little, I suggested; but no, Dupré was not much considered, he fondly replied. His face fell when I told him how the first bid had been two hundred guineas and the last five hundred and twenty.

It is one of the charms of Christies' that you never can tell. Pictures fetch every day unexpected prices, both high and low. Good pictures slip through, taking the room unawares, and bad pictures occasionally reach absurd figures, for various reasons. This Dupré, however, was fine. I once bought at Christies' for two guineas two water-color drawings attributed to Clarkson Stanfield, and, behold! on stripping them to be framed again, one was revealed, by a minute history on its back, to be a David Cox, worth perhaps thirty times what I gave for it. Let no one despair of a bargain, even when all the dealers from the Continent and all the dollars from America are present. The dealers' idea, it must be remembered, is to sell again, and they buy accordingly. Many a good picture does not appeal to the commercial eye. At this sale, for instance, five examples of the, to me, impressive art of Georges Michel, the rich and somber painter of windmills, a direct French derivative of Crome, brought together only a little more than a hundred guineas, while on the second, or water-color day, there were many lots that went far too cheaply. In a sale where competition is concentrated upon the great works the humble collector has often a chance.

After the Duprés came the Harpignies, in which Sir John Day was peculiarly rich. This grand old man, who is still hale, at the age of ninety, has been painting all his life in oil and water-color, and has never put forth a meretricious or hurried thing. He is the link between Barbizon and the present day. Less charming, perhaps, than the greatest men of that school, he is more of a realist, and trees and foliage have no closer or more inspired student. His great lack, I suppose, is tenderness; everything else he has. His vigor is hardly diminished yet. I saw the other day his Salon picture of 1904, and it was marvelous—the work of a Titan. A modern French Hazlitt should be studying his old age.

Harpignies's prices at Sir John Day's sale were far in advance of anything he had previously made at Christies'. The largest picture produced 1,800 guineas, and the eleven 6,270 guineas. A week later, however, the old man's English record rose to 2,000 guineas at the Cuthbertson sale.

So far all the important work has been French, but now (the arrangement was alphabetical) came in an illustrious Dutchman, another Nestor—Joseph Israels, still happily busy at the age of eighty-five. Mr. Preyer, of Amsterdam, who hitherto had been silent, began now to be busy. For the most important picture, "Bonheur Maternel," 1,080 guineas were paid, and for five others 2,470 guineas—among them "The Fisher," which fell to Mr. Drücker and added yet another to a collection of Israels which has, I believe, no equal, and has overflowed both into our National Gallery and into the City Museum at Amsterdam.

After the "Shepherdess" of Charles Jacque, last of the Barbizon brothers, who painted sheep brilliantly, as no one ever had before, had been sold for 1,680 guineas, we entered upon a longer Dutch interlude, filled by the three Marises, Mauve, and Mesdag; and once again the room fluttered, for the name of Maris grows more powerful every year. There is, indeed, perhaps no recent prolific painter so certain of a great financial future as the late James Maris. On every sale his prices rise, both for oil and water-color. His brother Matthew I do not set against him in rivalry, because Matthew stands apart. He is an exotic, the most fastidiously select painter of our day, beyond Whistler even. Matthew Maris is alone: a reserved, half-mystical exile, who has always painted as little rather than as much as possible, and has never taken his brush in hand but to produce a masterpiece unique and haunting. To him we come soon.

James Maris was as abundant as Matthew has been restrained; and this makes the huge figures that his work now commands, and will, I believe, increasingly command, the more interesting. Sir John Day had fifteen of his oils and thirteen of his water-colors, all of which he bought during the artist's life (only recently ended) through dealers at modest enough sums, averaging for the oils something about £80, and for the water-colors £40. At the sale the oils averaged £1,000 and the water-colors £400. The highest sum paid for a single oil was 1,600 guineas for a view of Dordrecht. That was large, but the following week, at the Cuthbertson sale, a James Maris brought 4,000 guineas.

These prices may sound absurd, but they are not. An artist now and then becomes the fashion and excites competition beyond his deserts; but not so James Maris. James Maris was a great painter of skies, a great painter of riverside towns, a great painter of his native land. He saw things largely and painted them largely (now and then a little in the manner of the most beautiful landscape in the world—Vermeer's "View of Delft"), and these facts are now known. His future, I fancy, is as secure as that of Constable, Bonington, and Crome. It gave me immense pleasure to see the brave, candid painter so popular.

And then Matthew Maris, and the first thrill of the sale. James's rich and buoyant canvases, one by one on the easel, and the competition of the bidders, had set pulses agreeably beating; but we had not broken into applause. The first applause—no small thing at Christies', where impassivity is cultivated not only as a gentlemanly English habit but also from motives of commercial self-protection—the first applause was won by Lot 77.

What was Lot 77? The quietest little red and brown picture you ever saw, 8½ by 11½ inches; "a town"—in the words of the catalogue—"on the further bank of a river; standing well above the red roofs of the houses are seen four windmills; a bridge crosses the river on the right; a barge and raft lying against the bank; a peasant woman in the foreground." Such is "The Four Mills" of Matthew Maris, that strange, exclusive genius, most remarkable of the three Maris brothers. Matthew was born in 1835, and is therefore now an old man. He lives, I am told, in lodgings in St. John's Wood, far from Holland and its mills and canals and sweeping sky, solitary and sad, with a few marvellous classics to his name, and on the walls of his sitting-room some dreadful oleographs which he will not ask the landlady to remove for fear of hurting her feelings. The old age of artists! Hazlitt truly knew what to write about.

Matthew Maris has lived in England ever since he left Paris after the war. When he gave up painting I know not. But the latest work that I know—that exquisite picture entitled "Butterflies"—a little blue girl lying in the grass, which seems to make much of both Whistler and Albert Moore insincere and even unnecessary, is dated 1874. It was exhibited in London again this summer, with sixteen other of his works, including the adorable "Enfant Couchée" and one of the low-toned Montmartre souvenirs (pot-boilers, the artist calls them), one of which was so praised by the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and another hangs on Mr. Drücker's wall.

Such is the painter of Lot 77, which left his easel in 1871 and was then sold with difficulty for a hundred francs, or four English sovereigns, or twenty American dollars, to M. Goupil, of Paris, who, it is recorded, threw in a little friendly lecture on the folly of painting "such unsalable stuff." Well, here it is now, Lot 77, "The Four Mills," thirty-eight years older, and beautiful beyond description, with an appeal to the deeper nature of the connoisseur such as I cannot put into words. "Why," I asked an artist, as we stood before it on the day before the sale, "why is it so good?" "Partly," he said, "because he never wanted to show how cleverly he could paint. Everything has its true value. It is so simple and so sincere." But this, of course, is not all. There is also the curious and exquisite alchemy of the painter's mind.

Lot 77. We have seen what the dealer gave the artist for it—100 francs. It then passed to Lord Powerscourt, and it was from his collection that Sir John Day bought it for £120. It was now, therefore, being sold for the third time.

"Lot 77. What shall I say for a start, gentlemen?"

"A thousand guineas? Thank you. A thousand guineas for this picture."

"Eleven hundred."

"Twelve."

"Thirteen."

"Fourteen."

"Fifteen."

"Sixteen."

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen fifty."

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen fifty."

"Nineteen." (The red roofs are getting redder, the brown mills browner! The peace of it all!)

"Two thousand guineas."

"And one hundred."

"Two hundred."

"Three hundred."

"Four hundred."

"Five hundred."

"Six hundred."

"Seven hundred."

"Eight hundred."

"Nine hundred." (How quiet and beautiful, and above all price, all struggle, all commercialism, the picture is!)

"Three thousand guineas."

"And one hundred."

"Two hundred and fifty." (Strange reading for old Matthew Maris in St. John's Wood to-morrow morning!)

"Three hundred."

A pause.

"For three thousand three hundred guineas."

A longer pause.

"For three thousand three hundred guineas."

And the hammer falls and the room vibrates with the tapping of sticks and clapping of hands; and "The Four Mills" disappears, bound for the walls of a fastidious Glasgow gentleman, whom, upon my soul, I envy.

Lot 78. "Feeding Chickens." This also is by Matthew Maris, and was painted in 1872. "A Girl, in buff dress and blue cap, is feeding chickens with some grain which she holds in the fold of her white apron; foliage background." Such is the Christie description, and it serves to recall the little enchanted scene to mind; but it says nothing of the mysterious romantic feeling of it, or the richness and delicacy and sweetness of it, or even of the fascinating mediæval city in the distance.

For this Sir John Day gave £300, and at the sale it began at a thousand guineas and reached three, falling also to the same Scotch purse. Two hundred and sixty-four thousand six hundred saxpences never went bang to better purpose. This second picture, by the way, was painted from the same model that lends such charm to "The Girl at the Well," feeding pigeons, which was exhibited with the M'Culloch collection at the Royal Academy last winter.

Six William Marises follow, and then we come to another Dutch painter whose work is every year more and more desired of collectors—Anton Mauve, the pastoral poet of Holland, who did for its cows and sheep and blue-coated peasants what Israels has done for its fisher folk and James Maris for its skies. The place that Mauve's sincere and modest art has won in the eyes of the best connoisseurs is a refreshing proof that honesty in painting is ultimately the best policy, although the honest artist may have every opportunity of starving before the tide turns his way.

Sir John Day had eight Mauves in oil and seven in water-color. The first oil, "Troupeau de Moutons sous Bois," he bought in 1888, immediately after the artist's death. It was a picture of which Mauve was very fond; Sir John Day gave £150 for it. At the sale it began at 500 guineas, and after fierce competition it was secured by Mr. Reinhart, of Chicago, for 2,700 guineas. Pictures with sheep in them, it has been said, always find buyers; but when the sheep are painted as these are, not with the *brio* of Jacque, but quietly and lovingly . . . !

Mauve, like all the greatest painters, took what he found around him and made it beautiful. He was one of the artists of whom the Creator must be most proud, in whom he must take most delight, for his whole life was given up to the demonstration of how beautiful everything is—and never with the faintest whisper of the words, "and how skillful am I!" Never. Anton Mauve stands with the greatest in his sincerity, his genius, and his self-effacement. American collectors have always appreciated him, while his village of Laren, in Holland, has long been a settlement of American painters.

Our first thrill was with the Matthew Maris; the next was with J. F. Millet's "Goose Maiden"—one of the most lovely pieces of color that can ever have leaned against Christies' historic post. The merest trifle in size—12¼ by 9½ inches—an old master—a jewel of paint—from the moment it was born. Millet was no less a great colorist than a great draughtsman and a great lover of the earth, and here, in this tiny canvas, all his virtues meet. Sir John Day paid heavily for it in his time, but its new owner, Mr. Blaker, of the Holburne Museum at Bath, paid more heavily still. The bidding began at five hundred guineas and mounted by hundreds to five thousand.

After the Millet the most beautiful picture was a little landscape by Rousseau, the painter who left his studio at Barbizon to the villagers as a chapel. "River Scene: with a man fishing from a punt" was the description; but that omitted the wonder of the work—the evening light and stillness. It literally hushed the room. This is the picture which has been presented to the nation, so that I shall see it again and again. A week later (see what it is to have the Christie habit) I saw another Rousseau with a richer but not more beautiful afternoon light in it, and some trees painted as only Rousseau could paint them, which brought 4,600 guineas. (If forests can think, if villages have thoughts, what must be the reflection of Fontainebleau and Barbizon when they receive the news of these Christie contests!)

And so the first day finished, some £75,000 having changed hands in three hours—a large sum for a little paint. A little paint, do I say? That is true; but a new world, too—a world of wistful beauty. And that, of course, cannot be appraised: it is dear at a five-pound note, if you do not want it—if your taste is unlike Sir John Day's; it is cheap at all you have, if you desire it sufficiently.

I came away sadly—for it was hard to think that many of these pictures I should probably never see again. Not, however, all, for not the least interesting thing about Christies' is the probability—the certainty—that in course of time most of the best work which one has just seen sold will be sold there again. Life is short and art is long; but the business of the seller of art is longer still. Christies' is for all time. The old house will wear out many canvases and much pigment before it crumbles too.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

THERE lie before me two editions of the same book, issued by The Christian Herald, of London. The sixth edition, issued in 1887, is entitled "Forty Coming Wonders from 1889 to 1901." The eighth edition, issued in 1894, is entitled "Future Wonders of Prophecy from 1896 to 1908." I presume there is by this time a ninth edition, but I have not seen it. The book contains chronological tables of the approaching end of the age, and each sets a date for the physical return of Jesus—both of which dates, and all other dates in the two editions, have now passed. In the sixth edition the Jewish Temple was to have been rebuilt in Jerusalem, and sacrifices were to have been resumed November 8, 1894; Jesus was to have returned on Mount Olivet March 5, 1896; and the end of the age was to have occurred April 11, 1901. In the later edition the sacrifices are renewed on November 14 or 21, 1901; Messiah's advent occurs March 12 or 19, 1903; and the age ends, amid signs and wonders, either on April 16 or 23, 1908.

The interesting thing about these two books is that nothing that appears in one is in any way damaged for use in the other by the fact that none of its predictions have come to pass. The same long and intricate tables, chronological and astronomical, are there, and not even a picture is lost. All that is necessary is to push the dates along a few years, and print a new edition. There is not the vestige of an apology for the non-fulfillment of the predictions; the predictions, tables, maps, and forty-six pictures are as good as new, with only a change in date. The sixth edition was the fiftieth thousand; the eighth edition, the ninetieth. If by this time there is a ninth edition, it has probably passed its hundredth thousand. And the predictions in that edition and those that follow will fail, just as in all the earlier editions.

One curious thing in this volume is the tenacity with which the author holds to the Napoleonic derivation of the Beast. More than a century ago the theory was evolved that Napoleon Bonaparte was the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, and those who held this theory and saw him dividing up Europe among his relatives had no trouble in identifying the seven heads and ten horns. When Napoleon went to St. Helena, the theory still was good as new, for he was to escape and return; his deadly wound was to be healed, and he was to come back to Europe as Antichrist. When he died, the theory still received no damage; the Beast was wounded and one of his heads was dead, but after "a little space" one of his descendants would come again. When Louis Napoleon came to the throne of France, of course the theory received a new lease of life; and as "Na Bonaparte" in the Greek spelled 666, so did "Ludovicus" in the Latin, as those Protestants had discovered who suffered under Louis XIV. Louis Napoleon died in 1873 without regaining the throne of France after the defeat of France by the Germans in 1870; but that only gave the author of "Forty Coming Wonders" an opportunity to sharpen his pencil and publish a new edition, with five reasons why "the Coming Napoleon" was not to be the young Louis Napoleon, then sixteen years old, but his cousin, Jerome Napoleon, then fifty years old. The death of Louis in Africa gave additional opportunity for conjecture, and the death of Jerome did not prevent the shifting of the crown of Antichrist to the head of some other unsuspecting heir of Napoleon I. Some Napoleon, it is still insisted, is to be the King of the North, to make a treaty with the Jews, and to do all the things necessary to the success of the plot.

The pictures first appeared in the fourth edition, and they will be just as good, except for the wear of the press, for the fortieth, and the Napoleonic theory will suffer more or less attrition, but may be expected to come smilingly to the front in each successive edition of the book.

The temptation is strong upon me to send and procure the last edition of this interesting volume, but it would not be so useful for my present purpose as the two before me. The last date in the sixth edition was left behind in 1901; the last date in the eighth edition was in April, 1908. Time has made it unnecessary to contradict the good people who put their faith in these things. The events promised in the ninth or tenth edition are presumably still in progress. The book will be cheaper and the events may be more safely compared with the prophecies after a few years.

I wonder if it has occurred to people who are so easily led astray with these foolish interpretations of prophecy, how easily they can themselves make good theories of this character.

Suppose, for instance, you are a Republican, and you want to prove that the Beast is the Democratic party. The city on its seven hills is Washington. The seven hills are the elevations, real or ideal, crowned by seven public buildings, seats of departments of Government; or, more specifically, the Cabinet heads—a very moderate amount of ingenuity can arrange this classification. As for the seven kings, there is abundant opportunity to confirm any theory you wish; but, if you should be a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, you might take this list: Andrew Jackson, who originated the spoils system and the modern Democratic party; James K. Polk, who brought on the Mexican War; James Buchanan, who permitted the South to secede; Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, Grover Cleveland. Then would come the confirmation of your theory. "The seventh now is, and must continue a short space; the eighth is also of the seven, and goeth unto perdition." Certainly this refers to the administration of Benjamin Harrison, thrust in between the two administrations of Grover Cleveland. Indeed, I first wrought out this theory when Cleveland was a candidate for his second term, but did not publish it because I was able to make out so good a case I was sure that many people would take my prophecy of Cleveland's second election as serious, and some would be misled by it. Like Holmes, I did not dare to be as funny as I could. Indeed, I made some effort to determine the number of the Beast in this manner:

G = 0
R = 0
O = 0
V = 5
E = 0
R = 0
V = 5
S = 0
C = 100
L = 50
E = 0
V = 5
I = 1
A = 0
N = 0
D = 500 = 666

It will be noted that in order to do this it is necessary to change one L to an I; but this is a small matter, as any one may find who will compare this with more pretentious tables.

If one chance to be a Democrat, and wishes now to hazard a prophecy that the deadly wound of the Republican Beast in the retirement of Roosevelt was healed in the election of Taft, and that Roosevelt will again return to power, I could promise him an equally satisfactory series of proofs, not excepting the fact that Roosevelt elevated to power a Bonaparte, a lineal descendant of the Beast of Europe.

If one felt sure that Capital and Monopoly are the two beasts, and wished to work out the details of the famine that is to come, with war and pestilence, through the cornering of wheat and the monopoly in commodities and the means of procuring labor, I would undertake to furnish an excellent set of proofs. Moreover, I would undertake to work a little on the name of JOHONVS D. ROXEFELER, assured that one L is enough, and that the K ought to be an X, and it would make 666 without any further juggling.

Or, if Organized Labor were to be the Beast, I would try and see if we could not in some way work a C and an X into the name of EUGENIVS V. DEBS, showing how Debs cannot have been the original form, and how it must have been something like DECEX, which would make the 666. And how finely we should find the mark of the Beast in the union label, cautioning all, both small and great, that they should neither buy nor sell except as they recognized the mark of the Beast!

It would help us very much if we were to understand that all this curious puzzling over words and letters and numbers is adding to the words in the book. What the Apostle who wrote this book wanted to tell his friends who were being persecuted by heathen Rome was that persecution was not to last forever; that it was soon to cease, and that even though it revived and came again, it was not to be forever; that Christ, and not any king of earth who rose to be an Against-Christ, was to wield the scepter of the ages. That word of encouragement to the Church under the cross, set forth in pictures such as the apocalyptic literature of the time had made popular, was the main purpose of the book. Many of the readers, probably, got little more than this out of it. However, to "the mind of wisdom" the Apostle was willing to communicate a secret identification of the very name of the Roman Beast that had been wounded to death but whose disappearance had been so sudden and mysterious that current superstition refused to believe him dead. One head was killed, but the persecutor was to come again, but not forever. This was all John could say to the ordinary reader. To the "mind of wisdom" he would reveal the name in a secret number. Most assuredly John would not have used the Roman notation, nor yet the Greek, both of which were more familiar to heathen than to Christian readers. If any Jewish Christian cared to experiment with the name NERON KAESER in Hebrew, he would find it made 666.

To my own mind it is practically certain that the name as John spelled it out in Hebrew was this:

N(e) = 50
R = 200
O = 6
N = 50
K(e) = 100
S(a) = 60
R = 200 = 666

This would be hidden from the persecuting heathen, but could be spelled out by some few of the discerning among the

Christians. Not all understood it, of course, or the whole story would soon have been out, and added persecution would have come upon the Christians for circulating such seditious literature.

But the early Christians understood the main lesson, and it is time for us to understand it. All modern schemes of applying these numbers to current events are wrong from beginning to end. Neither Napoleon nor Roosevelt, Republican nor Democrat, Rockefeller nor Debs, Disraeli nor Gladstone, nor Bismarck, was in the mind of John, though the last three have been prominent in self-confident schemes as good as those I have proposed and no better. Let the books on coming wonders run to new editions and set new dates under their pictures. The Beast of the Apocalypse was Heathen Rome.

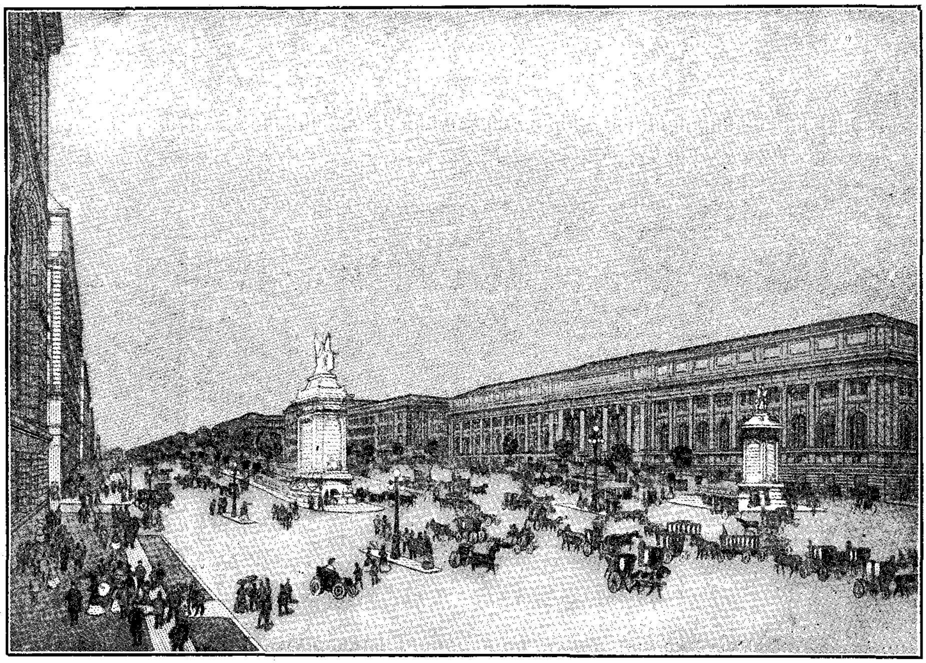
CATHEDRAL WINDOWS

BY MARGARET DOANE GARDINER

How shall we see the light? For those who gaze
Into the unveiled sun's white-blazing rays
No vision find, but turn dazed eyes away
To deeper darkness, blinded by the day.
How shall we learn the light? From chancel walls,
On arch and stone, on tomb and pillar, falls
A broken prism that we can understand;
A glow of amber here, and there a band
Of amethyst, and on the pavement, blue
Of sapphire, where the sun comes sifting through.
Upon the altar step the crimson lies
That glows with love and loving sacrifice.
And every jewel color shining there
Is part of that white light we cannot bear.
Through Miriam's veil and Moses' robe of red,
Through John's blue mantle, the rich rays are shed,
And fall so broken to our human sight
That we take up the fragments of the light.

How shall we see the Light? If Love Divine
Unveiled to our weak vision were to shine,
Bewildered, struck to sudden blindness there,
The soul would stagger down into despair.
But through the lives of those we love there falls,
As through the jeweled glass in chancel walls,
A fragment of His Mercy's golden ray,
Where man's cold, unforgiving justice lay;
And where our heart's deep wound unseen abode,
Sweet human sympathy in sapphire glowed;
The crimson of their love, that freely gave,
Broke through those panes, our dreary life to lave.

How shall we see the Light? Each living hue,
That through these windows daily clearer grew,
We gather up, till, glowing clearer still
As they shine in on heart and mind and will,
They join at last, blue, gold, and crimson bright,
In the great prism of the Perfect Light.



COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

PROPOSED BOULEVARD ON MICHIGAN AVENUE

The New Chicago

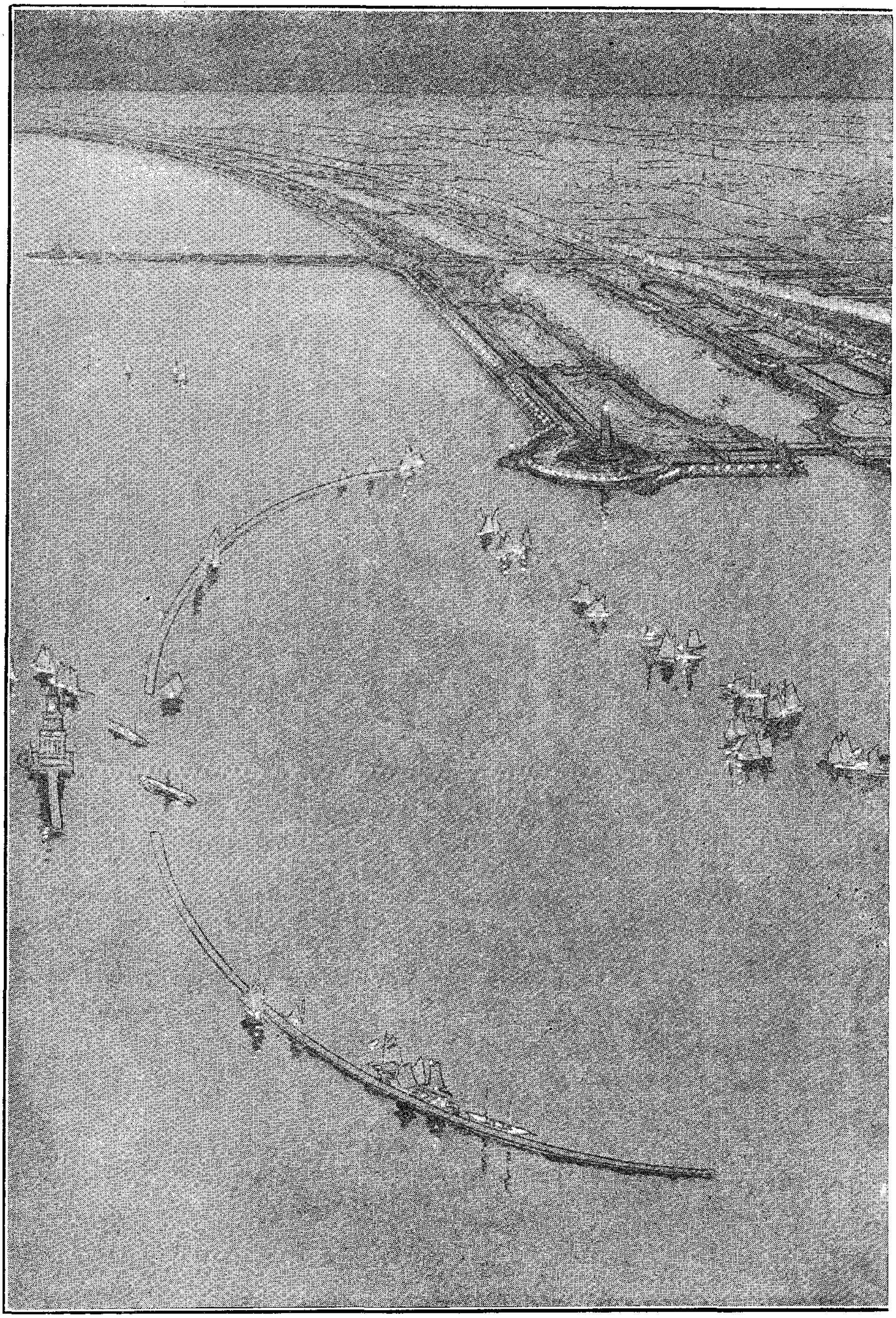
By George C. Sikes

With Drawings by Jules Guerin

CHICAGO citizens once dreamed of a World's Fair that should surpass anything of the kind before attempted. The dream was realized in the spectacle of beauty which was unfolded in Jackson Park in 1893. Now Chicago citizens are dreaming of a beautiful city, whose charm, instead of lasting for a season only, shall be as enduring as the city itself.

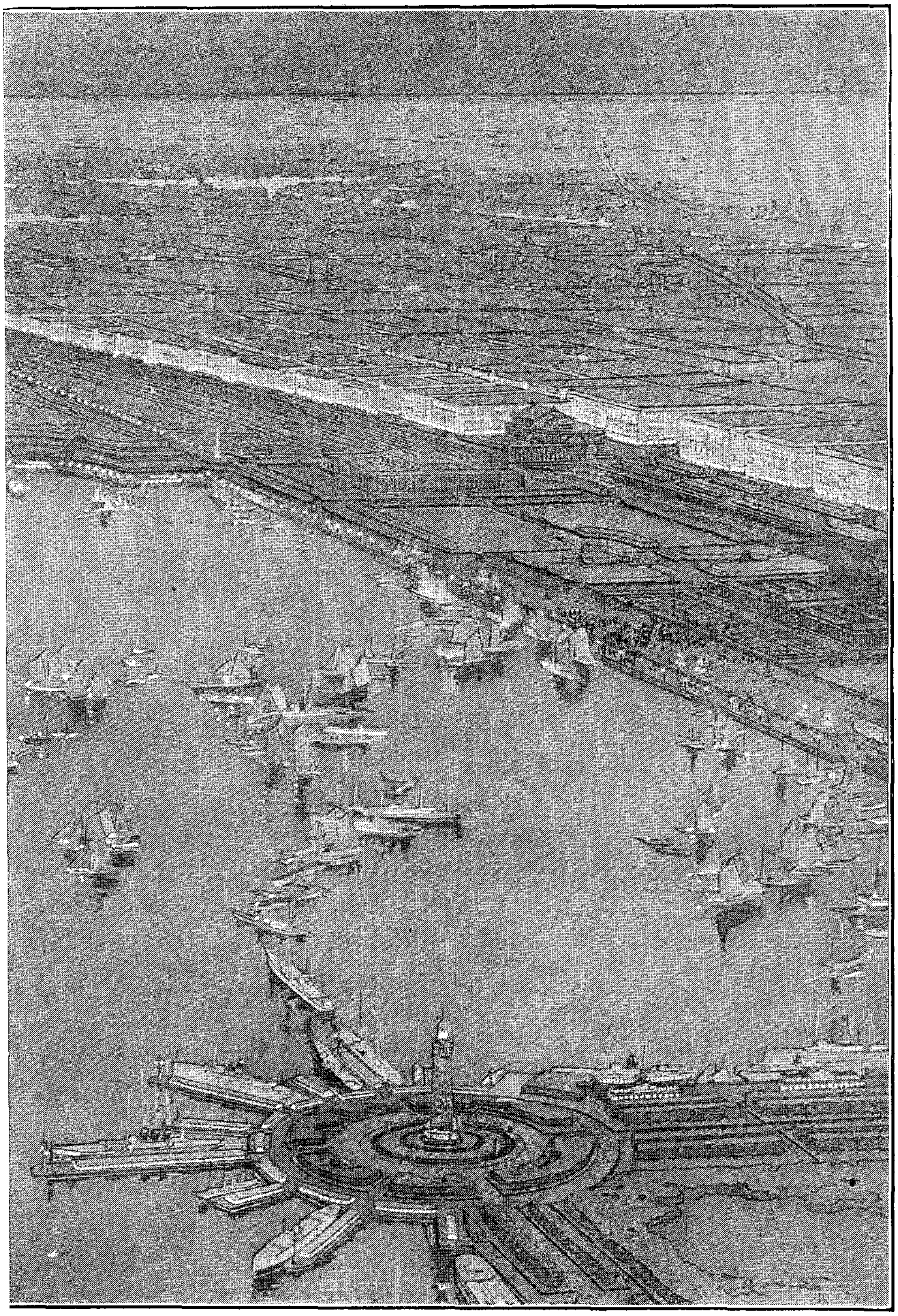
This dream takes concrete expression in the form of a report by the Commercial Club, entitled a "Plan of Chicago." The report represents about thirty months' work by men whose thoughts for years have dwelt upon the subject of city building and beautification. The work was in charge of Daniel H. Burnham, chief architect and director of works of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, who gave his services to his city without compensation for the purpose of this report. Even so, the expense of preparing and publishing the report has approximated $75,000, all raised by voluntary subscriptions from the business men of Chicago.

The origin of the Plan of Chicago, we are told by the men who devised it, "can be traced directly to the World's Columbian Exposition. The World's Fair of 1893 was the beginning in our day and in this country of the orderly arrangement of extensive public grounds and buildings." One result of the World's Fair was to stimulate a desire for the improvement of the water front of the city. Designs for such improvement on a large scale were devised and have been the subject of much discussion, though not actually reaching the stage of execution. The



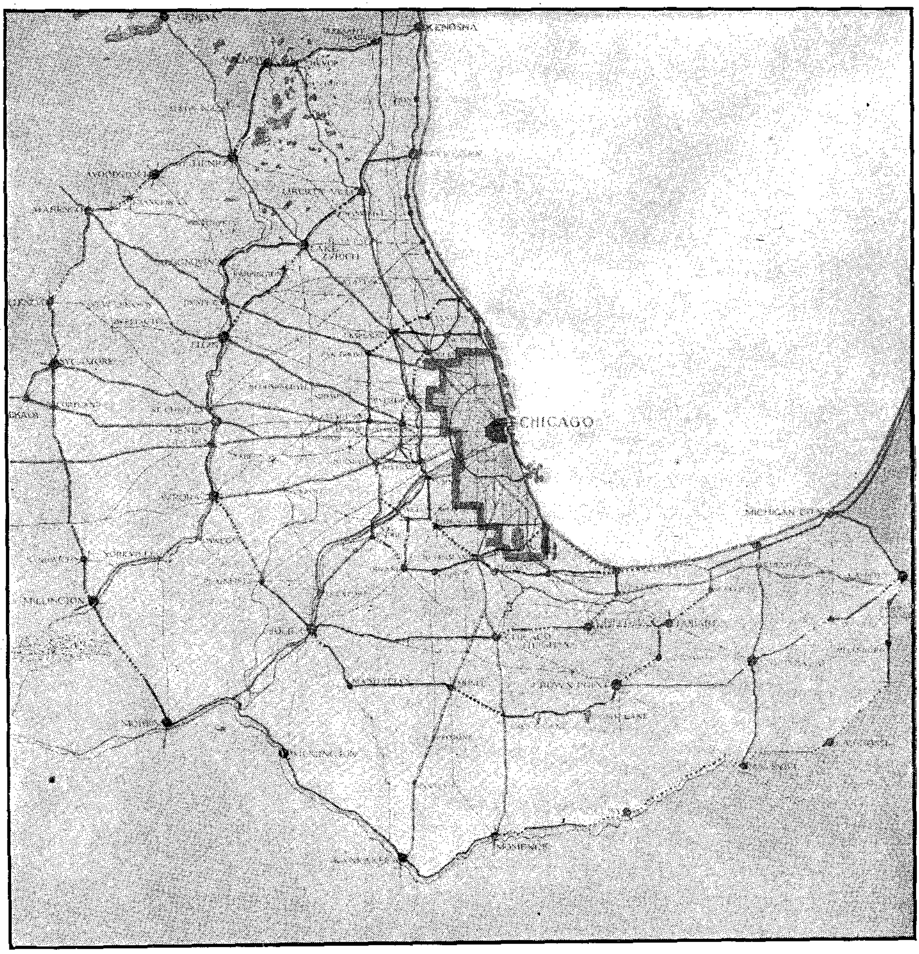
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW AT NIGHT OF GRANT PARK, THE FAÇADE OF THE CITY, THE PRO-



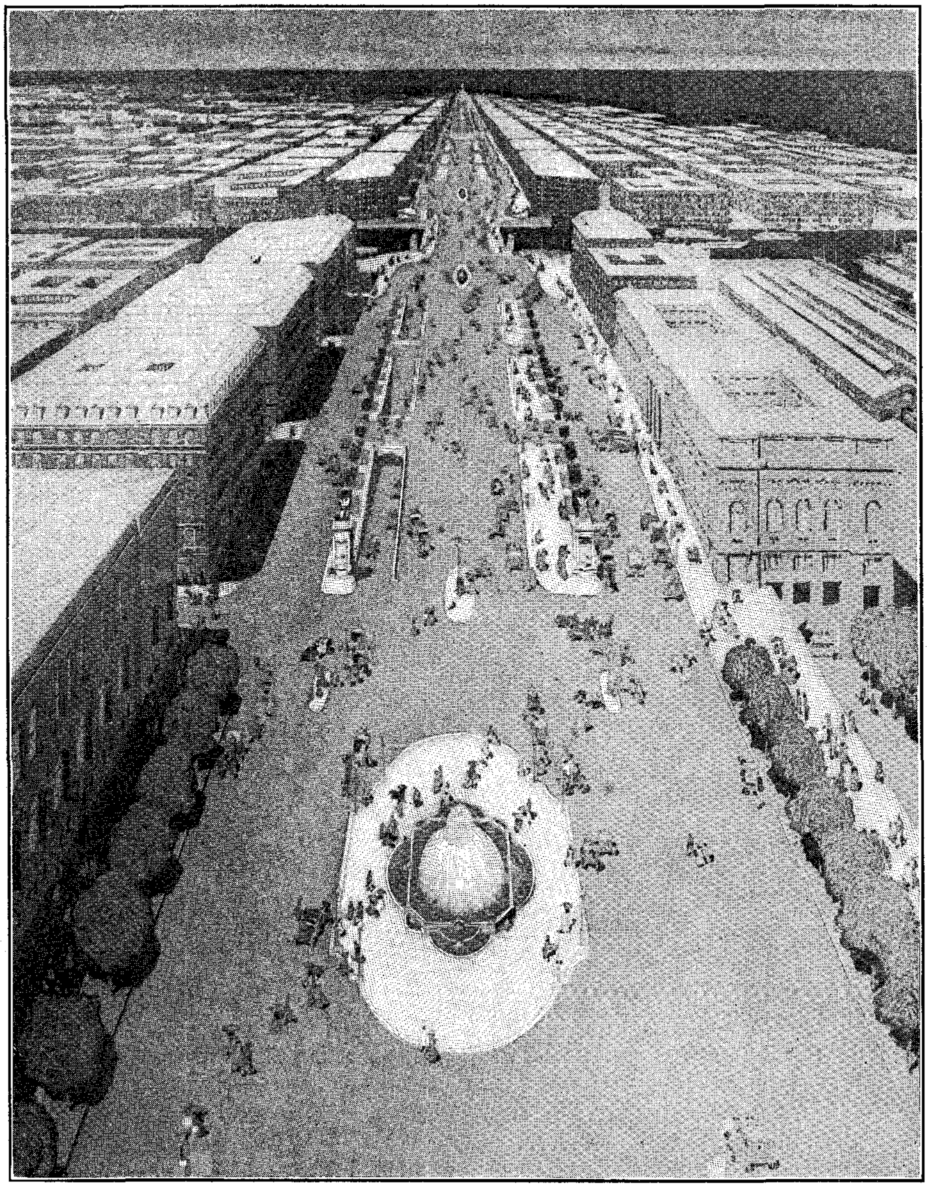
POSED HARBOR AND THE LAGOONS OF THE PROPOSED PARK ON THE SOUTH SHORE period since the Fair has been for the people of Chicago one of increasing political morality, developing social consciousness, and growing familiarity with large ideas. The Metropolitan Parks Commission pointed out the need of anticipating the future by the early acquisition of large outlying areas for park purposes. The small parks and playgrounds established within the past few years by the South Park Commissioners have been particularly admired. The ten years' agitation over the traction question, although distressing in some ways, was possessed of great educational value for the community. The reports of the Street Railway Commission and the Council Committee on Local Transportation, and the Arnold report on the engineering and operating features of the Chicago Transportation Problem, all breathed the hopeful spirit of a greater and a better Chicago. The comparative ease with which the railways have been induced to spend millions of dollars on track elevation as a means of eliminating the deadly grade crossings has developed confidence in the power of a determined community to overcome obstacles, however formidable, to the city's progress. Thus the spirit of the city's environment was one of hope, activity, and democracy—just the environment to call out the best in men who combine imagination with practical efficiency.

Early in 1906 the Merchants' Club, comprising a group of the younger business and professional men of the city, arranged for the preparation of a com-



COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO'S EXTERIOR HIGHWAYS, THE CITY LIMITS BEING MARKED BY THE BROAD SHADED TINT

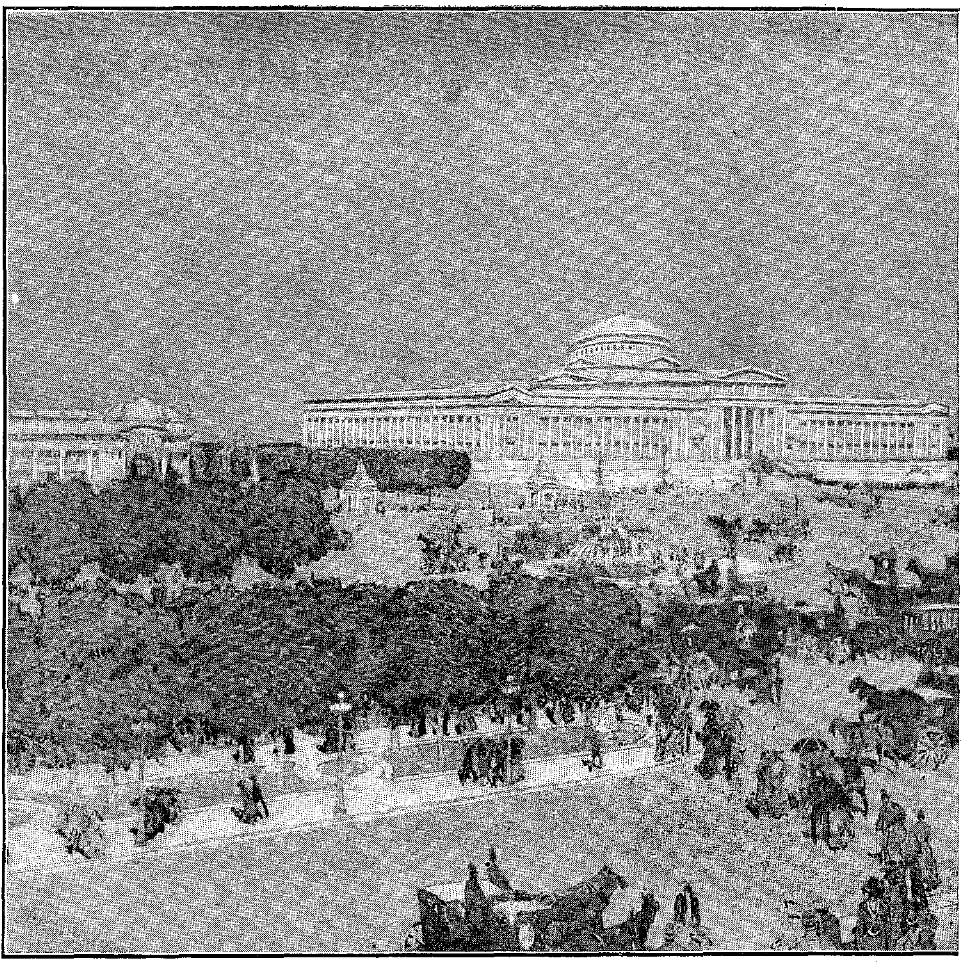


COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

PROPOSED BOULEVARD TO CONNECT THE NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES OF THE RIVER

The boulevard is raised to allow free flow under it of east-and-west teaming traffic, and both Michigan Avenue and Beaubien Court are raised to the boulevard level. The raised portion throughout its entire length, from Randolph Street to Indiana Street, extends from building line to building line. It is approached from the cross streets by inclined roadways or ramps

plete project for the future development of Chicago. The next year the Merchants' Club was merged with the Commercial Club under the name of the latter organization, and the city planning work was continued under the auspices of that body. Aside from Mr. Burnham and the staff under him, prominent among whom were Edward H. Bennett and Jules Guérin, members of the Commercial Club gave a large amount of time to the work. Charles D. Norton was the energetic chairman of the general committee until called to Washington recently as first assistant to Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh. Mr. MacVeagh also had been a member of one of the committees. Since the retirement of Mr. Norton the position of

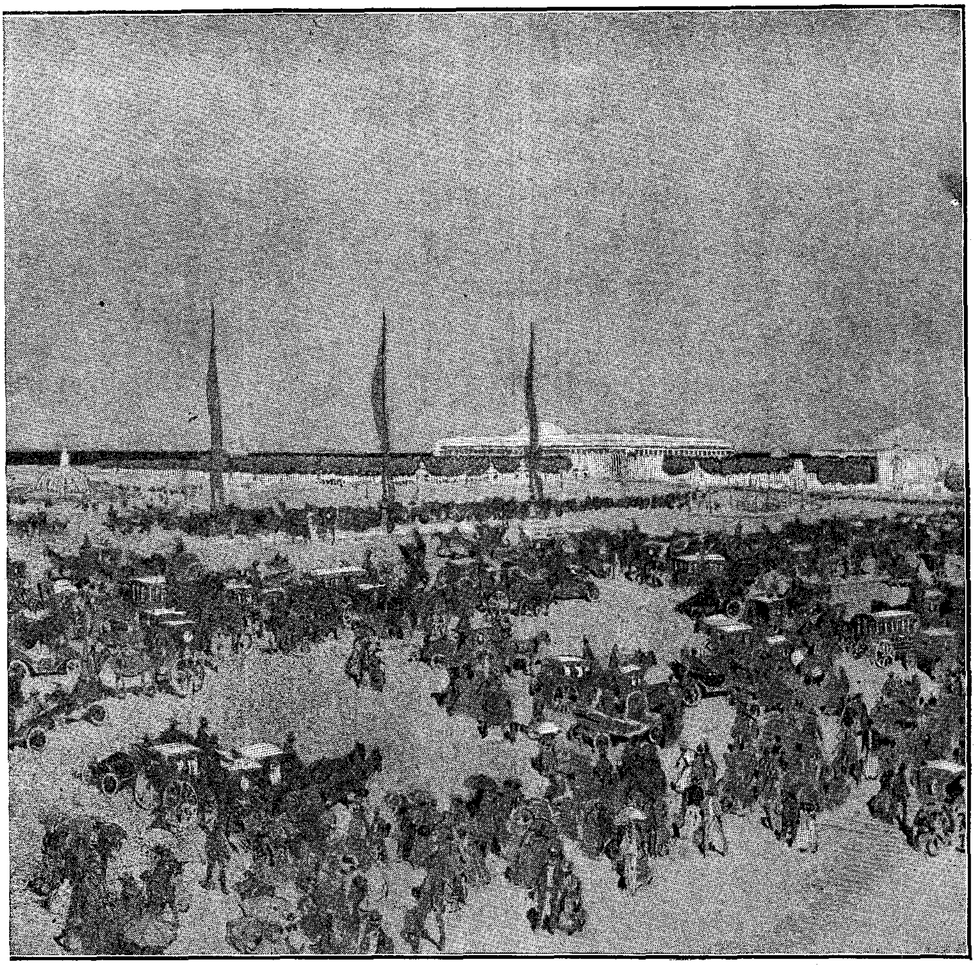


COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

PROPOSED PLAZA ON MICHIGAN AVENUE WEST OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL

chairman has been held by Charles H. Wacker, who believes in transplanting to America the high ideals which pervade the German municipalities. Frederic A. Delano, President of the Wabash Railroad, is the secretary of the committee, and the treasurer is Walter H. Wilson, who is serving the city ably in the position of Comptroller. Acting on the committees are the keenest business men in the city, among them Edward B. Butler, David R. Forgan, A. C. Bartlett, Clyde M. Carr, John V. Farwell, Jr., Joy Morton, and Charles H. Thorne. The spirit of disinterested public service actuating these men in this work is well told in an extract from the report:

"This same spirit which carried out the Exposition in such a manner as to make it a lasting credit to the city is still the soul of Chicago, vital and dominant; and even now, although many new men are at the front, it still controls and is doing a greater work than it was in 1893. It finds the men; it makes the occasion; it attracts the sincere and unselfish; it vitalizes the organization, and impels it to reach heights not believed possible of attainment. This spirit still exists. It is present to-day among us. Indeed, it seems to gather force with the years and the opportunities. It is even now impelling us to larger and better achievements for the public good. It conceals no private purpose, no hidden ends. This spirit —the spirit of Chicago—is our greatest asset. It is not merely civic pride: it is rather the constant, steady determination

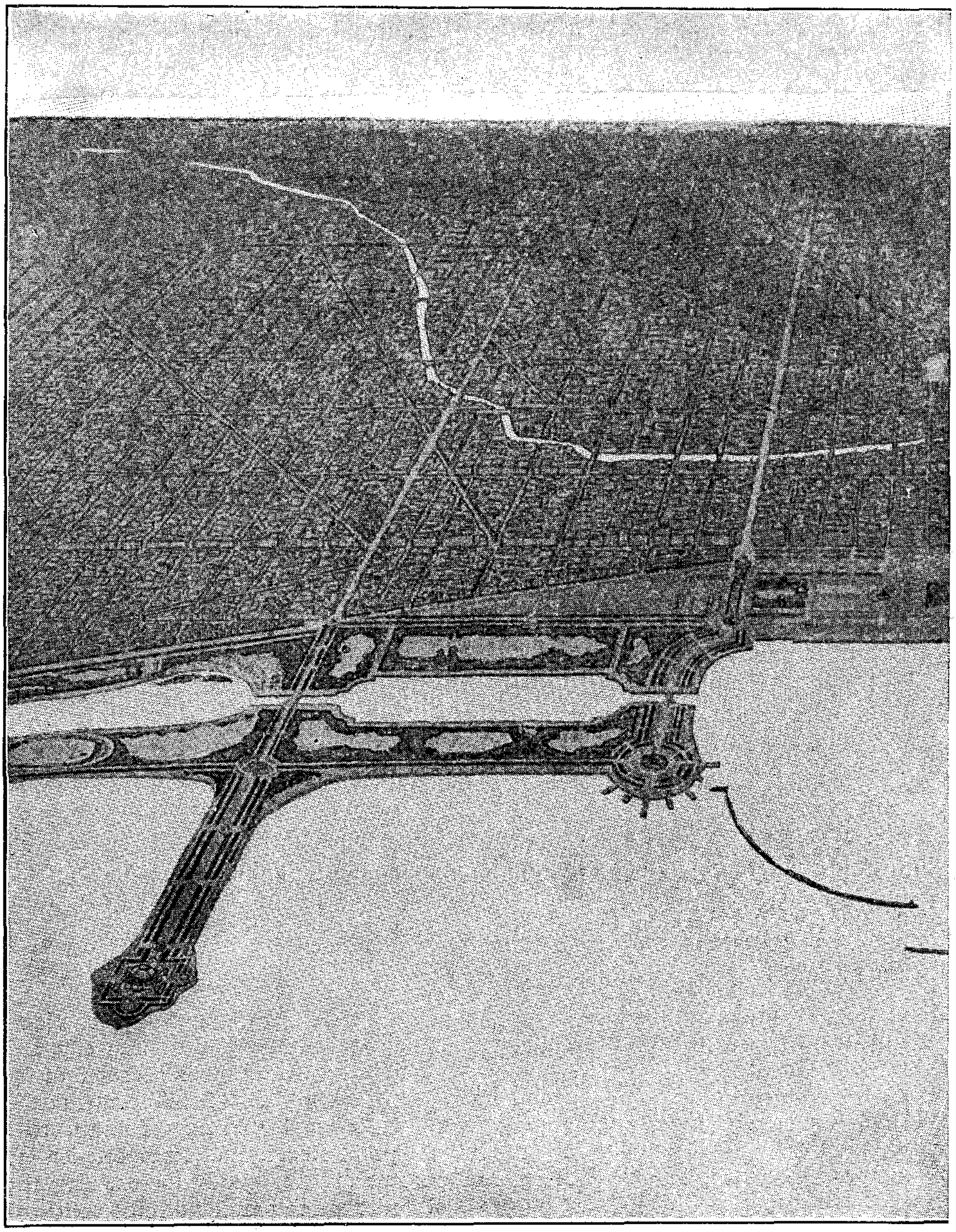


HISTORY, IN GRANT PARK, LOOKING EAST FROM THE CORNER OF JACKSON BOULEVARD

to bring about the very best conditions of city life for all the people, with full knowledge that what we as a people decide to do in the public interest we can and surely will bring to pass."

It is a mistake to assume that beauty only, in the narrower sense of that term, is the sole purpose of the plan as projected. The aim is to promote order, unity, and the correlation of civic, industrial, transportation, and kindred instrumentalities in such manner as to make them separately and collectively more effective agencies for furthering the common welfare. These things are all necessary to the comprehensive ideal of beauty which is in the minds of the city planners. The scope of the plan is indicated by the following paragraph from the report:

"The plan frankly takes into consideration the fact that the American city, and Chicago pre-eminently, is a center of industry and traffic. Therefore attention is given to the betterment of commercial facilities, to methods of transportation for persons and for goods, to removing the obstacles which prevent or obstruct circulation, and to the increase of convenience. It is realized, also, that good workmanship requires a large degree of comfort on the part of the workers in their homes and their surroundings, and ample opportunity for that rest and recreation without which all work becomes drudgery. Then, too, the city has a dignity to be maintained, and good order is essential to material advancement. Consequently, the plan provides for impressive groupings of

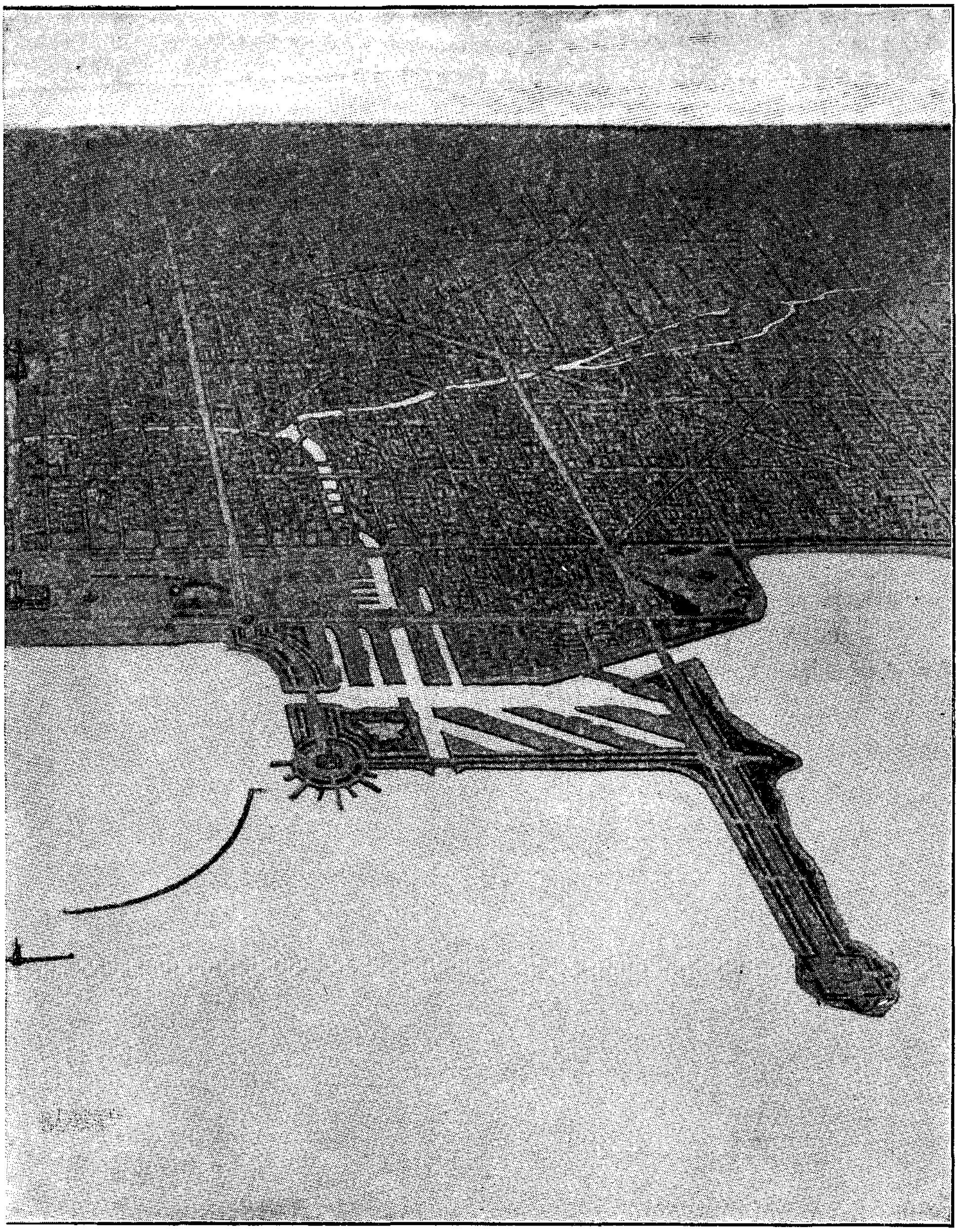


COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

VIEW LOOKING WEST OVER THE CITY, SHOWING THE PROPOSED

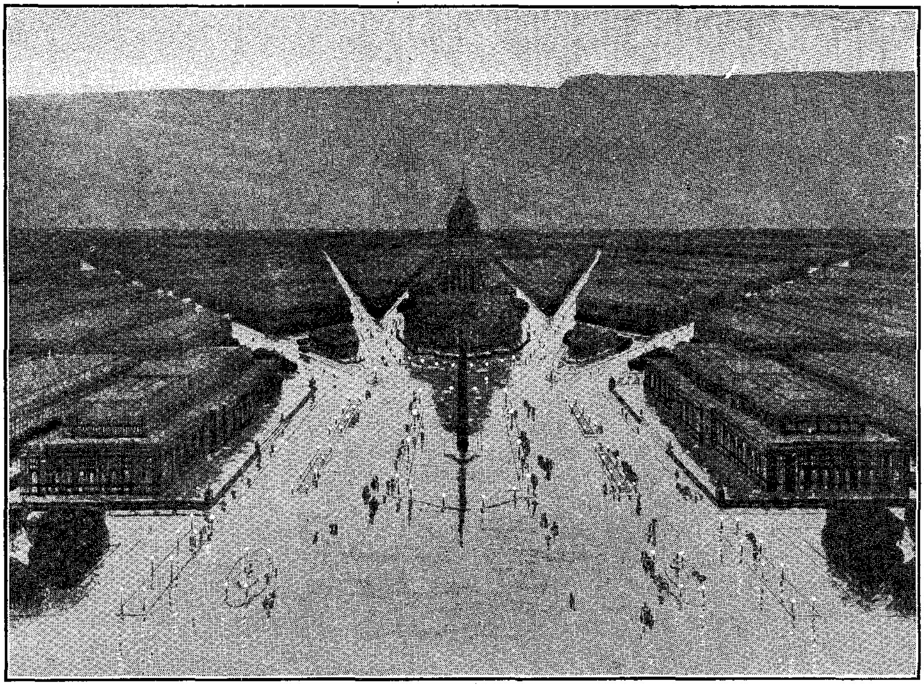
public buildings and reciprocal relations among such groups. Moreover, consideration is given to the fact that in all probability Chicago, within the lifetime of persons now living, will become a greater city than any existing at the present time, and that therefore the most comprehensive plans of to-day will need to be supplemented in a not remote future. Opportunity for such expansion is provided for."

While none of the men engaged in devising the Plan of Chicago expects to profit personally above his fellows from the improvement of the city, they all believe that the community as a whole



CIVIC CENTER, THE GRAND AXIS, GRANT PARK, AND THE HARBOR

must reap large commercial gain as well as æsthetic, moral, and physical benefit from the execution of the plan outlined. They cite the gain to Paris from the policy of beautification which has made that city the Mecca of visitors with money to spend. It is their aim to make Chicago so attractive that citizens of wealth will not desire to go elsewhere in years of leisure. The city that brings about the best conditions, it is argued, will become the most prosperous. "For the sake of the State the citizen should be at his best, and it is the business of the State to maintain conditions conducive to his bodily welfare. Noises, ugly sights, ill smells,



COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER PLAZA AND BUILDINGS, THE CENTER OF THE SYSTEM OF ARTERIES OF CIRCULATION

as well as dirty streets and workshops or offices, tend to lower average efficiency. It does not pay the State to allow them to continue. Moreover, citizens have pride in and loyalty to a city that is quiet, clean, and generally beautiful. It is not believed that 'business' demands that our present annoying conditions be continued. In a state of good order all business must be done better and more profitably. With things as they should be every business man in Chicago would make more money than he does now."

The dependence of the highest commercial prosperity upon orderly and wholesome development is thus indicated in the report:

"Thoughtful people are appalled at the results of progress; at the waste in time, strength, and money which congestion in city streets begets; at the toll of lives taken by disease when sanitary precautions are neglected; and at the frequent outbreaks against law and order which result from narrow and pleasureless lives. So that while the keynote of the nineteenth century was expansion, we of the twentieth century find that our dominant idea is conservation. The people of Chicago have ceased to be impressed by rapid growth or the great size of the city. What they insist upon asking now is, How are we living? Are we in reality prosperous? Is the city a convenient place for business? Is it a good labor market in the sense that labor is sufficiently comfortable to be efficient and content? Will the coming generation be able to stand the nervous strain of city life? When a competence has been accumulated, must we go elsewhere to enjoy the fruits of independence? If the city does not become better as it becomes bigger, shall not the defect be remedied? These are questions that will not be brushed aside. They are most pressing questions of our day, and everywhere men are anxiously seeking the answers."

The purpose of the Chicago city planners at the outset was:

First, to make a careful study of the physical conditions of Chicago as they now exist.

Second, to discover how those conditions may be improved.

Third, to record such conclusions in the shape of drawings and texts which shall become a guide for the future development of Chicago.

The main features of the plan of improvement, as summarized in the concluding chapter of the report, are:

First. The improvement of the lake front.

Second. The creation of a system of highways outside the city.

Third. The improvement of railway terminals, and the development of a complete traction system for both freight and passengers.

Fourth. The acquisition of an outer park system, and of parkway circuits.

Fifth. The systematic arrangement of the streets and avenues within the city, in order to facilitate the movement to and from the business district.

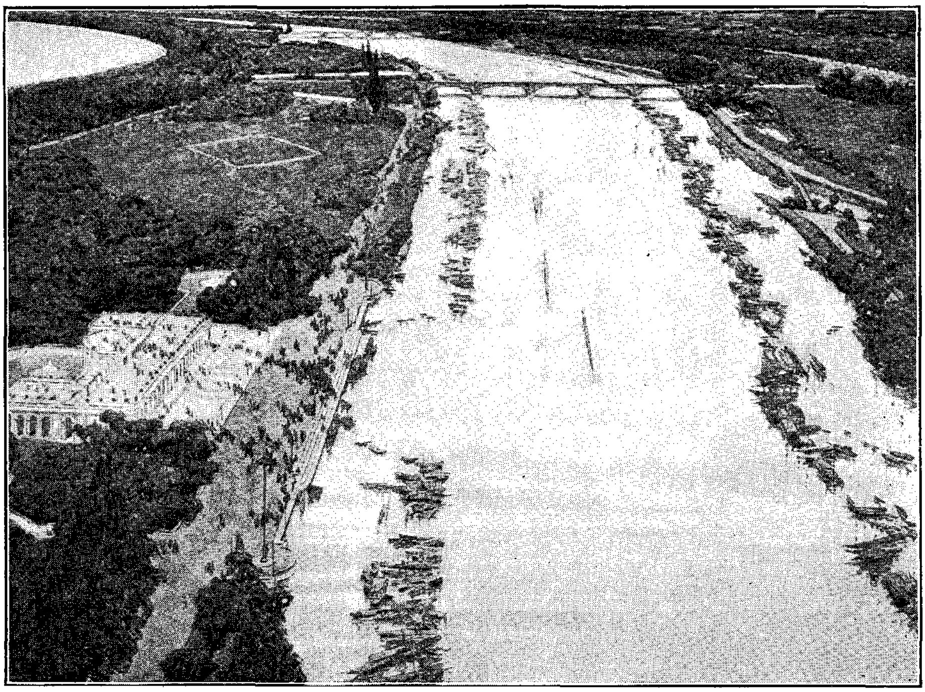
Sixth. The development of centers of intellectual life and of civic administration, so related as to give coherence and unity to the city.

Each of these six fundamental features calls for explanation.

First. The project for lake front improvement contemplates the creation of broad strips of parkway adjacent to the shore line, then long lagoons flanked by outer parkways, with pleasure islands dotting the lake here and there. The lagoons would be admirably suited to boat-racing, and, stretching as planned for long distances along the shore, they would be convenient for the boat crews both of the University of Chicago, located near Jackson Park, and of Northwestern University, situated on Lake Michigan, in Evanston, a suburb just north of Chicago. Yacht harbors and suitable driveways would be provided, and access to the lake front would be made easy to dwellers in all parts of the city.

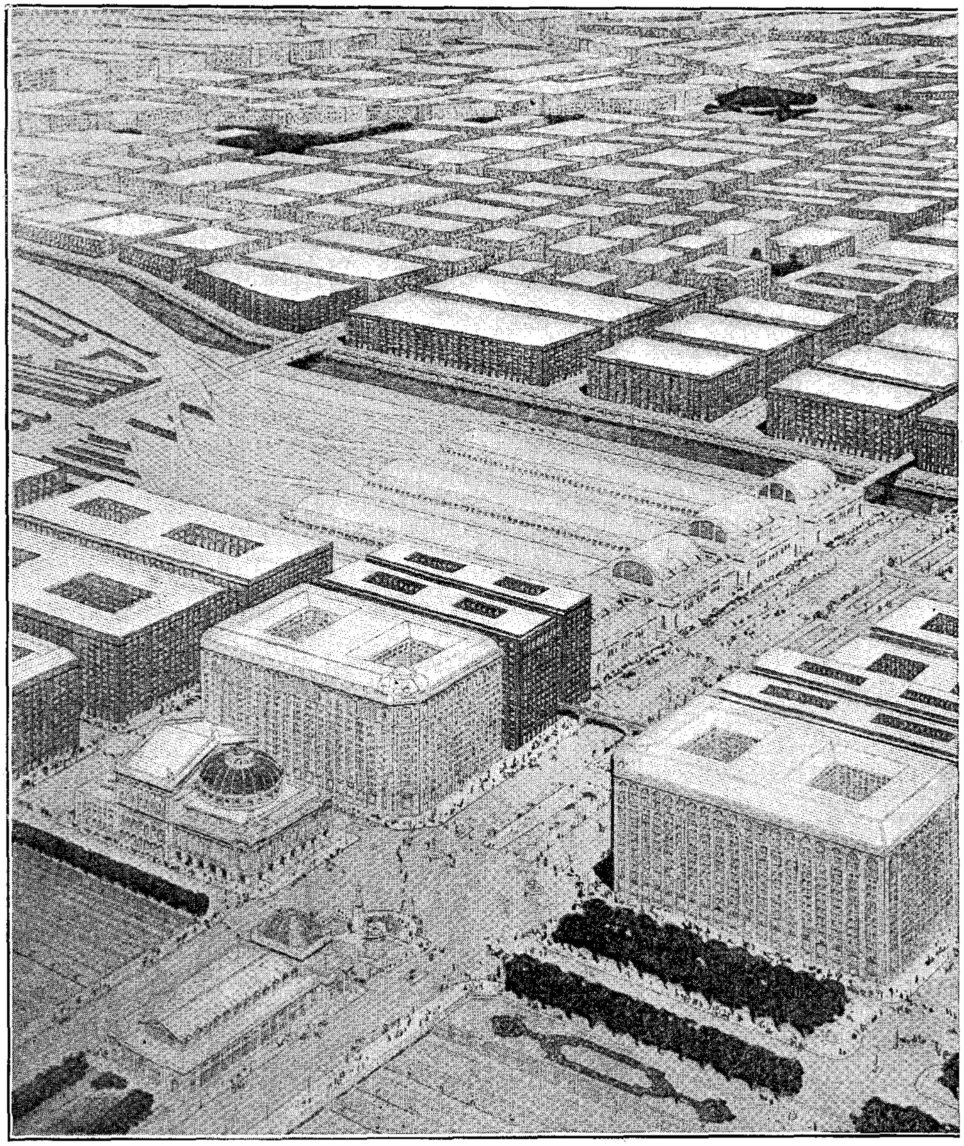
Second. The designers of the plan of Chicago did not confine their vision to the present limits of the municipality. They have indicated the need for highways, both circuit and radial, extending for miles into surrounding areas. The larger of these suggested outer circuits would begin at Kenosha, Wisconsin, nearly sixty miles north of the center of Chicago, and extend by a semicircular route around the city to Michigan City, Indiana, on the east.

Third. The question of railway terminal facilities in Chicago presents a problem of very great difficulty. The framers of



COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

VIEW LOOKING SOUTH OVER THE LAGOONS OF THE PROPOSED PARK FOR THE SOUTH SHORE

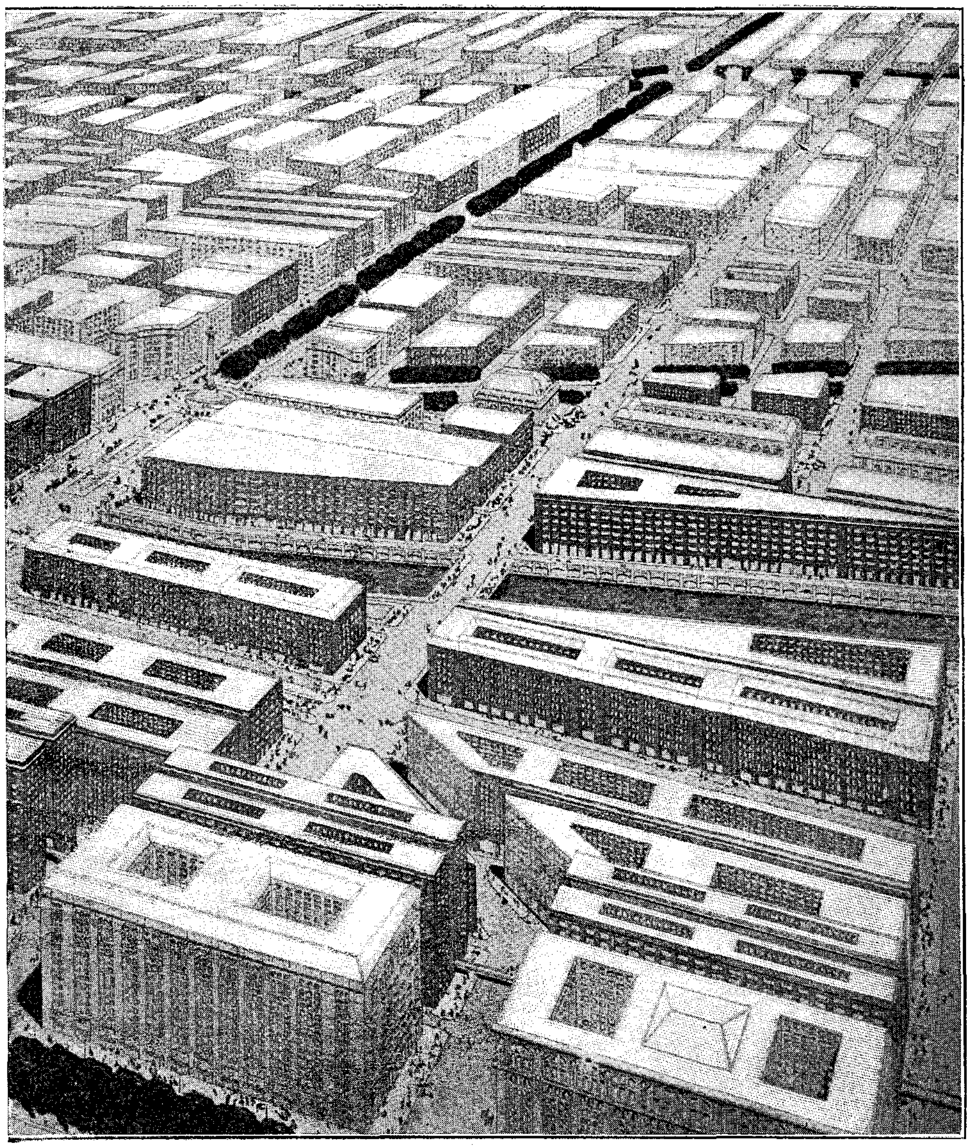


COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

PROPOSED TWELFTH STREET BOULEVARD AT ITS INTER-

The proposed railway terminals are shown fronting on the Boulevard at its level, which is raised
Canal Streets a diagonal thoroughfare is shown extending to the proposed civic center. Between

the Commercial Club report do not hesitate to attack the problem with boldness. Their most radical suggestion is that the railways be asked to give up track and terminal facilities that extend in disjointed fashion farther into the business center than is considered necessary, and to build a series of passenger stations on Twelfth Street as widened, extending from State Street to the river. Such a rearrangement, it is argued, would afford better accommodations for the public, and at the same time would remove a barrier to the necessary expansion of the business district to the south of the present restricted center. There is a suggestion for another series of connecting passenger stations just west of the river, between Canal and Clinton Streets, extending from Twelfth Street north to Lake Street. There is a recommendation for a common freight and warehouse center at a point



SECTIONS WITH MICHIGAN AVENUE AND ASHLAND AVENUE
to allow north-and-south traffic to flow underneath. From the intersection of Twelfth and his diagonal and the River is shown the beginning of the proposed West Side railway station

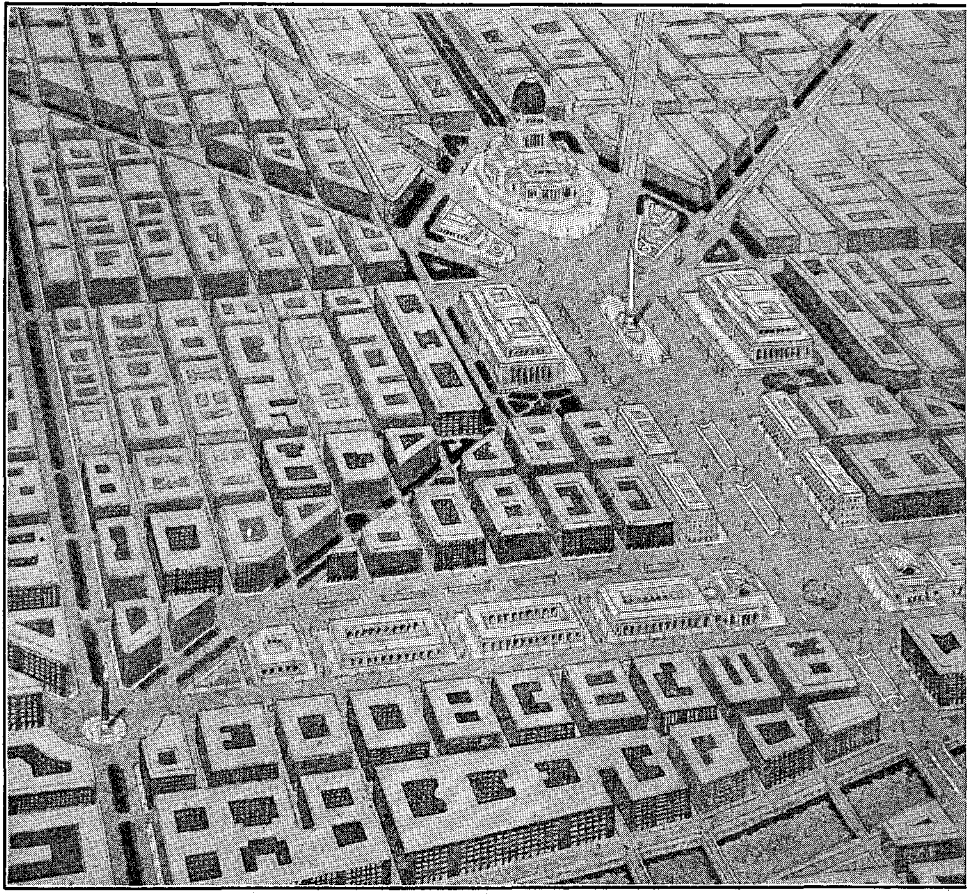
convenient of access to all the railways. Harbors are planned at the mouths of the two rivers, the Chicago and the Calumet. The necessity of correlation of all the transportation agencies is indicated.

Fourth. The acquisition of outer park areas of large extent and the creation of connecting driveways are regarded as necessary to give the people of the city easy access to places of natural beauty and restful quiet.

Fifth. In connection with the systematic arrangement of streets and avenues, suggestions of a radical nature are deemed necessary. It is proposed to widen and otherwise to improve Michigan Avenue so as to transform it and the connecting Lake Shore Drive and Sheridan Road into one of the most magnificent pleasure thoroughfares in the world. Michigan Avenue runs north and south. Congress Street, on the southerly edge of the business center, is chosen for the great east and west axis, and its widening and improvement recommended. There are also suggestions for widening other streets and laying out new ones, somewhat as was done in the reconstruction of Paris by Baron Haussmann. Chicago is laid out on the rectilinear plan, with some radial streets. The idea is to add more radials and to cut through semicircular thoroughfares where none now exist, with a view to promoting ease of circulation.

Sixth. The plan contemplates two great centers, one of intellectual life and the other of civic administration. The site selected for the future civic center, where the City Hall and other public buildings would be grouped, is at the intersection of Congress and Halsted Streets. This point is near the center of population, but it is outside the area of present business congestion. The location is but a few blocks from Hull House, the social settlement presided over by Miss Jane Addams. The territory is not at present given over to expensive buildings, so that the cost of acquiring the property for the street improvements contemplated in the neighborhood and for public building sites would not be prohibitory. It is planned to locate the other center, that of intellectual life, on the improved lake front, where it is intended to group the Field Museum, the Crerar Library, the Art Institute, and possibly other structures of kindred purpose.

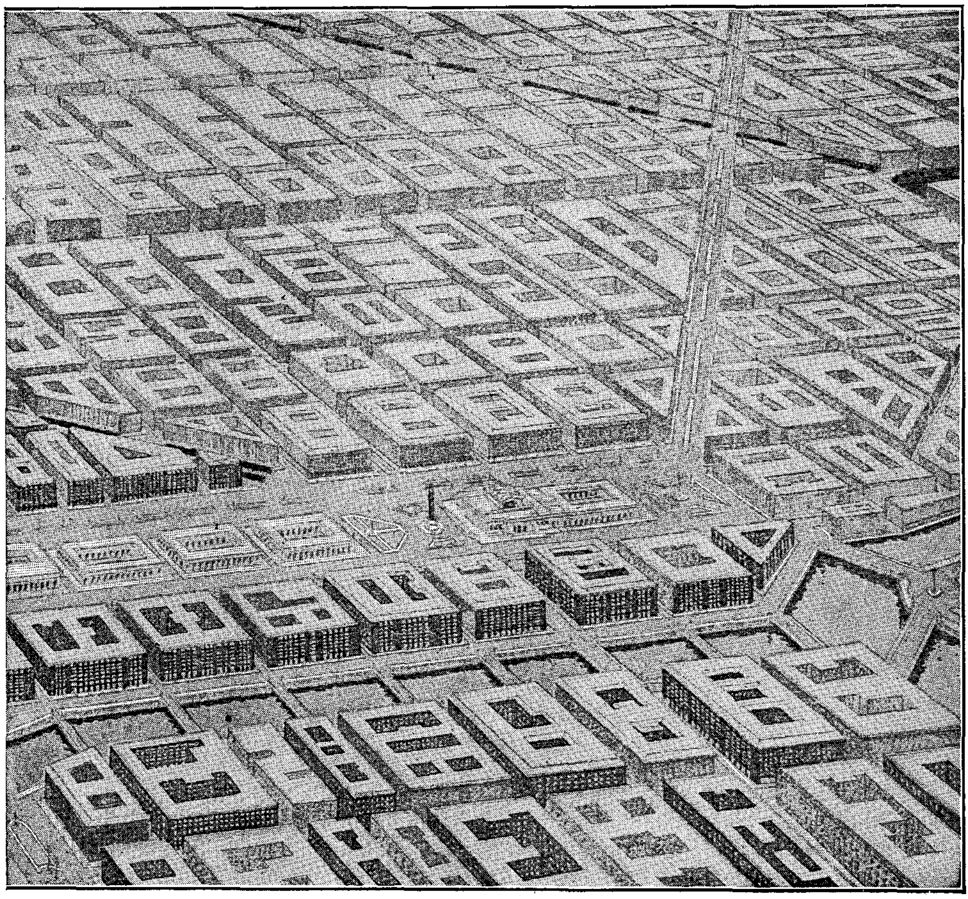
The carrying out of such an ambitious plan as outlined, of course, will cost an immense amount of money, not to speak of other difficulties possibly even more serious. But realization of the dream at



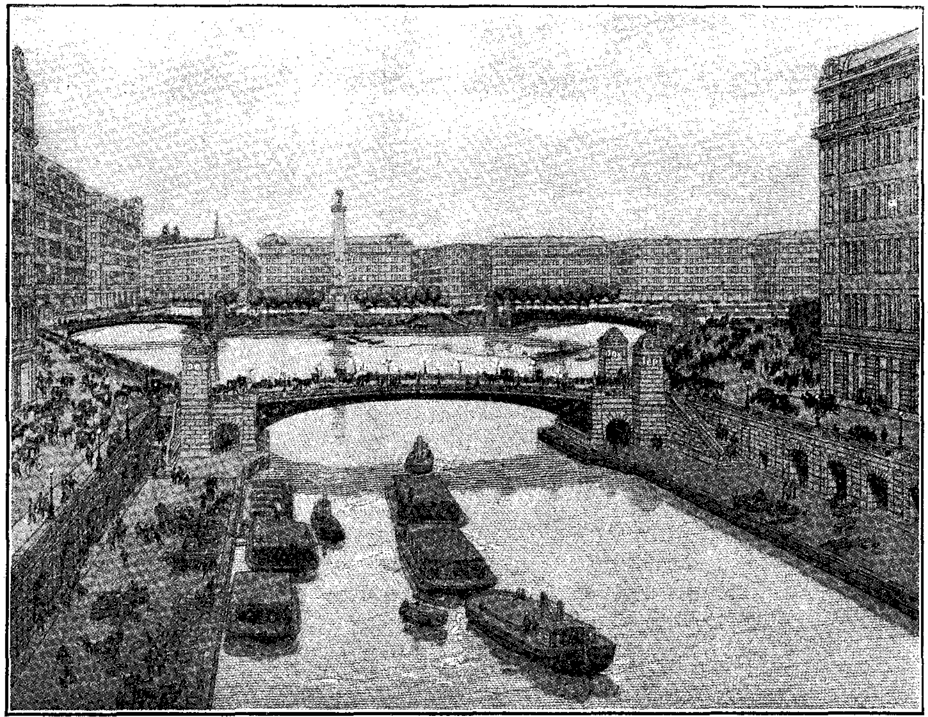
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

RAILWAY STATION SCHEME WEST OF THE RIVER BETWEEN CANAL AND once is not expected. Washington is to-day a more beautiful city because its development has followed in the main the plan made for it by L'Enfant more than a century ago, which at the time was the object of much scorn and ridicule. The various governing authorities exercising jurisdiction over the territory comprised in the city of Chicago have spent in the past twenty-five years, for improvements classified as permanent, the sum of $220,000,000. The total expenditures for the reconstruction of Paris in accordance with the plans of Baron Haussmann are given as only $265,000,000. The money actually paid out for so-called permanent improvements in Chicago during the past quarter of a century would have counted for much more if spent in accordance with a well-considered plan. The framers of the Commercial Club report do not, of course, consider their plan perfect, nor unchangeable. They present it as something to work toward. Adherence to a plan, they insist, is necessary if the tendency in city development is ever to be toward order, unity, and beauty.

The project for lake front improvement, which might seem at first thought to be fanciful and enormously expensive, is held to be easy of realization at low cost. The lake front is the cheapest part of Chicago in which to dump dirt from building excavations and other refuse. The amount of such refuse is at least 1,000,000 cubic yards a year, or enough to build from 27 to 30 acres of park in the lake, if used according to the plan. All the public authorities have to do is to build the breakwaters and bridges and finish the grounds. The utilization of this material in the manner suggested would in thirty



CLINTON STREETS, SHOWING THE RELATION WITH THE CIVIC CENTER



COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF CHICAGO

THE SOUTH BRANCH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER

Showing proposed arrangement of streets and ways for teaming and reception of freight by boat, at different levels

years produce all the lake front land recommended in the report for the region between Grant and Jackson Parks. The amount of refuse to be disposed of should increase rapidly. By the utilization of this waste as suggested, the whole lake front can gradually be improved in accordance with the plan at comparatively little expense.

The creation of a system of encircling and radiating highways outside the city can be brought about at little additional expense if the local authorities can be induced to co-operate, fill up the missing gaps, and make their road-building activities harmonize with the larger plan. The acquisition of park areas, the rearrangement of streets, and the cutting of new thoroughfares is merely a matter of money. It is not expected that public buildings will be transferred to the new civic center at once. In fact, Chicago is now rebuilding its City Hall on the old site. But the structure will be outgrown in twenty-five years. The recommendation of the report is that the city now secure the land comprising the site of the proposed new civic center, and hold it as park area until needed for public building purposes.

The feature likely to present the most serious obstacles to realization is that of the rearrangement of railway terminals. Chicago has a maze of conflicting railway interests. Most of the passenger stations call for early rebuilding, and the freight terminals are in need of improvement. Each line or group of lines desires to proceed in its own way, without regard to what the others may do. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was granted permission not long ago to build a new station for its own exclusive use, and unrelated to other terminal projects. In the absence of any general plan for railway terminal improvement at that time, the protests of citizens against this procedure were unavailing. Other railways are getting ready to do what the Northwestern road did, and to erect stations for themselves that shall take no account of the general terminal situation and the need of coordination. Presumably the first great battle of the city planners will come over the question of requiring the railways to conform to the recommendations with regard to terminals when they come to build new stations.

The pictures which Jules Guérin has drawn to portray the Chicago of the future show blocks upon blocks of buildings of uniform height and style of architecture. This view is in marked contrast to the spectacle of jagged sky-lines and architectural incongruity with which the observer in the ordinary American city of to-day is familiar. A beautiful city is out of the question so long as each owner may build as he pleases, without regard to the character of his neighbor's structure and the harmony of view of the thoroughfare as a whole. Parkways and boulevards cannot afford a spectacle of beauty unless the buildings that line them also produce an effect pleasing to the eye. In Europe governments possess the power to require owners to conform to building regulations designed solely to promote beauty. In this land of written constitutions, the property-owner must be permitted to do as he will with his property, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbors, and violations of æsthetic canons are not regarded by the courts as such interference.

This phase of the problem was considered so serious that Walter L. Fisher was engaged by the Commercial Club to give a legal opinion as to possible ways of accomplishing the desired end, for uniformity of height and style of architecture of building along boulevards and parkways is essential to a plan for beautification. The solution of the problem, according to Mr. Fisher, is for the city, in laying out parkways and boulevards, to take by condemnation the land on each side of the thoroughfare and sell it again, subject to building restrictions that shall insure the desired harmony of view. In foreign countries this policy is pursued sometimes for the sake of securing for the public values created by the improvement. Mr. Fisher believes the power of condemnation could not be constitutionally used in this country to take land for the purpose of reselling it at a profit. But where the main object is to get control of the land in order to introduce building restrictions required in the fulfillment of schemes of beauty, he holds that the procedure would be legal, and that it might incidentally prove profitable.

POETA POETARUM

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

What news, Belovèd, from thy native hills,
What tuneful tidings from the Hills of Dream?
Does dim old Merlin follow yet the gleam?
Do climbers still forget all mortal ills,
Even the lapsing of life's little streams?

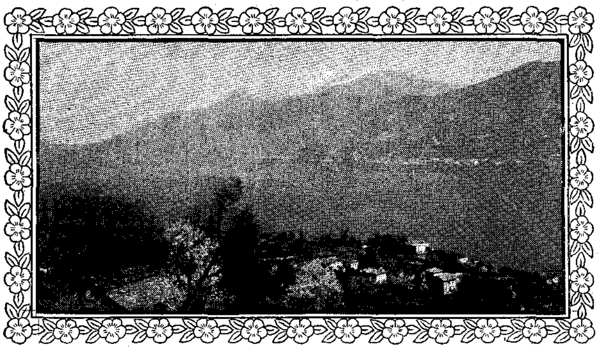
The waves and billows have gone over thee;
Thy precious things have fed the insatiate brine.
Still on the heights thy changeless beacons shine
Above the farthest reaches of the sea,
Thine altar-glow invincibly divine.

The meads and valleys ring with viol and lute,
With harp and dulcimer and soft citole;
The music leaps from blossoming knoll to knoll;
But on the naked peak the dreams are mute,
And indistinguishable song from soul.

Mrs. Humphry Ward at her villa on Lake Como, April, 1909

PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Her Work



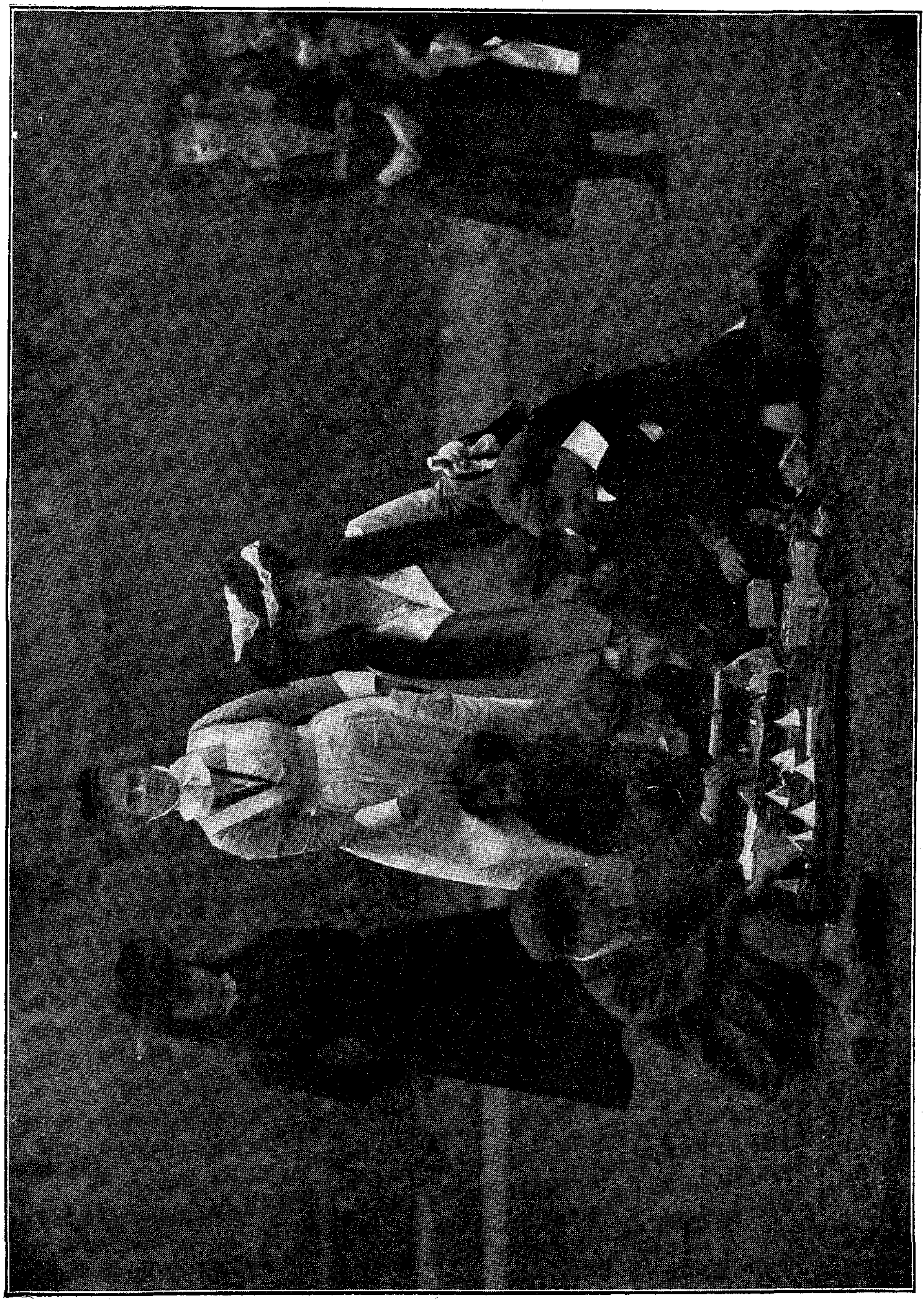
By CHARLES S. OLCOTT
With Photographs by the Author

"'WHY does any one stay in England who *can* make the trip to Paradise?' said the Duchess, as she leaned lazily back in the corner of the boat and trailed her fingers in the waters of Como."

These words from "Lady Rose's Daughter" came to mind as we glided swiftly in the little motor-boat, late in the afternoon of a perfect April day, over the smooth waters of Como and into the arm of the lake known as Lecco, where we were to enjoy our cup of tea in a little *latteria* high up on a rocky crag. In the stern sat Mrs. Ward, looking the picture of contentment, a light summer hat with simple trimmings giving an almost girlish aspect to a face in which strong intellectuality and depth of moral purpose were clearly the predominating features. A day's work done—for Mrs. Ward goes to Como for work, not play—this little trip across the lake was one of her favorite recreations, in which, for the time, we were hospitably permitted to share. About us were the scenes "enchanted, incomparable," which are best described in the words of Mrs. Ward herself:

"When Spring descends upon the shores of the Lago di Como, she brings with her all the graces, all the beauties, all the fine, delicate, and temperate delights of which earth and sky are capable, and she pours them forth upon a land of perfect loveliness. Around the shores of other lakes—Maggiore, Lugano, Garda—blue mountains rise and the vineyards spread their green and dazzling terraces to the sun. Only Como can show in unmatched union a main composition, incomparably grand and harmonious, combined with every jeweled or glowing or exquisite detail. Nowhere do the mountains lean toward each other in such an ordered splendor as that which bends around the northern shores of Como. Nowhere do buttressed masses rise behind each other, to right and left of a blue waterway, in lines statelier or more noble than those kept by the mountains of Lecco Lake as they marshal themselves on either hand, along the approaches to Lombardy and Venetia.

". . . And within this divine framework, between the glistening snows which still, in April, crown and glorify the heights, and those reflections of them which lie encalmed in the deep bosom of the lake, there's not a foot of pasture, not a shelf of vineyard, not a slope of forest, where the spring is not at work, dyeing the turf with gentians, starring it with narcissuses, or drawing across it the first golden network of the chestnut



MRS. WARD AT THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT leaves; where the mere emerald of the grass is not in itself a thing to refresh the very springs of being; where the peach-blossom and the wild cherry and the olive are not perpetually weaving patterns on the blue which ravish the very heart out of your breast. And already the roses are beginning to pour over the walls; the wistaria is climbing up the cypresses; a pomp of camellias and azaleas is in all the gardens; while in the grassy bays that run up into the hills the primrose banks still keep their sweet austerity, and the triumph of spring over the just banished winter is still sharp and new."

It was in a garden such as this, with a wild cherry tree and olives "perpetually weaving patterns" against the blue sky, that we first met Mrs. Ward. It was a balmy April morning. The scent of spring was in the air, and the birds were adding their melody to the beauty of the landscape. The villa stands well up the slope of a high hill and is reached by a winding path through fragrant trees. A little below the level of the house is a shady nook, well sheltered from the sun, from which the high mountains of the north and the blue glimmer of the lake beneath can be plainly seen. Here we were greeted by the novelist in terms of cordiality that instantly made us "feel at home." There was no posing, none of that condescension which some writers had led us to expect. We were simply welcomed as friends, with a perfect hospitality that seemed to be born of the tranquil beauty all about us.

Mrs. Ward is a woman of rather more than medium height and of erect and graceful carriage. Her manner is dignified, but it is the dignity of one properly conscious of her own strength and is never repellent. One cannot help feeling that he is in the presence of a distinguished person—one who has justly earned a world-wide fame—and yet one in whom the attributes of true womanliness reign supreme. You are proud of the honor of her friendship, and yet you cannot help thinking what an excellent neighbor she would be.

The instinct which impels Mrs. Ward to seek such scenes of beauty as Lake Como in which to do her writing—for here she wrote "Lady Rose's Daughter," and during the spring of the present year has been engaged in the preparation of a new novel—came to her naturally, for her childhood was spent in one of the most beautiful parts of all England, Westmoreland, the home of Wordsworth and of Ruskin. Here "Arnold of Rugby" made his home in a charmingly situated cottage known as Fox How. "Fox," in the language of Westmoreland, means "fairy," and "How" is "hill." A "fairy hill" indeed it must have seemed to Dr. Arnold's little granddaughter Mary, when as a child of five she was brought there by her father from far-away Tasmania, where she was born. The English Lakes are famous for their beauty, but there is no more delightful spot in all the region than the valley "under Loughrigg," and no lovelier river than the Rotha, rippling over the smooth pebbles from Wordsworth's beloved Rydal Water down to the more pretentious grandeur of Lake Windermere. The impressions of her childhood created in the future novelist an intense love of these streams and mountains, which only increased with her absence and the enlargement of her field of vision. When she was the mother of a little girl of seven and a boy of four, she determined to give to them the same impressions which had delighted her own childhood, and the family made an ever-memorable visit from Oxford, where they were then living, to the vicinity of Fox How—a visit which all children may enjoy who will read the pretty little story of "Milly and Olly."

In passing, it may interest the readers of that story to know that "Milly" is now the wife of George Macaulay Trevelyan, son of Sir George O. Trevelyan, author of "The Life and Letters of Macaulay," whose mother was the sister of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan is the author of several important books, among them "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith." "Olly" is a young man of great promise, who is just now entering upon his first contest for a seat in Parliament.

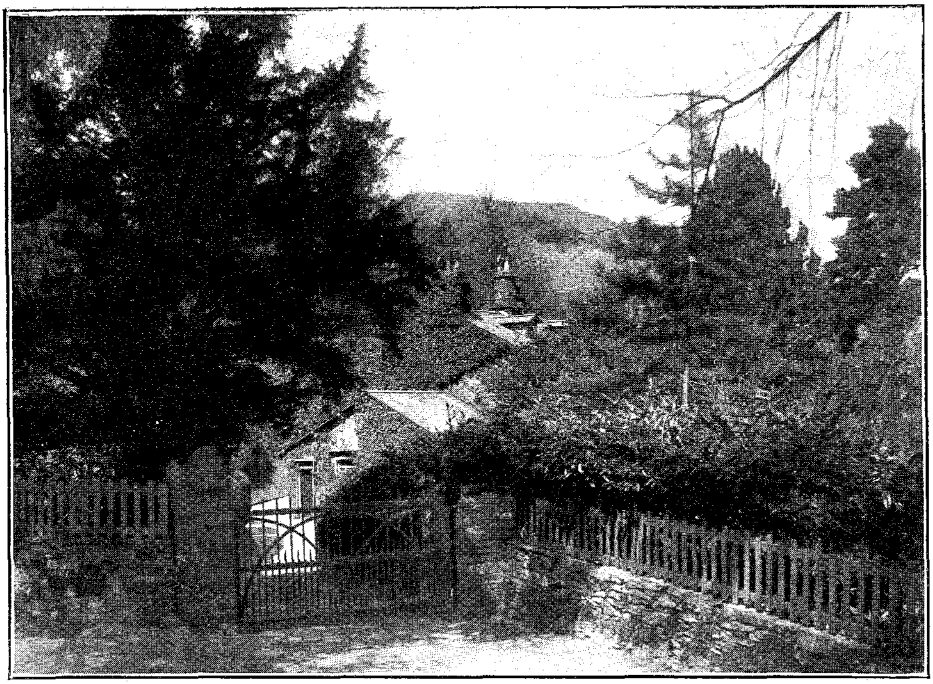
Mary Augusta Arnold was born in Tasmania on the 11th of June, 1851. Her father, Thomas Arnold, second son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and brother of Matthew Arnold, was at that time Inspector of

Schools in the far-away island. He had married the granddaughter of Colonel Sorell, a former Governor of Tasmania, and no doubt intended to remain there permanently. But, becoming interested, even at that distance, in the so-called "Oxford Movement" of the middle of the last century, he determined to return to England, where he followed Newman and others into the Roman Catholic Church, accepting a professorship of English Literature in the Catholic University of Dublin. His daughter Mary, the eldest of six, was sent to Ambleside to be educated. In 1865, having renounced the Catholic faith, Mr. Arnold took up his residence at Oxford. Here his eldest daughter, at the age of fourteen, came under the influence of the friendships and associations which were to have so potent an influence upon her future career. The most important of these were Professor Mark Pattison and the Bodleian Library. Professor Pattison strongly urged her to specialize her studies, and, acting upon his suggestion, she learned the Spanish language and began a course of study in Spanish literature and history, in which she found the facilities of the Bodleian Library invaluable. In 1872 she became the wife of Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, then a fellow and tutor in Brasenose College. During the ensuing ten or eleven years Mrs. Ward assisted her husband in his literary work and contributed largely to the Pall Mall Gazette, the Saturday Review, the Academy, and other magazines, besides publishing the little book for children already referred to, "Milly and Olly."

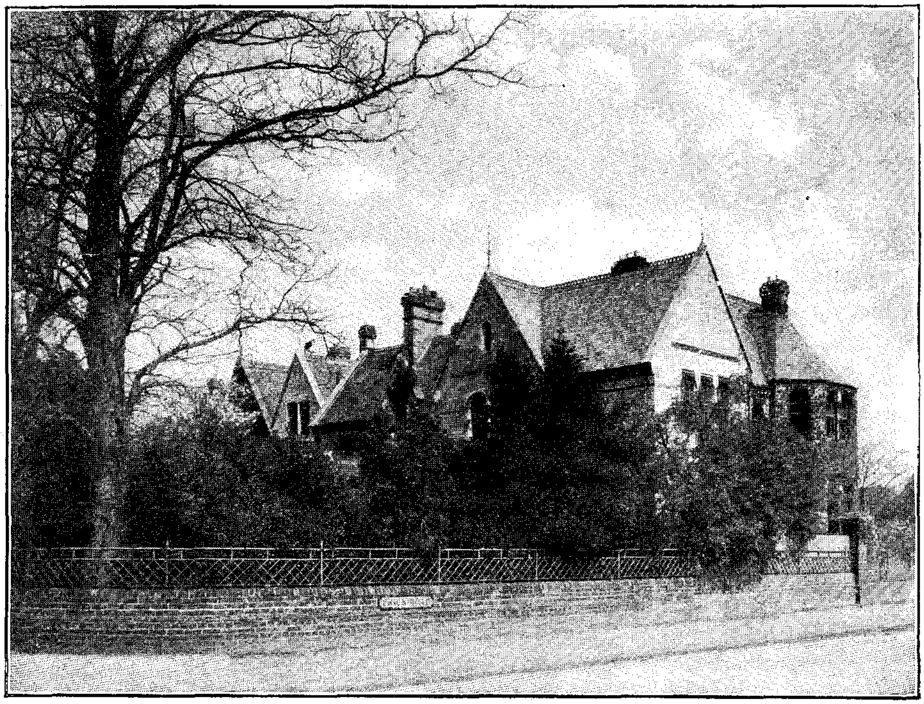
THE VIEW FROM FOX HOW

In 1881 Mr. Ward accepted a position on the staff of the Times, and the family removed to London. For several years they occupied a house in Russell Square, which Mrs. Ward still regards with fond memories, later removing to their present town house, No. 25 Grosvenor Place. But Mrs. Ward's love of nature is too intense for an uninterrupted residence in London, and she possesses an ideal country home some thirty miles away, near the little village of Aldbury, known as "Stocks." This large and beautiful estate is ancient enough to be mentioned in "Domesday Book." Its name does not come from the old "stocks" used as an instrument of punishment, which may still be seen in the village, although this is a common supposition. "Stocks" is derived from the German "stock," meaning stick or tree, and refers to the magnificent grove with which the house is surrounded.

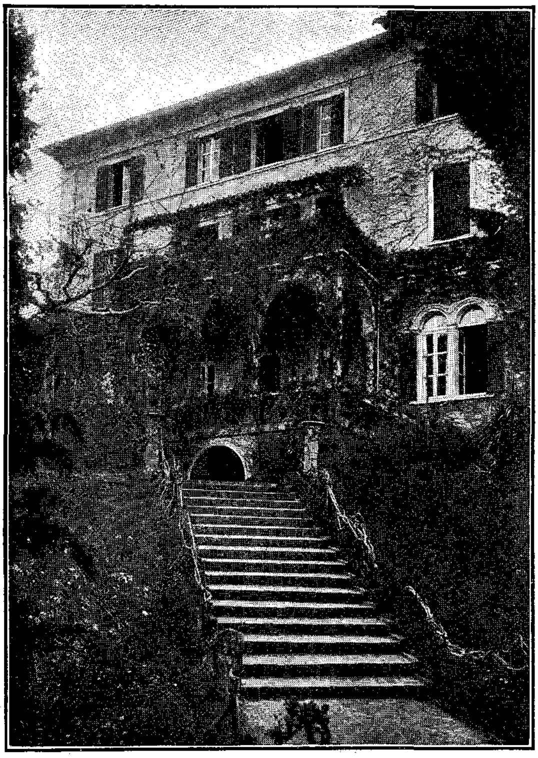
Before Stocks became a possibility, Mrs. Ward usually managed to choose a summer home in the country, and these choices are most interestingly reflected in her novels. During the Oxford residence Surrey was a favorite resort for seven years, its atmosphere entering largely into the composition of "Miss Bretherton" and "Robert Elsmere." Two nights spent at a farm on the Kinderscout gave ample material for the opening chapter of the "History of David Grieve." The lease for a season of Hampden House, in Buckinghamshire, gave the original for Mellor Park in "Marcella," and a visit near Crewe fixed the scenes of "Sir George Tressady." "Helbeck of Bannisdale" was the result of a summer spent in the delightful home of Captain Bagot, of Levens Hall, near Kendal. Summers in Italy and Switzerland gave most charming scenery for "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "Eleanor," and, to a less degree, "The Marriage of William Ashe." The cottage of her youngest daughter, Dorothy, near the Langdale Pikes, suggested the home of Fenwick, while Diana Mallory found her home in Stocks itself. Thus the creatures of Mrs. Ward's fancy have simply lived in the places which she knew the best. They are all scenes of beauty, for Mrs. Ward loves the beautiful



FOX HOW, THE HOME OF ARNOLD OF RUGBY, MRS. WARD'S GRANDFATHER



MRS. WARD'S FORMER HOME IN OXFORD



VILLA BONAVENTURA, CADENABBIA, ITALY, WHERE MRS. WARD WROTE PART OF "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER," AND HAS RECENTLY PARTIALLY WRITTEN A NEW NOVEL, "CANADIAN BORN"

in nature, and has spent her life where this yearning could be most fully gratified.

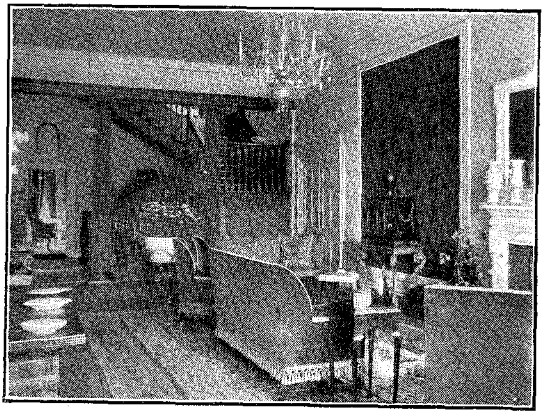
But if Mrs. Ward seeks the country as the best place for literary work, she is not idle when in the city. If any one imagines her to be merely a society woman with a genius for literature, he is making a serious mistake. Outside of society and literature she is a busy woman, bent on the accomplishment of a task which few would have the courage to assume. Her ideal is best expressed in the closing words of "Robert Elsmere:"

"The New Brotherhood still exists, and grows. There are many who imagined that, as it had been raised out of the earth by Elsmere's genius, so it would sink with him. Not so! He would have fought the struggle to victory with surpassing force, with a brilliancy and rapidity none after him could rival. But the struggle was not his. His effort was but a fraction of the effort of the race. In that effort, and in the Divine force behind it, is our trust, as was his."

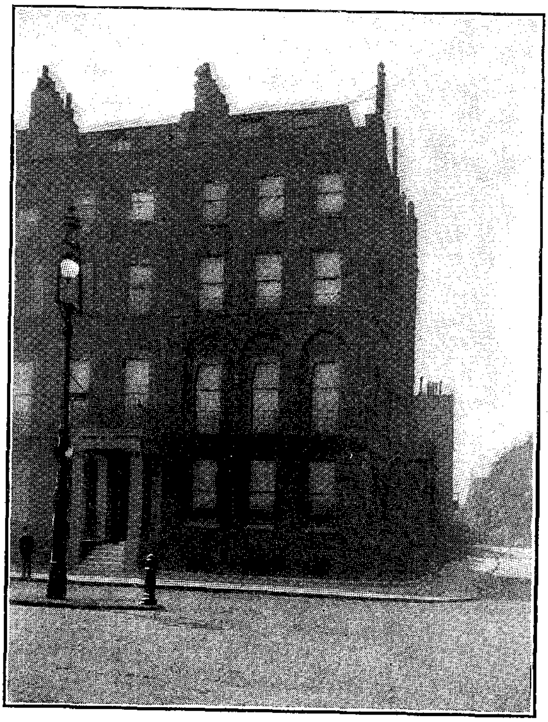
These words, written nearly a quarter of a century ago, were truly prophetic. For Mrs. Ward not only possesses the kind of genius from which an Elsmere could be created, but is gifted with a rare capacity for business, which has enabled her to crystallize the ideals of her work of fiction into a substantial and permanent institution for practical benevolence. She was already interested in "Settlement" work among the poor of London during the writing of the novel. But in 1891, after the storm of criticism which the book aroused had subsided, its suggestions began to take definite shape in the organization of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, in University Hall, in Gordon Square. In 1898 the work was moved to its present quarters in Tavistock Place, where, under the leadership of Mrs. Ward and through the generosity of herself and the friends whom she had been able to influence, a large and substantial building was erected. Directly in the rear of the building is a large garden owned by the Duke of Bedford, who recently placed it at the disposal of the Settlement, keeping it in order at his own expense, resowing the grass every year to keep it fresh and thick. Here in the vacation season one thousand children daily enjoy the luxury of sitting and walking on the grass, and that in the heart of central London. The garden occupies the site of Dickens's Tavistock House. One cannot help imagining the author of Little Nell sitting there in spirit while troops of happy London children pass in review. The land here placed entirely at the disposal of Mrs. Ward and the Warden of the Settlement is worth not less than half a million dollars. Twenty-seven teachers, under the direction of a competent supervisor, give instruction in organized out-of-door exercises.

This was the first of the Recreation Schools or Play Centers. Handwork occupations, such as cooking—both for girls and boys—sewing, knitting, basket-work, carpentering, cobbling, clay modeling, painting and drawing; dancing combined with old English songs and nursery rhymes; musical drill and gymnastics; quiet games and singing games; acting; and a children's library of story-books and picture-books—these are the provisions which have been made for the fortunate children of that locality.

The entire purpose of such Play Centers is to rescue the children of the poor from the demoralization that results from being turned out to play after school hours in the streets and alleyways, where they are subjected to every kind of vile association and influence. The effects already noted by those in charge of the Centers are improvement in manners, in thoughtfulness for the little ones, and in unselfishness; increase in regard for truth and honesty; the development of the instinct in all children to "make something;" the teaching that it is more enjoyable to play together in harmony than when obedience to a leader is refused. The success of this first experiment was so marked that gradually other Centers were started in different parts of London. Liberal sums of money were placed in the hands of Mrs. Ward, who enlisted the support of the County Council to the extent of securing facilities in the public school buildings. The work has so far progressed that the total attendance last year reached an aggregate of six hundred thousand. It is difficult to estimate from these figures how many children were affected, but, taking—at a guess—fifty times as the average attendance of each, this would mean that the lives of at least twelve thousand poor children were directly lifted up by this practical charity, and that as many more hard-working and anxious parents were indirectly benefited.


THE INTERIOR OF "STOCKS," MRS. WARD'S COUNTRY HOME

But Mrs. Ward will not be satisfied until the entire school population of London has been made to feel the influence of these Play Centers. Private beneficence, as she has plainly pointed out, can never solve the problem. "Private effort," said she in a well-known letter to the London Times, "cannot deal with seven hundred and fifty thousand children, or even with three hundred thousand. If there is a serious and urgent need, if both the physique and the morale of our town children are largely at stake, and if private


NO. 25 GROSVENOR PLACE MRS. WARD'S LONDON HOUSE

persons can only touch a fraction of the problem, what remains but to appeal to the public conscience?"

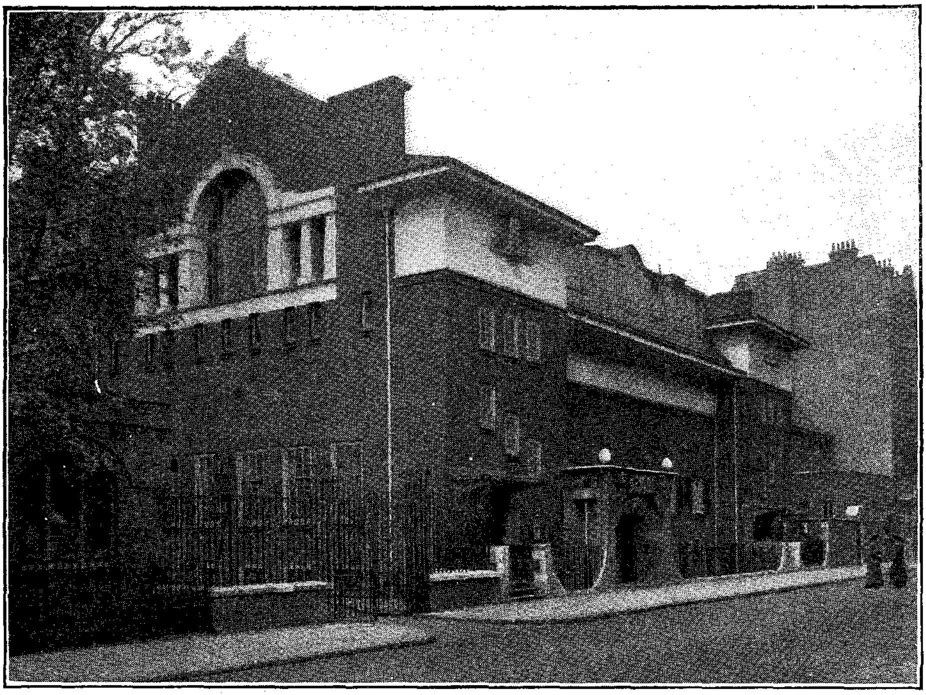
This is Mrs. Ward's way of "doing things." She does not appeal to public authority to accomplish an ideal without first finding a way and proving that it can be done. But, having clearly demonstrated her proposition at private expense, she does not rest content with the results so obtained, but pushes steadily forward toward the larger ideal, which can be realized only through public support.

But the Recreation School is only a part of the work of the Passmore Edwards Settlement. During the daytime many of the rooms are used by the "Cripple Schools." Children who are suffering from spinal diseases, heart trouble, and deformities of various kinds which prevent attendance at the regular schools are daily brought to the Settlement in ambulances. Here the little ones do all kinds of kindergarten work, while the older ones are instructed in drawing, sewing, bent-iron work, and other suitable tasks. As an outgrowth of this school twenty-three cripple schools are now in operation in London.

But it is in the evening that the Passmore Edwards Settlement is seen to best advantage. There is a large library containing some three thousand volumes, which are kept in active use. On Monday nights two tables in this room are the centers of busy groups. These represent the "Coal Club," a businesslike charity of a very practical kind. The Club buys a large quantity of coal in the summertime, when it can be obtained cheapest. As a large consumer, it usually gets every possible concession. The members of this Club can buy the coal in small quantities as wanted, or as they are able to pay for it, at any time during the year, at the summer price of one shilling one and a half pence per hundredweight (27 cents). If bought during the winter in the ordinary way, they would have to pay perhaps five or six pence more—a very substantial saving. Thrift is encouraged by allowing members to deposit small sums in the summer to apply against their winter purchases. Last year the Club transacted a business equal to about $4,300.

The Poor Man's Lawyer is another practical part of the work. Once each week free legal advice is given to all who ask it, and considerable money has been saved to people who, from ignorance and poverty, might have been imposed upon. The Men's Club, the Boys' Club, the Factory Girls' Club, and the Women's Club

MRS. WARD'S STUDY AT "STOCKS"



THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT, TAVISTOCK PLACE, LONDON

are all actively engaged in performing the usual functions of such organizations. There is a gymnasium where boys and girls, men and women, all have their regular turns of systematic instruction.

An orchestra of a dozen pieces and a Choral Society of forty members, together with a Dramatic Society, give opportunity for many to take part in numerous concerts and entertainments. A large hall is the scene nearly every night of some kind of social amusement. The room is decorated with many pictures, all reproductions of the best works of art, while around the walls are placed busts in marble of Emerson, James Martineau, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Benjamin Jowett, and Sir William Herschel—the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards. There is a large stage for dramatic performances, drills, etc., with a piano and a good organ. There are tables where the members may play cards, smoke, or have light refreshments. On Sunday nights there are concerts or lectures. The whole atmosphere of the place is attractive to the men and women who frequent it. There is no obtrusive piety, no patronizing airs, nothing to offend the pride of the poor man who values his own self-esteem, yet all the influences of the place are elevating.

The whole spirit of the settlement is expressed in these words, displayed in a framed notice at the entrance to the social hall:

"We believe that many changes in the conditions of life and labour are needed, and are coming to pass; but we believe also that men,

REAR OF THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT, SHOWING THE GARDEN OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD without any change except in themselves and in their feelings towards one another, might make this world a better and a happier place.

"Therefore, with the same sympathies but different experiences of life, we meet to exchange ideas and to discuss social questions, in the hope that, as we learn to know one another better, a feeling of fellowship may arise among us.

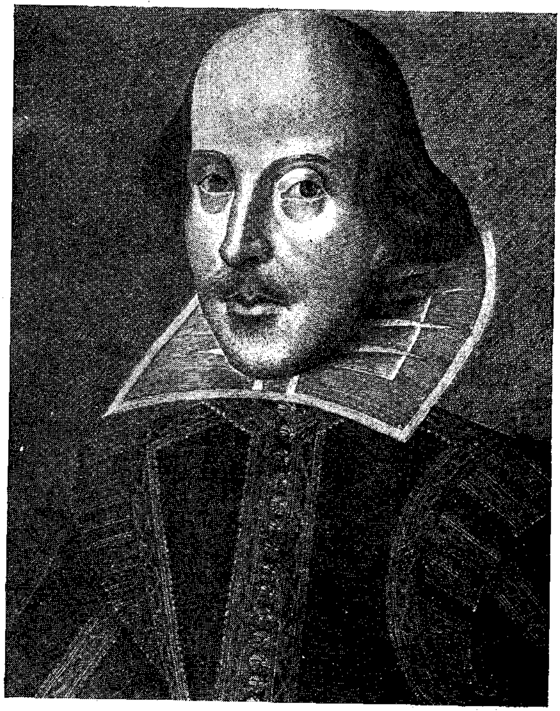
"To these ends we have a Library, Clubs, Lectures, Classes, Entertainments, etc., and we endeavor to make the Settlement a centre where we may unite our several resources in a social and intellectual home."

In all this work Mrs. Humphry Ward is the inspiration, and a moving, active spirit. Her name stands next to that of the wealthy Duke of Bedford as the most liberal contributor. She is the Honorable Secretary of the Council, a member of the Finance Committee, President of the Women's Club, etc. But these are only her official positions. Her directing hand is manifest in every branch of the work, and, from the Warden down to the humblest member of the Girls' Club, her name is accorded a respect amounting almost to reverence.

But, as with the Play Centers, Mrs. Ward is not content with the work of this one institution, splendid as it is. To her it is only the means of ascertaining the way. She feels that she is dealing with a great problem, and her method is to ascertain, first of all, the best solution, and then to use her large influence to induce others to take up the work. Thus the "New Brotherhood" of Robert Elsmere has not only continued to exist for a quarter of a century, but has in it the elements of growth which will make it a vital power in human society long after the real Robert Elsmere, in the person of Mrs. Ward, has ceased to be the directing force.

Two other articles relating to Mrs. Ward will follow. Mr. Olcott, as is evident from this first article, has had remarkable and indeed unique opportunities both to learn the facts and to secure original and interesting photographs. In the two articles to be printed later he will not only discuss Mrs. Ward's literary methods and personal characteristics, but will present, for the first time, much that is new in regard to the actual scenes depicted under other than the real names in the different novels, will identify many of these scenes by photographs, and will indicate the sources whence Mrs. Ward derived the material for some of the most important characters of her books.

Sonnets
of
Shakespeare



With an Introduction by
Hamilton Wright Mabie

INTRODUCTION

THE sonnet to which Petrarch gave a standard form in Italy consisted of an octave, or group of eight lines, and a sextet, or group of six lines; all the lines being decasyllabic. The sonnet as used by Shakespeare consists of three quatrains, or groups, of four lines each, with a couplet. This modification of the Petrarchian sonnet did not originate with Shakespeare; but his genius gave it the stamp of supreme authority among English poets. The half-century between Surrey and Shakespeare had been rich in English sonnets, and the impulse to use this particular form seemed to reach its height about 1594. The sonnet of Petrarch exacted a high degree of skill, and had often the interest of a delicate and veiled confession; a repository of personal feeling or experience protected by its technical difficulties from those who had not served a novitiate in the art of versification. It is true, men to whom the felicities of verse-making were as foreign as the vivid emotions of the great poets wrote sonnets in large numbers; but the key of the sonnet was never out of the hands of the elect. They charged it with the tenderest friendship, the most passionate love, the adoration of beauty and virtue, the worship of women.

IN an age in which expression was the main thing and publication a subordinate interest; when, in most cases, publication in any form was avoided and resented, great numbers of sonnets in manuscript passed from hand to hand and were read and re-read with keen appreciation of the most elusive subtleties of thought or form, by the elect spirits of a time when writing was an art without business connections. Many of these unprinted sonnets passed from hand to hand until they were known to a large circle and reports of their excellence reached the outer world.

THIS was probably what happened to Shakespeare's sonnets. There is evidence that they were written between 1593 and 1598; in the "Palladio Tamia," published in 1598, there is a reference to Shakespeare's "sug'r'd Sonnets among his private friends." They were the product of the dramatist's lyrical period, when the poetic impulse was stronger than the dramatic impulse, and "Venus and Adonis," "Romeo and Juliet," the "Rape of Lucrece," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were the first-fruits of his awakening poetic genius. The sonnets were published by Thomas Thorpe in 1609, probably without the consent of the poet, possibly without his knowledge. The dedication of the poems to "Mr. W. H.," which has been the prolific source of conjectures, speculations, and discussion, was made by the publisher, not by the poet; and the problem, which has a curious interest only, remains to tease the minds of those to whom a puzzle is more fascinating than a poem.

THE sonnets, of which there are one hundred and fifty-four, form a sonnet sequence after the manner of Rossetti's "House of Life" or Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and are unified by two principal themes or motives: a highly idealized or poetized friendship for a young man of singular charm of nature and beauty of person, and a passionate love for a "dark woman:"

> "Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two angels do suggest one still;
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill."

TO this noble friend, endowed with youth, distinction of form and nature, rank and fortune, one hundred and twenty-six sonnets are addressed; to a woman dark in coloring, treacherous in nature, stained in character, but with a certain power of sorcery, the remaining twenty-eight are addressed. Smaller divisions or groups of these poems may be made recording distinct phases in the working out of these two dramas of subjective experience. The sonnets reflect with extraordinary clearness the moods and feeling of the Elizabethan period: its power of sustained idealization of persons or virtues, its passion for high-flown imaginative adoration, its love of classical allusion and far-fetched imagery, its capacity for elaborate creation in the region of pure fantasy. The Elizabethans had a marvelous combination of imaginative inventiveness and seriousness of manner in enveloping real persons with the atmosphere of ideality, and in dramatizing imaginary emotions; and these qualities must not be forgotten in dealing with the poetry of this period. Mr. Lee has made clear the liberal use of the sonnet as a poetic exercise in Shakespeare's time, and its extraordinary vogue as a highly specialized form of verse employed often in a purely conventional way to record experiences which were entirely fanciful.

BUT while it is perilous to read Shakespeare's sonnets as a chapter of personal history and to accept them as a veiled confession of the most impersonal of writers, it is not easy to ignore the note of experience in them. It is highly improbable that a man of Shakespeare's objectivity of expression would lay his heart bare in a literal recital of his emotional experiences, while the intensity of feeling in the sonnets makes it difficult to believe that they are merely poetic exercises, skillful modulations of emotion by a supreme artist amusing himself with a display of his almost magical skill.

"THE truth probably lies between these two extremes of interpretation; it seems probable that the sonnets are disclosures of the poet's experience without being transcriptive of his actual history; that they embody the fruits of a great experience without revealing that experience in its historic order. Literal, consecutive recitals of fact the sonnets are not, but they are autobiographic in the only way in which a poet of Shakespeare's spirit and training, living in his period, could make his art the vehicle of autobiography: they use the material which experience had deposited in Shakespeare's nature, but they hide the actual happenings in his life behind the veil of an elaborate art and of a philosophy with which the thought of western Europe was saturated at the time. The sonnets may be read as a poetic record of an emotional experience which left lasting traces behind it, and as a disclosure of the mind of the poet; but they cannot safely be read as an exact record of fact. The poet, as Shelley suggests, was willing to intrust his secret to those who had the wit to understand it.”

THE sonnets reprinted here are selected with no reference to sequence or subject, but solely with reference to their supreme beauty as poetry. Shakespeare gave the sonnet as it came to him increased freedom and flexibility, and within the narrow compass of fourteen lines conveyed a wealth of thought with a vividness of imagination, imagery, and diction possible only to a great poet in his most fortunate moments. The sonnets vary greatly in inspiration and in art; in many cases they are marred by the faults of the period—forced imagery, extravagance of diction, artificiality and elaboration of expression; many of them, on the other hand, show that perfect blending of thought, imagination, feeling, and form which registers the highest reaches of poetic achievement; and they are rich in those inimitable phrases which bear the superscription of the king and furnish the standards of value for the readers of poetry. H. W. M.

◆

SONNET XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm’d;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander’st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnets of Shakespeare

SONNET XXX

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

SONNET LXXIII

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET XCVIII

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

SONNET CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
  If this be error and upon me proved,
  I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Play Days for Country Schools

By Myron T. Scudder

IN June, 1905, the following letter was sent out broadcast through the neighborhood about New Paltz, in Ulster County, New York:

> *Dear sir or madam:*
>
> Please take notice: An ATHLETIC FIELD DAY AND PLAY PICNIC, for the country schools of Ulster County, will be held on the NORMAL SCHOOL GROUNDS at NEW PALTZ, on Saturday, June 2d. This will be a pleasant and fitting culmination of the Conferences held during the past year, and we want it to be an IDEAL GALA DAY FOR YOUNG AND FOR OLD, a regular FOLK-MEET FOR OUR SCHOOLS.
>
> Here's the same old invitation:—COME AND BRING YOUR LUNCH. If you are a teacher, try to get some of your pupils to take part in the games and contests. The accompanying circular will show you what those are to be. Can't you furnish a team of ten boys and girls to play Prisoner's Base or some of the Relay games? Or even a team of five good runners? Or, indeed, even ONE if you cannot do better!
>
> But if none of the boys or girls want to compete in the contests, BRING THEM ANYWAY TO SEE THE SPORTS. Make a regular picnic day of it. We go to Sunday School picnics and other kinds of picnics; WHY NOT HAVE A GRAND COUNTRY SCHOOL PICNIC FOR THE CHILDREN OF THIS COMMISSIONER'S DISTRICT?
>
> If you are a parent or a friend of our schools, come if you can, and see the children at their sports. IT WILL DO YOUR OLD HEART GOOD. And if, as you watch the children, you catch the fever of their enthusiasm and find yourself thinking of the way YOU USED TO DO IT, there will be plenty of opportunity for you to pitch in and DO SOME STUNTS ON YOUR OWN ACCOUNT! And how the children would enjoy it!
>
> As a matter of fact, this is to be a PLAY DAY FOR EVERYBODY. For young and for old, PLAY IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CONCERNS OF LIFE, and no one should be too old to enjoy it. See what has been said about this by well-known men: "MAN IS WHOLLY MAN ONLY WHEN HE PLAYS." (Schiller.) "The measure of the value of work is the amount of play there is in it, and, conversely, the measure of the value of play is the amount of work there is in it." (Brinton.) "Play is the purest and MOST SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of mankind. It holds the source of ALL THAT IS GOOD." (Froebel.)
>
> "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." LET US PLAY!

And play they did, all day long and with all their might. They came one thousand strong the first year, but the next year there were three thousand,

PANCAKE HOLLOW CHALLENGES BUTTERVILLE

and the year following four thousand, and last June there would have been a still larger attendance had the weather been favorable, but even with a rainy morning and a cloudy, disappointing day two thousand braved the elements and made the old Normal grounds echo again with their merrymaking.

The purpose of this article is to give some slight account of this New Paltz play festival, which was carried out by the Athletic League for Country Children, organized under the auspices of the State Normal School at New Paltz, and to speak of the possible influence which a cultivation of the athletic and play life of country children may have in promoting contentment and social efficiency, and perhaps in lessening in some degree the drift citywards.

Country life must be made more attractive or our rural districts will lose population to a point that threatens National disaster. No nation can long continue to exist unless its rural population is numerous, vigorous, contented, patriotic, and righteous.

As every one knows, our country districts have long been suffering depletion. Even now multitudes of the better class of people are busy exchanging their country homes for homes in the city. Of course a part of this exodus is entirely normal, and is caused by economic conditions, such, for instance, as the application of machinery to agriculture. It has been said that "work once requiring fourteen men is now done by four men, and in such a situation there is nothing for the ten men to do but to go to the city." Granting these figures, a migration of ten men out of fourteen is, of course, tremendous, but under the circumstances it cannot be helped, and perhaps need not be considered as abnormal or specially alarming. But when more than ten out of fourteen leave their rural homes, and when there is nothing in the world that all fourteen want so much as to get away from the country and into the city, then the situation becomes indeed menacing.

And this is what is actually happening in many sections of the country. Country life is found by many to be intolerably isolated, monotonous, and hard. It is this which is accelerating the normal movement almost to the point of panic. Multitudes, especially of the young, are restless and want to get into a wider, richer life. Mr. Roosevelt

A COUNTRY SCHOOL ON THE WAY TO A PLAY FESTIVAL put it mildly when he said, "There is discontent in the country, and in places discouragement."

But instead of allowing these conditions to continue, it is gratifying to see that the intelligence of the Nation is addressing itself vigorously to the problem of checking this fatal draft on the Nation's vitality, of promoting contentment among rural dwellers, and of making country life not only bearable but positively attractive.

Many elements enter into the problem of securing a wider and better rural life. These have been admirably summed up for us in the report of Mr. Roosevelt's Country Life Commission issued last winter. To those who love country life and who are deeply interested in its problems it is encouraging to note that, as an aid to improving conditions, the telephone, the trolley, and the rural free delivery are operating favorably. The rural church and school are beginning to feel a new life. Economic conditions are also improving, and farm lands and crops are more valuable than ever before. Although apparently unconscious of the fact, the farmers are probably the most comfortable and prosperous class in the country to-day. They are organizing everywhere, their most noted organization, the Grange, having more than a million members. A rural literature is rapidly developing, teeming with excellent books and magnificently edited periodicals. Most astonishing are the varied agencies which have begun to operate for the social uplift. The future is full of hope.

It is not the purpose of this article, however, to dwell on these phases of the subject, but merely to enter one small department of the great field and speak of the possible influence which a cultivation of the athletic and play life of the country children may have in promoting contentment and social efficiency, and perhaps lessening in some degree the drift cityward.

Every one has observed how the play spirit is sweeping over this country. The quest of recreation is not only legitimate, it is as essential as food, shelter, and religion. Mr. Joseph Lee, of Boston, father of the playground movement in this country, says: "The thing that most needs to be understood about play is, that it is not a luxury, but a necessity; it is not simply something that a child likes to have, it is something that he *must* have if he is to grow up. It is more than

A GROUP OF NORMAL GIRLS REVIVING THE MAY-POLE DANCE AT A PLAY FESTIVAL IN THE COUNTRY an essential part of his education; it is an essential part of the law of his growth, of the process by which he becomes a man at all." This is as true for the country child as for the city child.

The play movement is being wonderfully organized, and nothing is plainer than that the people of this country are at heart in sympathy with play, and that with proper enlightenment and leadership they will undertake seriously to provide adequate play facilities for their children. Besides this, we are beginning to catch the wider significance of play and to recognize that the playground is a social institution, just as much so as are the home, the church, and the school.

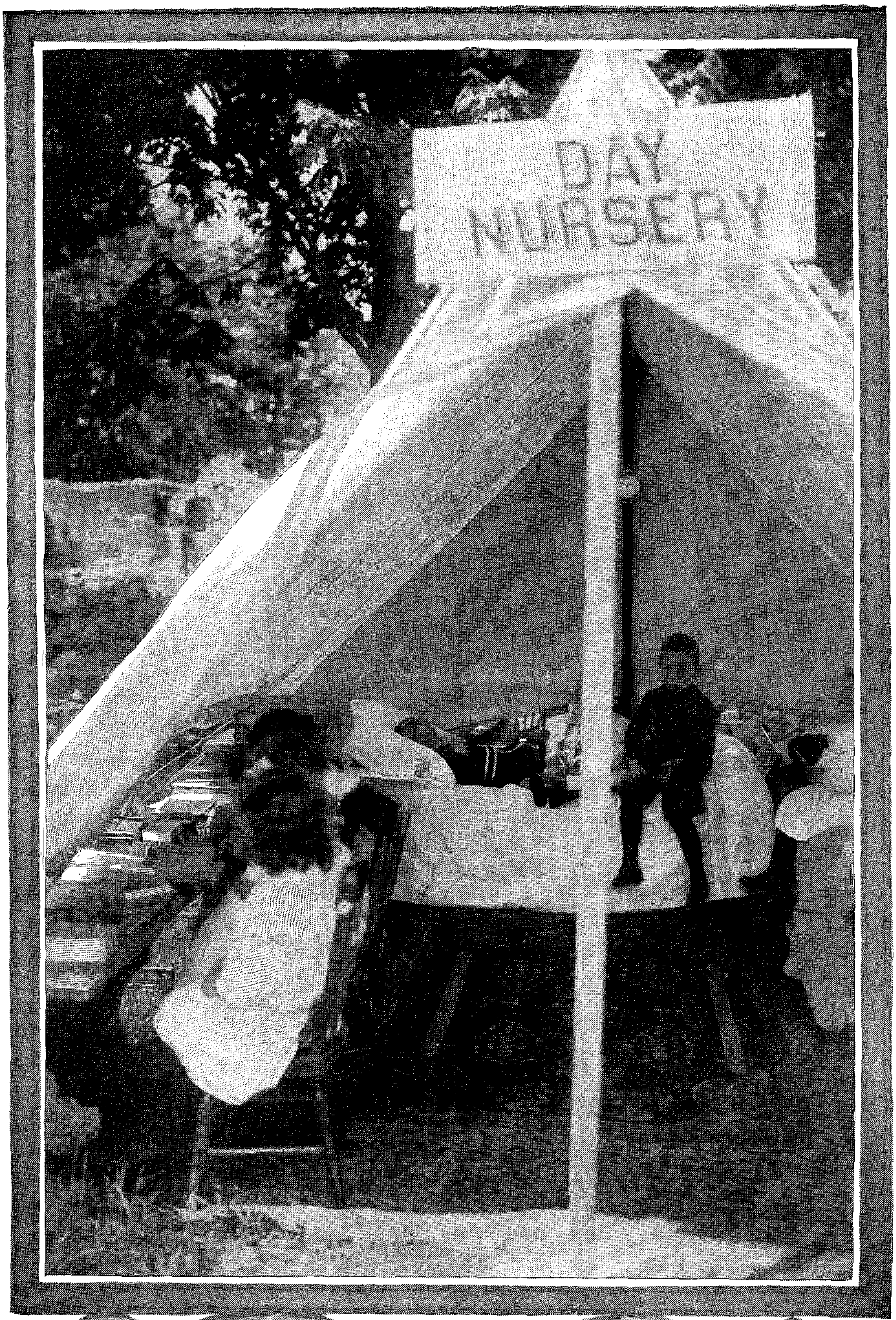
The cities in particular are catching this idea, nearly two hundred having made definite provision for the playground, while many others are awakening to the importance of the movement. And in country places also the same spirit is making itself felt, though not to the extent that prevails in the city, for country people as a rule have but little sympathy for organized play. In country places playgrounds will have to come, if they come at all, through the generosity of some individual or club, or on the initiative of some organization like a powerful school, an institutional church, or the County Work Department of the Young Men's Christian Association. And they actually are coming.

Splendid illustrations of such benefactions in the country may already be noted. Thus, at Far Hills, New Jersey, a rural community of perhaps two hundred individuals, Mr. Grant B. Schley, of New York, has maintained for several years, entirely at his own expense, a beautiful and well-equipped athletic field. Sometimes as many as two or three thousand people gather from miles around to enjoy the organized athletic sports on these grounds and to find fresh interest and new inspiration in life.

Again, at Livingston Manor, a quiet community near New Brunswick, New Jersey, Mr. Watson Whittlesey has one of the completest playground equipments to be found anywhere in this country, which he places freely at the disposal of the people of that section, his equipment being in the interest of pure play rather than of athletics, as in Mr. Schley's grounds at Far Hills. But both styles of playground produce the same social effects; that is, they introduce fine community spirit, awaken civic consciousness and co-operation, and make for whole-souled companionship instead of individualism and isolation. It is a wise philanthropy indeed which induces such men to provide thus liberally for the enjoyment of their neighbors, and if their example were followed in thousands of rural communities throughout the land by men of wealth, the gain to the Nation through the ever-increasing number of cheerful, contented, industrious, patriotic citizens would be far greater than if mines of fabulous wealth were uncovered, or all the commerce of the world were brought under our flag.

But another significant manifestation of the play spirit is shown in the great Play Picnics or Festivals, which are becoming so popular. Festivals on a large scale for country children seem to have had their inception at New Paltz, New York, where the great Folk-Meet, mentioned at the beginning of this article, had its inception, and now promises to become a permanent institution. The origin was as follows: Under the auspices of the State Normal School at New Paltz a number of Country School Conferences had been held here and there at irregular intervals to discuss informally with the people of the neighborhood pertinent educational questions dealing with such subjects as manual training, domestic science, and elementary agriculture as applied to country schools. In these discussions it was natural that the athletic and play interests of the children should receive some attention, and soon an Athletic League for country children was organized and modeled somewhat after the well-known Public Schools Athletic League of New York City.

The promoters of this League decided finally to assemble the clans in a great festival like the famous festal days of the long ago where old and young of the countryside gathered to pass the day in pleasant recreation and social intercourse. To this end the letter, which I have reprinted in its entirety to show how the propaganda of inspiration and instruction was carried on, was sent out.


DAY
NURSERY

THE DAY NURSERY AT A COUNTRY PLAY FESTIVAL. *MOTHERS CHECK THEIR BABIES HERE AND FEEL AT EASE ALL DAY*

The grounds for these Folk-Meets or Play Festivals at New Paltz are portioned off into several play areas. In one place there are courts for prisoner's base, captain's ball, bean-bag toss, basket-ball throw, and so on; another area is set aside for baseball or playground ball; still another is devoted to giant strides, playground slides, merry-go-rounds, and swings; nets are also stretched for volley ball and badminton, pits are dug for jumping, courses marked for running and racing, a range laid out for archery, and many an interesting game or contrivance for testing skill or otherwise affording amusement is at hand here and there to attract little groups of children, who wander about all day long in perfect delight from one fascinating occupation to another.

These arrangements call for much planning and work, but there is much more to be done. Thus provision has to be made for checking the lunches and other packages of the thousands of guests, and, of course, this has to be done expeditiously and accurately; toilet accommodations must be carefully thought out, and so must the care of the crowd in case a thunder-storm comes up; a number of tents must be set up for the "concessionaires" who want to sell ice-cream, frankfurters, sandwiches, and soft drinks.

Then the problem of "watering" the little animals; each child will surely want to drink from five to ten times during the day, so some way must be contrived for dispensing water rapidly. Think of having to furnish twenty thousand drinks in one day! A convenient New Paltz device is to solder a number of tin funnels at eighteen-inch intervals into a long iron gas-pipe and attach the contrivance to the water main or to some other adequate source of supply. The water fills the funnels and constantly overflows, thus providing sanitary drinking fountains at small expense yet easily sufficient for the needs of the day.

One of the most important features of the occasion is the Day Nursery, consisting of one or more roomy tents, furnished with cots, kindergarten tables and play materials, a sand-pile just outside the door, and appropriate eatables which may well include sterilized milk in bottles for the infants. Here mothers may check their babies free of charge, leaving them all day in competent care, while they themselves spend the hours in joyous freedom. When there is a Day Nursery at hand, there are no peevish babies crying and fretting because they are hungry, hot, and tired, and no worn-out mothers wishing they had never come.

It is well worth while to stand at a place of vantage and watch these thousands assemble from every direction intent upon play, some by train, many on foot and horseback, and hundreds by wagon, caravans of which wind their way from neighboring villages and farms. Sometimes an entire district school comes to town on a hay-wagon, with flags and banners flying and with its school cheer in frequent evidence. Just think for a moment what this means to that school. It shows that co-operation, fellow-feeling, school spirit, community loyalty, and kindred virtues have been born into their lives, and that perhaps for the first time in their experience the social forces of country life have become centripetal and attractive instead of centrifugal and expulsive.

Following the lead of New Paltz, Play Festivals for country people have been held in a number of places, and it is certain that this idea will spread over the entire country, for it has already cropped out in such widely different sections as Texas, Washington, Wisconsin, North Carolina, and Vermont. But of the several agencies which are interesting themselves in behalf of adequate and supervised play for country children, the work of none is so thorough and comprehensive as that which is being done by the County Work Secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Associations. These men have rendered invaluable aid at New Paltz and elsewhere; indeed, they seem to be indispensable to the movement, for it is difficult to see how a Play Festival on a large scale can be carried on in the country without them.

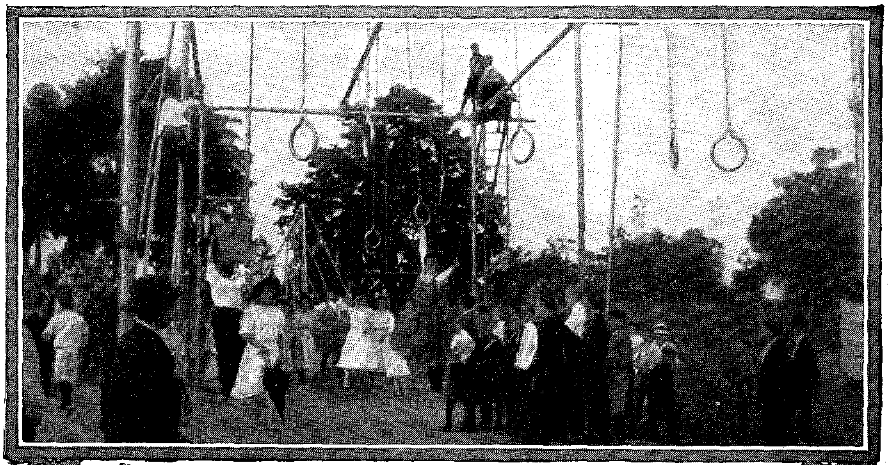
It should be emphasized that a Play Festival is not just for fun; it is not merely to while away leisure time; it is not a mere picnic. The latter has its value and is not to be decried, but it usually grows out of no special purpose other than to have a pleasing outing, and it exercises no permanent influence. The Play Festival, on the other hand, like the

THE PLAYGROUND SLIDE WILL TAKE CARE OF A NUMBER OF CHILDREN

ancient festivals and feast days which are made familiar to us through the Bible, is of purposeful intent and has an important mission to perform. Of course it consists largely of play, and one of its chief ends is the providing of amusement. But preparation for this day of pleasure represents months of effort on the part of hundreds or thousands of children and adults, and a great many by-products have resulted which are of priceless value.

Take the schools, for instance—that is, those that are under the leadership of a good teacher. In getting ready to play their part in the events of the day the pupils become more closely organized, work of all kinds has been better done, school spirit has been developed, and physical health has been promoted by participation in games and athletics. The school has become socialized. Then, too, at the Festival the children may measure their accomplishments with those of children from other schools, and find out just what are their strong and weak points.

Then take the effect on individual lives. Acquaintances formed on these occasions may be followed up by profitable correspondence and by exchanging visits, and thus lead to the establishment of lifelong friendships. The names of those who excel in one sport or another become household words throughout the county. How this stimulates self-respect and am-



MR. WATSON WHITTLESEY FURNISHES AN OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM FOR THE CHILDREN OF LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. J.

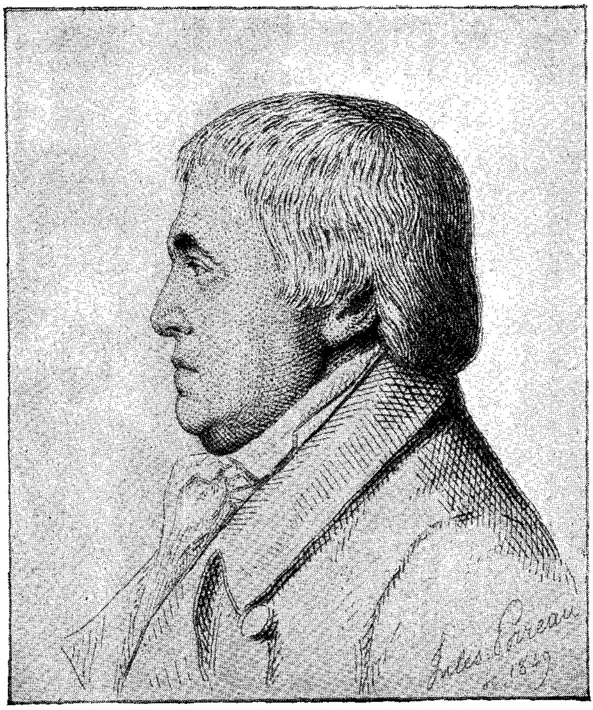
A COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER TURNS A NEIGHBORING HORSE-SHED INTO A GYMNASIUM. WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

FIELD DAY FOR A ONE-ROOM COUNTRY SCHOOL. BOYS UNDER THIRTEEN TRYING TO RUN SIXTY YARDS IN 8 3-5 SECONDS

bition! The real leaders in each community become known, be they boys or girls, men or women, and these may be brought together thereafter for organized effort in worthy enterprises for the common good. And all the time the isolation of country life is being lessened.

Again, how easily may new and desirable features be introduced into a school or a community by these Festivals, and what an opportunity they afford for getting children to do the old things in the spirit of a new comprehension and from a broader point of view. For instance, if Play Festivals become a permanent institution in a county and it is known that there will always be competitive athletics and games, then running and jumping, prisoner's base, relay races, and so on will become permanent features in the physical lives of the children who are within the radius of the Festival's influence. If on such days there are events which may be participated in only by Boys' Clubs, then Boys' Clubs can thereafter be easily organized and maintained with incalculable benefit throughout the year. If there is to be a competitive exhibit of home-made bread and cake in one of the booths on the Festival grounds, then will it be easy to get the girls to give careful attention to the art of baking. If an exhibit of photographs, programmes, and printed matter showing the operation of Men's Clubs, Women's Clubs, Bible Study Circles, or literary societies should be made, with an intelligent person at hand to answer questions and give explanations, then will such organizations be likely to make their appearance in one community after another throughout the county. If there is to be an exhibit of school work in one of the tents, then all through the year the children will give more attention to the three R's, while sewing, gardening, bench-work, carving, basketry, and art will find a deservedly prominent place in an increasing number of schools and homes.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that through a series of properly conceived and well-conducted Festivals the civic and institutional life of an entire county or district, and the lives of many individuals of all ages, may be permanently quickened and inspired, the play movement thus making surely for greater contentment, cleaner morals, and more intense patriotism and righteousness on the farm lands and in the village populations of our country. Such, indeed, are the socializing effects of organized and supervised play.



FRANZ A. MESMER

The Origin and Evolution of Mental Healing

By H. Addington Bruce

MENTAL healing—or psychotherapy, to give it its technical name—is to-day practiced on a most extensive scale and under several forms, some primarily religious in character, others based wholly on the results of scientific investigation. Each particular system, whether religious or scientific, possesses characteristics peculiar to itself and marking it off more or less sharply from every other system. But all have this in common, that they rest at bottom on two general principles—the power of the mind over the body, and the importance of suggestion as a factor in the cure of disease. Moreover, all have a common ancestry, dating back directly to the closing years of the eighteenth century, and indirectly to the dim ages of antiquity.

Psychotherapy, indeed, might well be cited in support of the old adage that there is nothing new but what has been forgotten. Traces of it are to be found almost as far back as authentic history extends, and even allusions to methods which bear a strong resemblance to those of modern times. The literature and monumental remains of ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, Persia, India, and China reveal a widespread knowledge of hypnotism and its therapeutic value. There is in the British Museum a bas-relief from Thebes which has been interpreted as representing a physician hypnotizing a patient by making "passes" over him. According to the Ebers papyrus, the "laying on of hands" formed a prominent feature of Egyptian medical practice as early as 1552 B.C., or nearly thirty-five hundred years ago; and it is known that a similar mode of treatment was employed by priests of Chaldea in ministering to the sick.

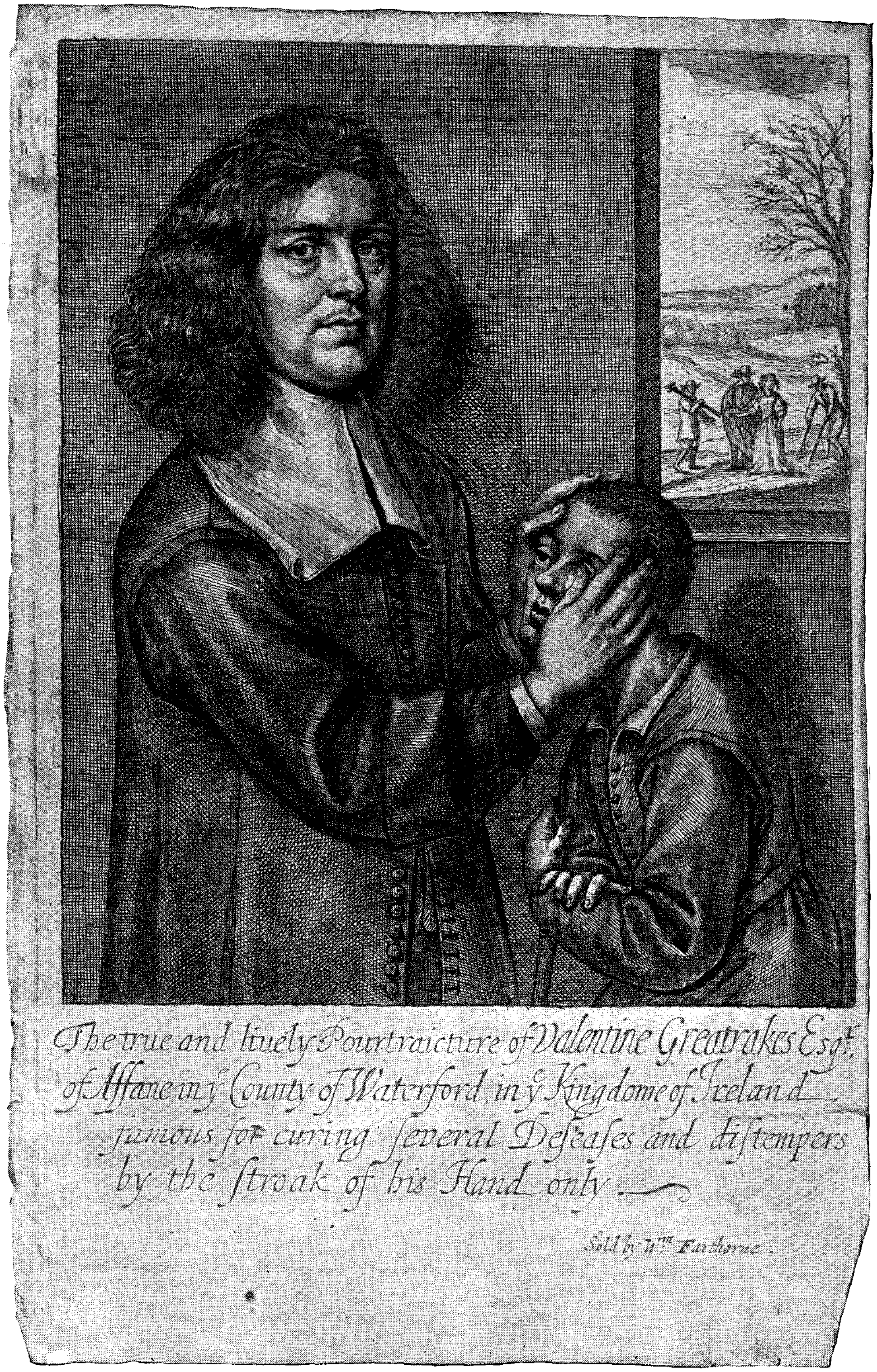
So, also, the priests of the famous Temples of Health are credited with having worked numerous cures by the mere touch of their hands. In connection with these same Temples of Health were sleeping-chambers, repose in which was supposed to be exceptionally beneficial. Asclepiades of Bithynia, who won considerable fame at Rome as a physician, systematically made use of the "induced trance" in the treatment of certain diseases. Plautus, Martial, and Seneca refer in their writings to some mysterious process of manipulation which had the same effect—that is, of putting persons into an artificial sleep. And Solon sang, apparently, of some form of mesmeric cure:

"The smallest hurts sometimes increase and rage
More than all art of physic can assuage;
Sometimes the fury of the worst disease
The hand, by gentle stroking, will appease."

Many other instances might be mentioned testifying to the remarkable extent to which psychotherapy, in one form or another, was utilized in the countries of the ancient world. This, of course, does not necessarily imply that the ancients had any real understanding of the psychological and physiological principles governing its operation. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that they used it much as do too many of the mental healers of to-day—on the basis of a "faith cure" pure and simple, with no attempt at diagnosis, and in hit-or-miss fashion. It was not until the very end of the Middle Ages, so far as history informs us, that anything even remotely resembling a scientific inquiry into its nature and possibilities was undertaken, and then only in a faint, vague, indefinite way, by men who were metaphysicians and mystics rather than scientists.

The first of these, Petrus Pomponatius, a sixteenth-century philosopher, sought to prove that disease was curable without drugs, by means of the "magnetism" existing in certain specially gifted individuals. "When those who are endowed with this faculty," he affirmed, "operate by employing the force of the imagination and the will, this force affects their blood and their spirits, which produce the intended effects by means of an evaporation thrown outwards." Following Pomponatius, John Baptist van Helmont, to whom medical science unquestionably owes a great deal, also proclaimed the curative virtue of magnetism, which he described as an invisible fluid called forth and directed by the power of the human will. Other writers, notably Sir Kenelm Digby, William Maxwell, and the Rosicrucian Robert Fludd, advanced the same ideas; and at least one of them, Sir Kenelm Digby, laid stress on the power of imagination as an agent in the cause as well as the cure of disease, compiling, in a curious little treatise published in 1658, and before me as I write, as interesting a collection of illustrative cases as is contained in the literature of modern psychotherapy.

For various reasons, however, these early theorists failed to gain the confidence of, or even a hearing from, their contemporaries. As an enthusiastic advocate of the claims of the magnetic "school" of mental healing has explained in painstaking detail, "the style in which most of their treatises were written was so shrouded in mystical expression; the vague and unsatisfactory theories in which their authors delighted to indulge tended so much to obscure the few facts which they really developed; and the opinions they announced were so much at variance with the common philosophical systems, as well as with the ordinary experience of life, that no attempts appear to have been made to ascertain the truth or falsehood of their principles by a fair appeal to the decisive test of scientific experiment. About that period, too, chemical science, and its application to medicine, began to be cultivated with great zeal and prosecuted with eminent success, and it was not to be expected that much attention should be devoted to a subject so remote from the fashionable pursuits of the age." In fact, all classes united in condemning the magnetists as crack-brained visionaries no better than the astrologers and alchemists. It remained for an inquirer of a far later generation, burrowing among the dust of a university library, to glean from their


The true and lively Pourtraicture of Valentine Greatrakes Esqr,
of Affane in ye County of Waterford, in ye Kingdome of Ireland
famous for curing ſeveral Deſeaſes and diſtempers
by the ſtroak of his Hand only.
Sold by Wm Faithorne.

AN EARLY IRISH HYPNOTIST

Reproduced from an engraving in Valentine Greatrak's book, "A Brief Account of the Strange Cures," published in London, 1666 forgotten volumes the clues necessary to enable him to rediscover psychotherapy and present its marvels to a wondering world.

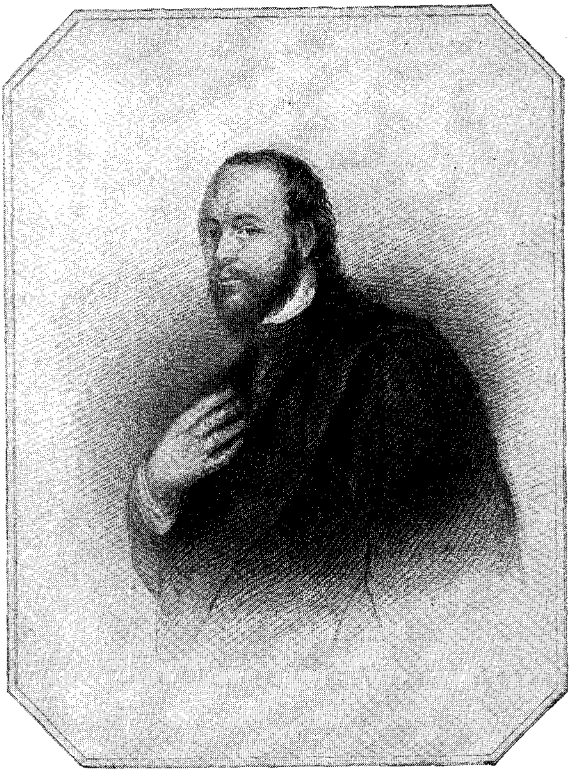
This was Franz Anton Mesmer, the first and by far the most picturesque of the long line of modern mental healers. A native of Switzerland, where he was born in 1734, Mesmer removed in early manhood to Vienna for the purpose of studying medicine. Incidentally he also became deeply interested in the study of astrology and other occult subjects, and this led him to make the acquaintance of the writings of Pomponatius, van Helmont, and their fellow-mystics. The notion that there existed in nature a magnetic force which might be utilized for therapeutic purposes made a strong appeal to his always exuberant imagination, and shortly after receiving his doctor's degree he began some experiments intended to prove or disprove the existence of such a force. He found it possible, according to a public statement which he made in 1773, to cure many maladies merely by the application of an iron rod to the body of the patient; and he further declared—almost precisely as van Helmont had affirmed long before—that the healing agent was an impalpable fluid emanating from his own person and conveyed to the patient by means of the iron rod. To this impalpable but seemingly all-powerful fluid Mesmer gave the name of "animal magnetism."

His confident belief that he had made a discovery which would revolutionize the science of medicine was not shared by his professional brethren. Nor was their skepticism lessened when they came to inquire closely into his methods. In order to accommodate the greatest possible number of patients, Mesmer had invented a "magnetic tub," a large circular vat containing various chemicals and covered with a lid pierced with holes through which passed iron rods. About this tub the patients grouped themselves, each taking hold of one of the iron rods. When all was in readiness Mesmer would enter, clad in a lavender-colored robe and carrying a small metallic wand. No one spoke, and the silence of the room was broken only by the soft strains of distant music. The "magician," as his critics angrily styled Mesmer, would then gaze intently at the patients, and, striding majestically up to them, touch each with his wand.

At the touch some would burst into hysterical laughter, others into tears, and others again would fall into convulsions, finally lapsing into a state of complete insensibility. It could not have been an edifying sight, and undoubtedly there was a large strain of the charlatan in this pioneer psychotherapist. But it also seemed certain that he was effecting some remarkable cures with his "magnetic tub," and, while orthodox physicians scoffed and sneered, the sick flocked to him for relief. Especially was this the case after 1778, when Mesmer left Vienna to make his home in Paris. There he was fortunate enough at the outset to win an influential convert in the medical adviser to the Count d'Artois, and to find favor with the fashionable world. Such was the interest he excited that in March, 1781, the King offered him a pension of thirty thousand livres on condition that he made public the secret of his treatment. Mesmer rejected this offer, but two years later opened a school for the instruction of suitable pupils in animal magnetism, or mesmerism, as it was beginning to be called.

He could have devised no better means for propagating his views and keeping the subject prominently before the public. His pupils traveled far and wide, giving mesmeric treatment and instructing others in the new science. Interest was also heightened by the fact that fresh discoveries were constantly being announced. The Marquis de Puységur, one of Mesmer's earliest disciples, found to his astonishment that mesmerized subjects sometimes fell into a profound sleep, during which they would respond intelligently to questions put to them by the mesmerist and obey his slightest command, but on awaking be quite unaware of what had transpired. This was the first intimation in modern times of the phenomena of the "induced trance," so common to-day in hypnotic practice. It was also found—greatly to the relief of timid folk—that the good effects of mesmerism might be obtained without going through the preliminary stages of hysteria and convulsions, and that it was possible for the operator to communicate the salutary magnetic fluid simply by gazing into the eyes of his patient and gently stroking his face.

Thus it came about that, although Mesmer himself eventually fell into disrepute and died in obscurity, mesmerism took root and flourished not only in France but in almost every other European country, and more particularly in Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, and Russia. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars for a time checked its practice, but with the restoration of peace its exponents again sprang into widespread activity and popularity. At the same time serious efforts began to be made to find an adequate explanation for its singular phenomena. While the fluidic theory was still upheld by a great majority, there were a few investigators discerning enough to perceive what is now almost universally recognized—namely, that the actual motive force was nothing more or less than suggestion. In 1815 the Abbé Faria, a learned Portuguese, demonstrated experimentally that the hypothesis of a magnetic fluid was quite superfluous; that in order to induce the mesmeric state it was only necessary to provoke a high state of expectancy in the patient. The cause of the trance, he said, was not in the operator but in the person to be entranced—was, in other words, purely subjective. Not long afterwards a brilliant young Frenchman, Alexandre Bertrand, voiced the same conclusion in a work that has become a classic in the literature of mental healing.



SIR KENELM DIGBY

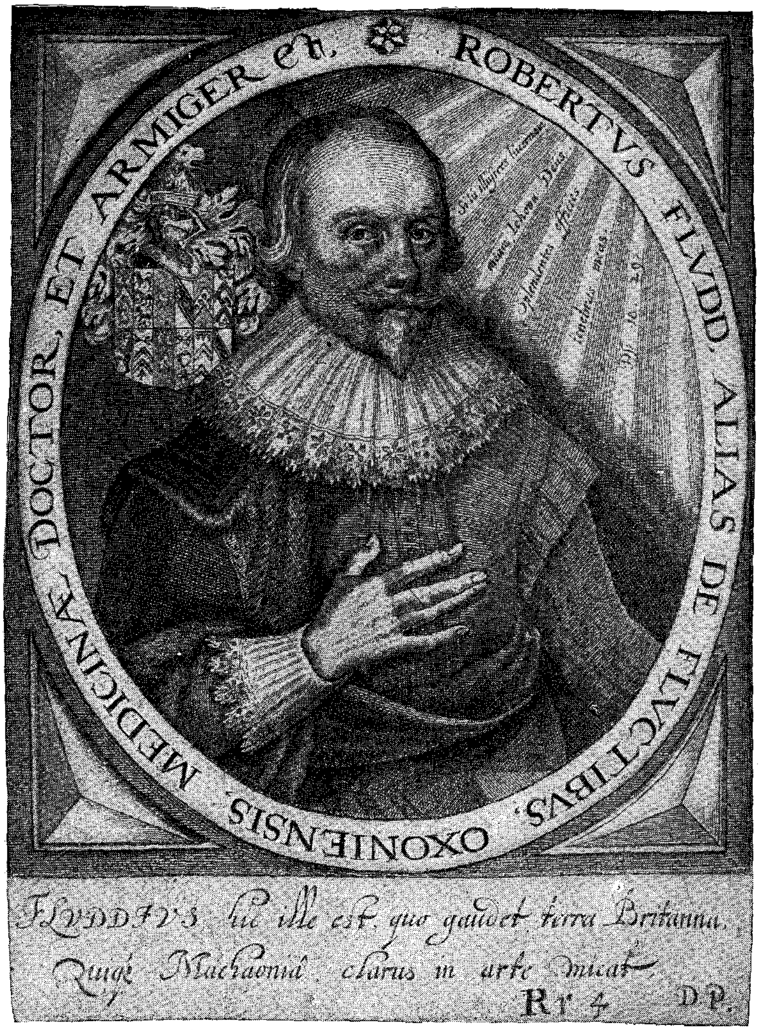
Unfortunately, the time was not ripe for medical science to appreciate and profit by the truth thus brought to light. Physicians in general still kept rigidly aloof from mesmerism, denouncing its practitioners as impostors and its devotees as fools—an attitude for which they felt they had ample justification in the notorious circumstance that many of the later mesmerists were mere showmen, reaping a golden harvest by exhibiting their entranced subjects on the public platform. Men of conservative and serious mind were still further repelled by a growing tendency to attribute the more striking phenomena of the trance to some supernatural influence. Under such conditions it is not surprising that the findings of Faria and Bertrand were completely ignored, and that it was many years before a real beginning was made to scientific psychotherapy.

Even then this was largely due to chance. In 1841 a French mesmerist visited the English city of Manchester and gave a number of demonstrations that won for him an enthusiastic following and enormous audiences. A local physician, Dr. James Braid, who shared to the full the prevailing belief of the educated classes that mesmerism was compounded almost equally of deception and credulity, felt it his duty in the interest of the public good to investigate and expose the Frenchman's "tricks." To his surprise he found himself obliged to admit that, whatever their explanation, the mesmeric phenomena were unquestionably genuine. He resolved to continue his investigations. One fact which particularly impressed him was the inability of the mesmerized subjects to open their eyes. Attributing this to exhaustion of the optic nerve, and shrewdly guessing that the mesmeric trance resulted from modifications of the nervous system, he succeeded in proving that it was possible for persons to mesmerize themselves by gazing fixedly at some small and bright object, provided only that while so gazing they concentrated their thought as well as their vision, putting themselves into a state of "expectant attention." He also demonstrated by hundreds of experiments that persons so entranced were peculiarly suggestible, and that this condition of extreme suggestibility was sufficient to account for their ready obedience to the commands of the mesmerist. To put it otherwise, Braid, like Faria and Bertrand before him, had hit upon the master fact of psychotherapy—suggestion. What was no less important, he had cleared the air by showing that it was not at all necessary to resort to the assumption of any such force as a magnetic fluid, mesmeric influence, or other unknown and mysterious agency. To distinguish his system from that of the mesmerists, he invented the term hypnotism and at once began to utilize hypnotic therapeutics as an auxiliary in the treatment of disease, hypnotizing those of his patients who would allow him to do so, and while they were in the hypnotic state making curative suggestions to them. For some time, however, there was scarcely a physician venturesome enough to follow his example. The old prejudices were hard to down, and medical opinion deemed Braid little better than the mesmerists.

In fact, it was not until 1860, the year of his death, that a successor appeared in the person of a Frenchman, Dr. A. A. Liébeault, to confirm and surpass the results Braid had obtained, and, by persistent, tireless endeavor, gradually compel recognition of the therapeutic helpfulness of suggestion as applied in the hypnotic trance. After long and careful experimentation, Liébeault, who had begun his career as a struggling country doctor, opened a public dispensary in the town of Nancy, and announced that he would treat free of charge all who would submit to be hypnotized. At first patients came timidly enough, and in small numbers. But so soon as it was discovered that hypnotism as administered by him hurt nobody and benefited many, his rooms were thronged with eager applicants.

His method of treatment was in sharp contrast with the sensational procedure of Mesmer and Mesmer's disciples. After a medical examination to determine the exact nature of the disease, the patient would be asked to sit in an armchair, make himself as comfortable as possible, and "think of nothing at all." Liébeault, speaking in an even, monotonous tone, would then inform him that his eyes would soon begin to feel heavy, that he could no longer keep them open, and that he would soon be sound asleep. Repeating this assurance firmly and authoritatively, the eyes of the patient would close, and he would pass into the hypnotic state, seemingly quite unconscious, but in reality alert to every word spoken by Liébeault, who would ply him with suggestions appropriate to his case. If he had been suffering from insomnia, Liébeault would assure him that he would henceforth sleep well; if he were a victim of neuralgia, the promise was made that the pain would disappear; and similarly with all manner of maladies.

Liébeault was not always successful;


ROBERTVS FLVDD, ALIAS DE FLVCTIBVS, OXONIENSIS, MEDICINÆ DOCTOR, ET ARMIGER &c.
FLVDDIVS hic ille est, quo gaudet terra Britanna,
Quiq Machaonia clarus in arte micat.
Rr 4
D.P.

ROBERT FLUDD

he found some patients whom he could not hypnotize, and others whom he failed to benefit. But he was successful in so many instances that he became widely talked about as a modern worker of miracles. He himself protested vigorously that there was nothing miraculous in his cures. "It is all a matter of suggestion," he would say. "My patients are suggested to sleep, and their ills are suggested out of them. It is very simple, once you understand the laws of suggestion." Other physicians, hitherto skeptical, began to betray a desire to learn something of these wonderful laws. First one, then another, made his way to Liébeault's humble dispensary. From all parts of France inquirers came, and presently from foreign countries—from England, Germany, Austria, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and even distant America. Elsewhere independent investigations were set on foot—notably at the Salpêtrière, in Paris, under the leadership of the celebrated Dr. Charcot. A new era had dawned for hypnotism, and the foundations of the scientific psychotherapy of the present day had at last been securely laid.

Meantime another and altogether different type of psychotherapy had been in process of evolution. This was the religious psychotherapy now so well known under its principal forms of Christian

Science, the New Thought, and the Emmanuel Movement. It, too, is an outgrowth of mesmerism, and is of special interest to us as being a distinctly American development, tracing its beginnings to 1836, when mesmerism was introduced into the United States by a young Frenchman, Charles Poyen, who had settled in New England the previous year.

As had been the case abroad, the phenomena of the trance condition appealed strongly to the popular imagination, but scarcely at all to men of science. It was generally believed that, even granting their genuineness, no useful purpose would be served by investigating them, and scientific curiosity was also chilled by the clamorous insistence with which sundry pseudo-scientists advanced all sorts of fantastic theories as "explanations" of the singular influence exercised by mesmerists over their sleeping subjects.

Thus Dr. J. S. Grimes, a Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and a dabbler in phrenology, suggested that it was due to the action of an atmospheric force which he called etherium. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, another phrenologist, preferred the hypothesis of a subtle emanation from the nervous system. A clerical investigator, the Rev. J. B. Dods, sought to explain it on an electrical basis. Among all the "authorities" who, in the decade 1840–50, bombarded the American public with their quaint ideas and quarreled violently with one another, only one, the Rev. Laroy Sunderland, seems to have had the least glimmering of the truth. "When," declared Sunderland, "a relation is once established between an operator (or any given substance, real or imaginary, as the agent) and his patient, corresponding changes may be induced in the nervous system of the latter (awake or entranced) by mere volition, and by suggestions addressed to either of the external senses." Had he not made the mistake of upbuilding on this foundation a mystical philosophy of "pathetism," Sunderland might have taken rank with Braid and Liébeault as a pioneer of scientific psychotherapy.

But nothing did so much to discredit mesmerism among those in this country competent to investigate it as the fact that it soon became mixed up with spiritism. A certain clairvoyant ability had long been attributed to mesmerized subjects, and when, after Andrew Jackson Davis published his trance revelations from the "spirit world," and the Fox sisters began their spectacular career as "spirit rappers," clairvoyance became a leading feature of spiritistic séances, it was only natural that mesmerism and spiritism should be erroneously identified. To increase the confusion in both the popular and the scientific mind, many of the most prominent mesmerists joined the ranks of the spiritists, Laroy Sunderland in particular signalizing his conversion by the establishment, in Boston, of a spiritistic newspaper, The Spiritual Philosopher. This of itself was enough to condemn mesmerism in scientific opinion and to leave its practice entirely in the hands of traveling showmen and unscientific enthusiasts who used it more or less successfully in the treatment of disease.

It was by one of these obscure practitioners—Phineas Parkhurst Quimby—that the principles underlying religious psychotherapy were developed. Quimby was a clock-maker, a man of humble origin and scant education, but possessed of considerable native talent and force of character. He became interested in mesmerism through attending a demonstration given in his home town of Belfast, Maine, in 1838. So profound an impression did it make on him that he at once began to study it, and before long was able to mesmerize a good proportion of those who allowed him to experiment with them.

For a time he had no idea of turning his gift to therapeutic purposes. He simply used it, as so many other mesmerists did, to entertain and mystify. Nor did he theorize about it to any extent, beyond holding a vague opinion that it was some form of electrical action. But his interest deepened and his theorizing became more active when one of his best subjects, a young man named Lucius Burckmar, claimed to be able, when mesmerized, to look directly into the human body, see the organs at work, and treat any diseased conditions he found existing there. To the honest Quimby such a claim seemed preposterous, but he soon discovered that in a number of cases Burckmar actually succeeded in making a correct diagnosis and effecting a cure, usually by prescribing some simple remedy. Quimby himself had long been in poor health, and it occurred to him to test Burckmar's powers on his own account.

"He told me," he writes in a statement describing the startling result of his experiment, "that my kidneys were in a very bad state—that one was half consumed and a piece three inches long had separated from it, and was only connected by a slender thread. This was what I believed to be true, for it agreed with what the doctors told me, and with what I had suffered; for I had not been free from pain for years. My common sense told me that no medicine would ever cure this trouble, and therefore I must suffer till death relieved me. But I asked him if there was any remedy. He replied: 'Yes; I can put the piece on so it will grow, and you will get well.' At this I was completely astonished, and knew not what to think. He immediately placed his hands upon me, and said he united the pieces so they would grow. The next day he said they had grown together, and from that day I never have experienced the least pain from them."

Then Quimby, as he expresses it, "began to think." He did not for a moment believe that the mesmerized Burckmar had really seen the diseased organ. He suspected, rather, that Burckmar had pictured it merely as the sufferer himself imagined it must look; and from this he leaped to the novel and startling conclusion that, so far as he had had any disease at all, it was the result of his own thinking, and had been cured by nothing more than a change of thought. From this it was only a step to the assumption that diseased bodily conditions are invariably the effect of erroneous mental conditions, and may be overcome by getting the patient into the correct mental state.

So convinced was Quimby of the truth and importance of this view of disease that he determined to devote the rest of his life to promulgating it and to healing the sick by purely mental means. He dismissed Burckmar, and after several years of experimentation worked out an entirely new method of psychotherapy. Instead of mesmerizing a patient, he simply sat by his side and, after giving him a detailed description of his malady, impressed upon him the idea that the means of cure lay within himself, and that if he would only think himself healthy he would become healthy. The arguments he used to drive this home were, as the published extracts from his manuscripts show plainly, illogical and weak. But his earnestness went far to inspire conviction in the mind of a sufferer, and in numerous cases conviction was actually followed by cure.

It was Quimby's hope to develop his great "discovery" into a "science of health and happiness" that would bring comfort to all mankind. It would also seem that he contemplated putting his "science" on a religious basis, for he repeatedly declared that the "Truth," as he taught it, was identical with the teachings of Christ, and that Christ's miracles of healing illustrated and confirmed the principles which he advocated. But he did not live to diffuse the new gospel. Among his patients, however, were several willing and eager to carry on the work he had begun—if, perhaps, to continue and extend it along lines undreamed of by him. One of these patients, Mrs. Mary Eddy, became the founder of Christian Science. To two others, Warren F. Evans and Julian A. Dresser, the launching of the New Thought movement is due.

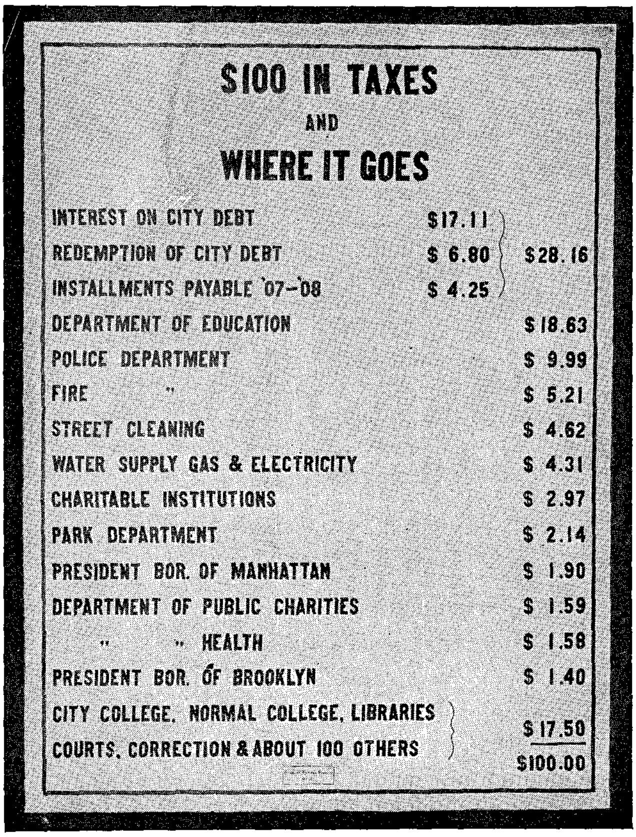
Such, in bald outline, is the story of the evolution of mental healing from its beginnings in the long ago to the time when, in both the Old World and the New, its possibilities began to be really appreciated.

A second article, in a succeeding number, will be devoted to the present development of psychotherapy and its prospects for the future.

The Budget and the Citizen

By Mary B. Sayles

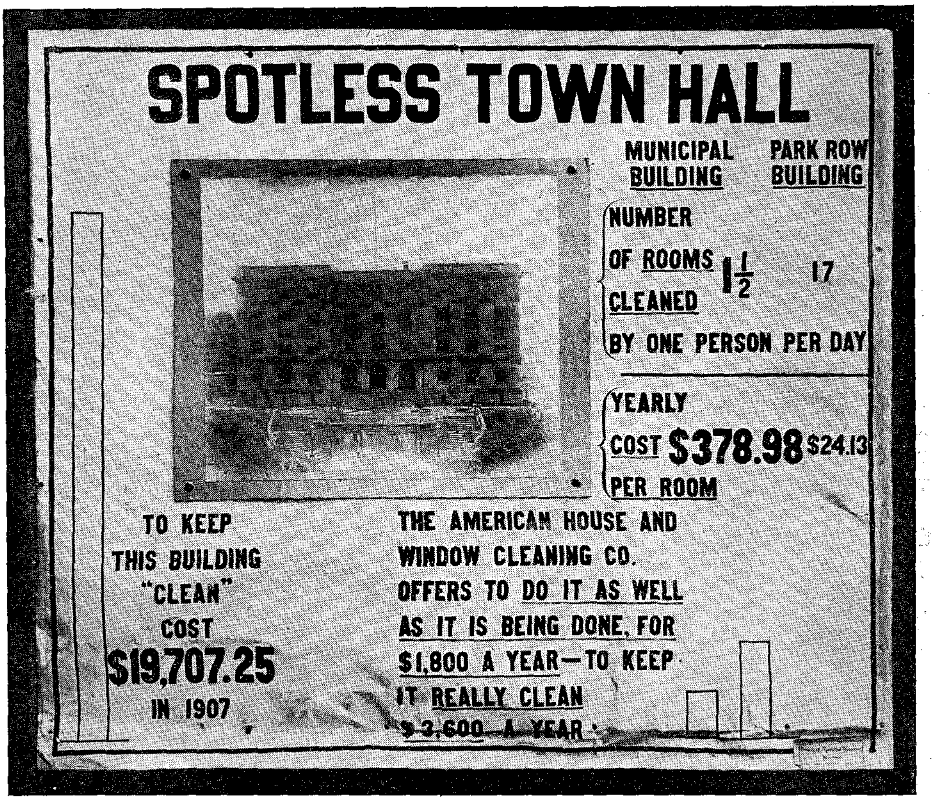
THE well-worn popular saying which classes taxes and death together as the only two absolute certainties in life comes much nearer to the truth than the popular mind has always realized. That taxes must be paid into the city, the State, the National treasury, in order that the expenses of governments may be met out of these treasuries has indeed been universally recognized. But the property-owner who complacently feels, as he pays his assessment, that he and the other "substantial citizens" of his community are alone in bearing its burdens and building up its glories, and the small rent-payer who consoles himself for his comparative poverty by the reflection that he has no taxes to pay, and returns thanks for the unearned privileges of the public library and the public school, are alike in failing to appreciate the real situation. The truth is that the man who possesses no taxable property is none the less paying his full share of the taxes when he pays his rent, and his grocer's, butcher's, and tailor's bills, since both the landlord and the merchant inevitably charge more than would be necessary were there no taxes or lower taxes to pay. It is therefore highly appropriate that every man and woman, whether an indirect taxpayer or a direct, should insist upon knowing what use is being made of the money contributed by himself and his fellow-citizens to be used for the public benefit, and whether they are getting



$100 IN TAXES
AND
WHERE IT GOES

INTEREST ON CITY DEBT	$17.11	$28.16
REDEMPTION OF CITY DEBT	$ 6.80	
INSTALLMENTS PAYABLE '07–'08	$ 4.25	
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION		$18.63
POLICE DEPARTMENT		$ 9.99
FIRE "		$ 5.21
STREET CLEANING		$ 4.62
WATER SUPPLY GAS & ELECTRICITY		$ 4.31
CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS		$ 2.97
PARK DEPARTMENT		$ 2.14
PRESIDENT BOR. OF MANHATTAN		$ 1.90
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES		$ 1.59
" " HEALTH		$ 1.58
PRESIDENT BOR. OF BROOKLYN		$ 1.40
CITY COLLEGE, NORMAL COLLEGE, LIBRARIES COURTS, CORRECTION & ABOUT 100 OTHERS		$17.50
		$100.00

HOW THE CITY SPENDS ITS TAXES



SPOTLESS TOWN HALL

	MUNICIPAL BUILDING	PARK ROW BUILDING
NUMBER OF ROOMS CLEANED BY ONE PERSON PER DAY	1 1/2	17
YEARLY COST PER ROOM	$378.98	$24.13

TO KEEP THIS BUILDING "CLEAN" COST $19,707.25 IN 1907

THE AMERICAN HOUSE AND WINDOW CLEANING CO. OFFERS TO DO IT AS WELL AS IT IS BEING DONE, FOR $1,800 A YEAR—TO KEEP IT REALLY CLEAN $3,600 A YEAR.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN MUNICIPAL HOUSE-CLEANING (BRONX BOROUGH HALL)

their "money's worth"—in protection to property and health, in public improvements and enlarged opportunities.

It is one thing, however, to demand information, and quite another thing to succeed in obtaining it. The first half of the question may indeed be approximately answered for many American cities as it is answered for New York City (in 1908) by the chart reproduced on the opposite page. But when we have learned that twenty-eight out of every hundred dollars paid in by the taxpayer are paid out in interest and redemption charges on the city debt or in installments thereof; that eighteen dollars go to the Department of Education, nine dollars to the Police Department, between one and two dollars each to the Health Department and the Department of Public Charities, and so forth, we are as far as ever from an answer to the second half of our question, "Are we getting our money's worth?"

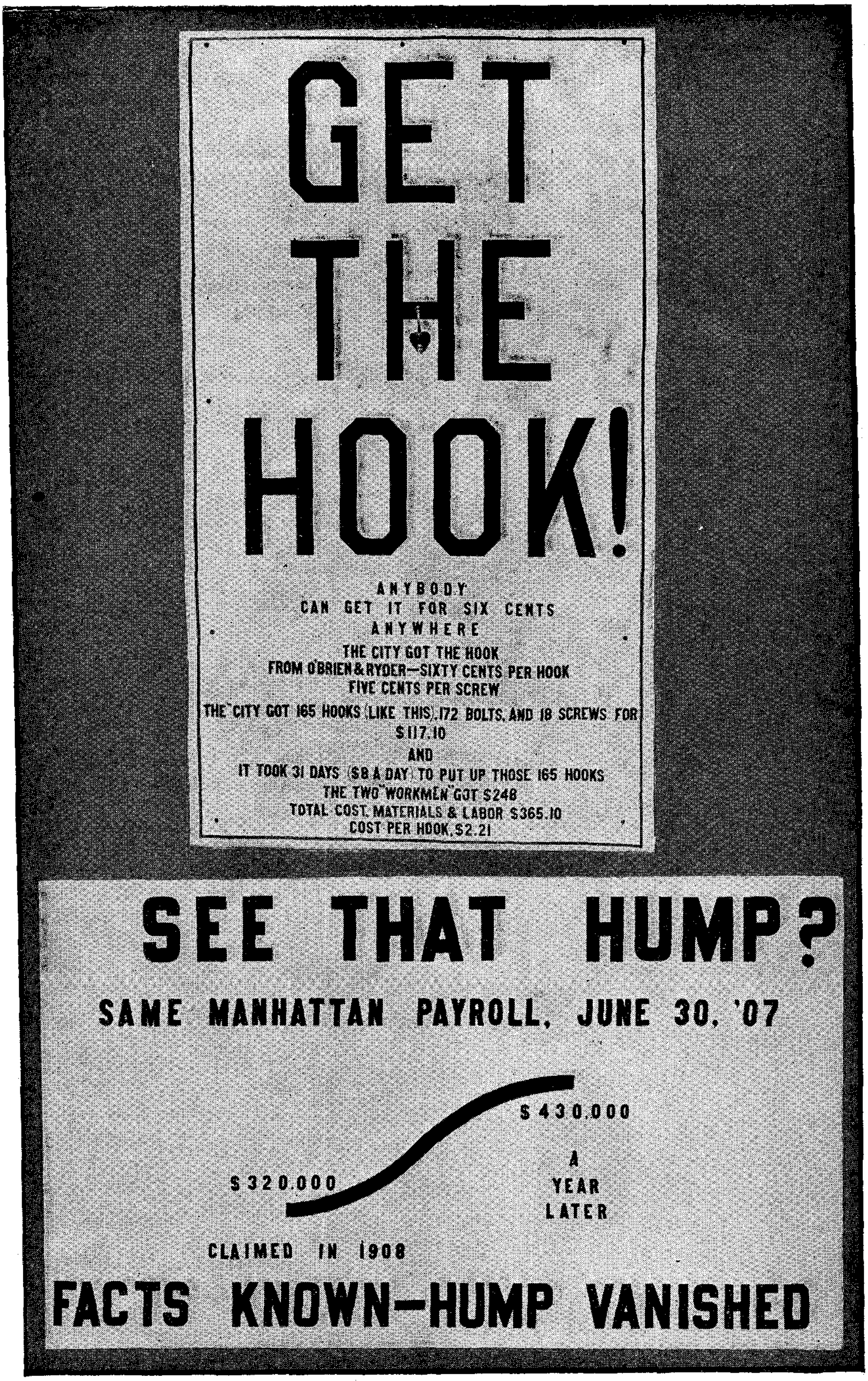
In New York, as in many another American city, large and small, it has long been a settled conviction in the public mind that we are *not* getting our money's worth. Specific proof in support of this conviction has been furnished from time to time by sporadic instances—or rather by sporadic discoveries—of "graft" or of conspicuous inefficiency on the part of public officials; and on several occasions the public has waxed wrathful enough to insist on the experiment of a "non-partisan" or a "reform" administration. In every instance, however, this mood has proved evanescent; reform has failed to "make good" in the eyes of a sufficient number of the voters, and the city has been turned over again at the earliest opportunity to the tender mercies of the ever-watchful Tammany tiger. Thus it has come about that the public has become more and more confirmed in pessimism.

Such was the prevailing state of mind among the "better element" in New York City when, about three years ago, another point of view began to be pressed upon public attention by a little body of social workers. Is it only by the election of reform candidates, they questioned, that we can secure the sort of government we want? Must we really wait three years—until the next election—before we can hope materially to better conditions? We are pouring more and more money every year into the city coffers—over six millions more this year than last, to speak of the budget only; suppose we find out *why*—what it is spent for—not in general terms, but precisely, dollar for dollar, what we as citizens get for it. Then we shall be able to judge whether we really want what we are getting, and if not, what we want *more*, and how we are to get it.

It was with this general aim in view that, in the summer of 1906, the little group of workers referred to, then known as the Bureau of City Betterment, the forerunner of the Bureau of Municipal Research, turned its attention to the city budget. So important had the process of making up the budget—that is to say, the process of determining in advance the amounts to be allowed every year for the maintenance of the various branches of the city government—been deemed by the framers of Greater New York's charter, that many pages of that document were devoted to defining the duties of the chief legislative bodies and executive officers of the city in relation to it. Physically speaking, the New York budget for 1906 presented itself in the guise of a document of one hundred and twenty-one pages devoted to a summarized statement of moneys voted in the fall of 1905 to the various city departments and bureaus for the carrying on of their work during the following year; the amount so voted, nearly one hundred and seventeen millions in all, to be raised by taxes. The method of determining the sums apportioned to the several branches of the city government was, briefly, as follows: During the summer the chief clerk of each department or other executive division of the city gathered together statements from the various sub-heads as to the amount of money needed for salaries, supplies, and so forth, to carry on the different branches of the department's work, and, after such modification as could be agreed upon, combined them into what is known as a departmental estimate. This statement, after review by a bureau of the Comptroller's office, was presented to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, a body made up of the Mayor, the Comptroller, the President of the Board of Aldermen, and the Presidents of the five Boroughs—all of them officers elected directly by the people. This Board, in which is vested the chief control of the city's financial interests, held numerous sessions, at some of which department heads appeared in defense of their estimates, and at one of which taxpayers were permitted to speak. While these hearings were going on, expert "budget pruners," sitting in another room and taking no part in the deliberations of the Board, were busily at work cutting down departmental estimates and framing a provisional budget; which presently the Board, after such modification as it saw fit to make, accepted, voting thus *en masse*, to the various branches of the city government, the sums agreed upon. Later, the Board of Aldermen passed upon this provisional budget, having power to reduce but not to raise the various appropriations; later still, the Mayor might, if he chose, veto reductions made by the Board of Aldermen, which could then repass them only by a two-thirds vote; and, finally, the Mayor's signature gave to this much-padded, cut, and remodeled document its full authority.

Thus, in broad outline, was the sum to be raised in taxes during the following year and the use to be made of it determined in 1905; and in this general manner it is still determined to-day, but with what differences in method and result! Before these differences can be appreciated, however, it will be necessary to review somewhat more closely the conditions existing and found by the Bureau of City Betterment in 1906.

First and foremost, it was a matter of common knowledge that estimates were made for far larger sums than the department heads either expected to receive or in some instances actually needed for their work; and, secondly, it was an equally well-known fact that it had become an established custom for the Board of Estimate to cut these inflated estimates ten,



GET
THE
HOOK!

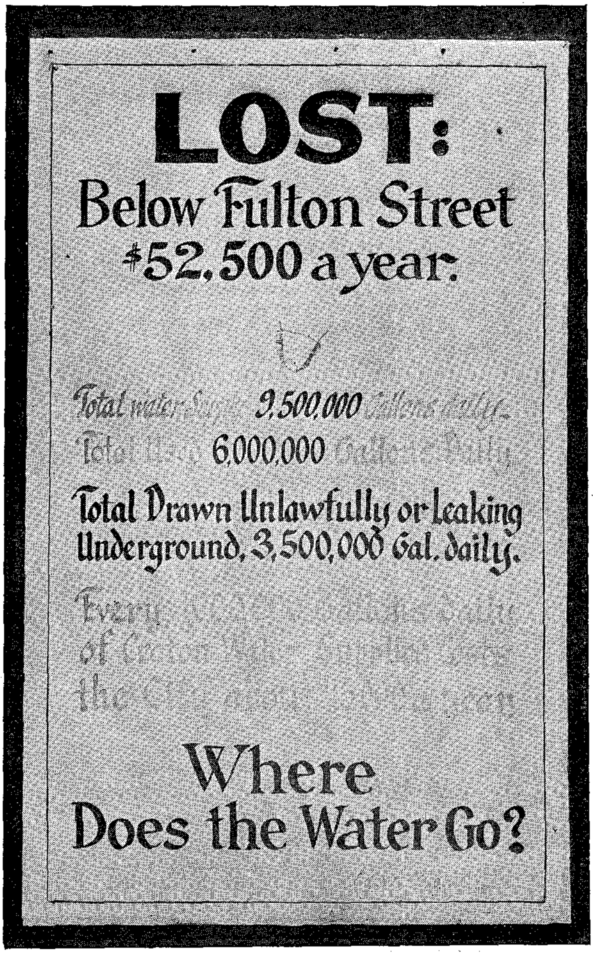
ANYBODY
CAN GET IT FOR SIX CENTS
ANYWHERE
THE CITY GOT THE HOOK
FROM O'BRIEN & RYDER—SIXTY CENTS PER HOOK
FIVE CENTS PER SCREW
THE CITY GOT 165 HOOKS (LIKE THIS), 172 BOLTS, AND 18 SCREWS FOR
$117.10
AND
IT TOOK 31 DAYS ($8 A DAY) TO PUT UP THOSE 165 HOOKS
THE TWO "WORKMEN" GOT $248
TOTAL COST, MATERIALS & LABOR $365.10
COST PER HOOK, $2.21

SEE THAT HUMP?
SAME MANHATTAN PAYROLL, JUNE 30, '07
$430,000
A
YEAR
LATER
$320,000
CLAIMED IN 1908
FACTS KNOWN—HUMP VANISHED

ONE REASON WHY THE TAX RATE IS HIGH

PADDING A PAY-ROLL—AT THE EXPENSE OF THE TAXPAYER twenty, thirty, or even forty per cent, with little or no regard to the actual needs of the several departments. Whether padding of estimates was the result or the cause of this reckless and indiscriminate cutting is a somewhat complicated question, sure to be differently answered by the Board of Estimate and the department heads, and we need not attempt to settle it here. It is certain, however, that in 1906 there was some justification for the department chief who felt that to get anywhere near what he needed he must ask for considerably more.

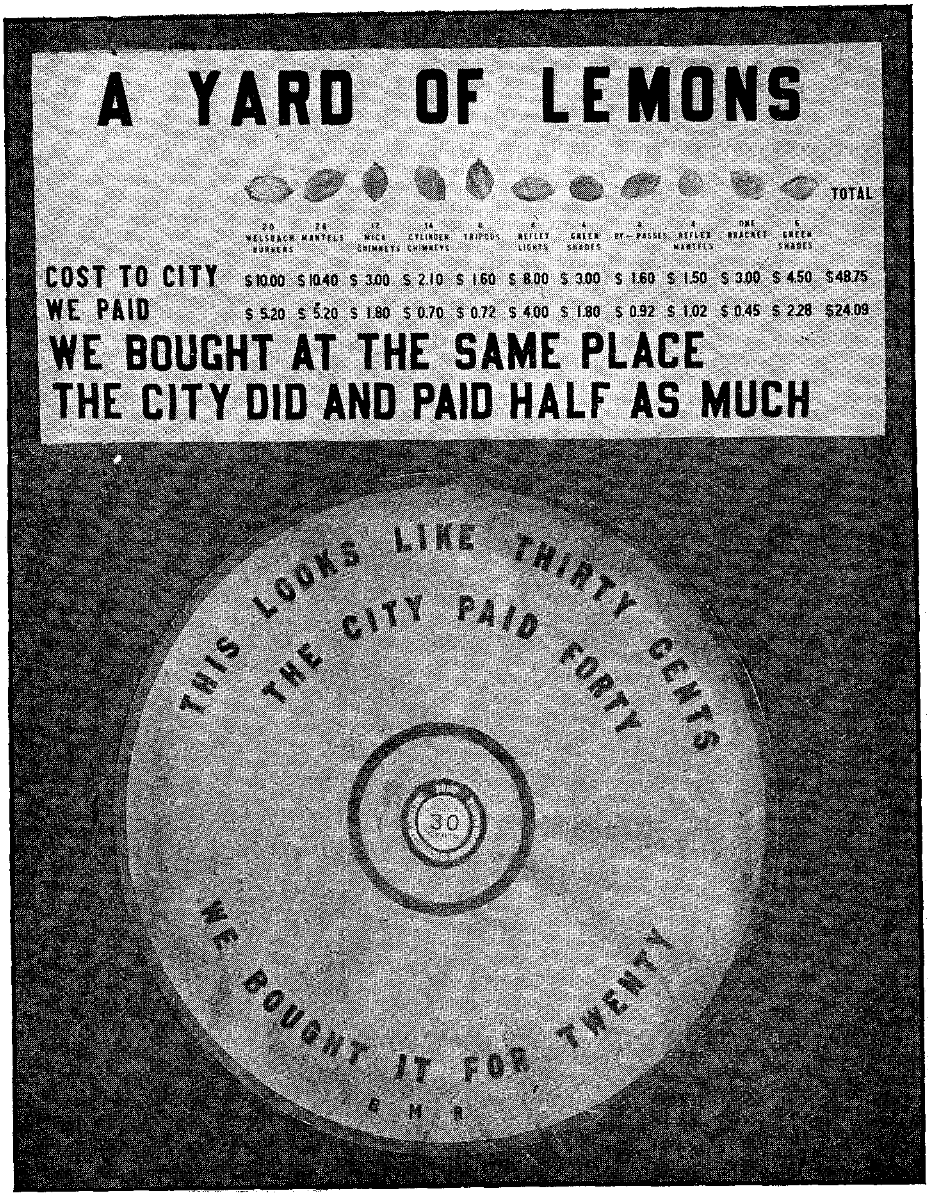
As a result, the departments and bureaus which received less than they felt they needed had to choose, at the beginning of the new year, whether they would confine their work to the dimensions made possible by the budget appropriations or branch out on a larger scale, trusting to the granting of additional sums later in the year. Very commonly the latter course was chosen; and, as a result, requests that the city borrow money—by the issue of special revenue bonds—to meet every sort of alleged need were made to the Board of Estimate during the year, and granted in such numbers that by the following winter the amounts expended far exceeded the original budget allowances. Moreover, these supplementary sums, though not raised by taxation in the current year, actually imposed an even heavier burden on the taxpayer; for not only must provision for the payment of all such loans be made in the budget of the following year, but meanwhile interest charges on them must be met. Furthermore, after these grants of special moneys, neither the Board of Estimate nor the public had the slightest assurance that the sums granted would be used for the purposes for which they were requested; it being, in fact, well known that they were frequently used for wholly different ends.



WATER IS MONEY—THE TAXPAYER'S MONEY
SEE HOW THE CITY WASTES IT

This deplorable situation was diagnosed by the Bureau of City Betterment as due to two main causes, among others: First, the estimates presented by the divisions of the city administration were inadequate in that they neither stated clearly and precisely for what the amounts requested would be used nor offered sufficient proof to convince the Board of Estimate of the needs stated; and, second, the Board of Estimate in granting moneys did not require that they should be expended for certain specific, clearly defined purposes, and for no others.

Never did diagnosis lead more immediately to the application of remedy. The case, in the judgment of the Bureau workers, was one



A YARD OF LEMONS

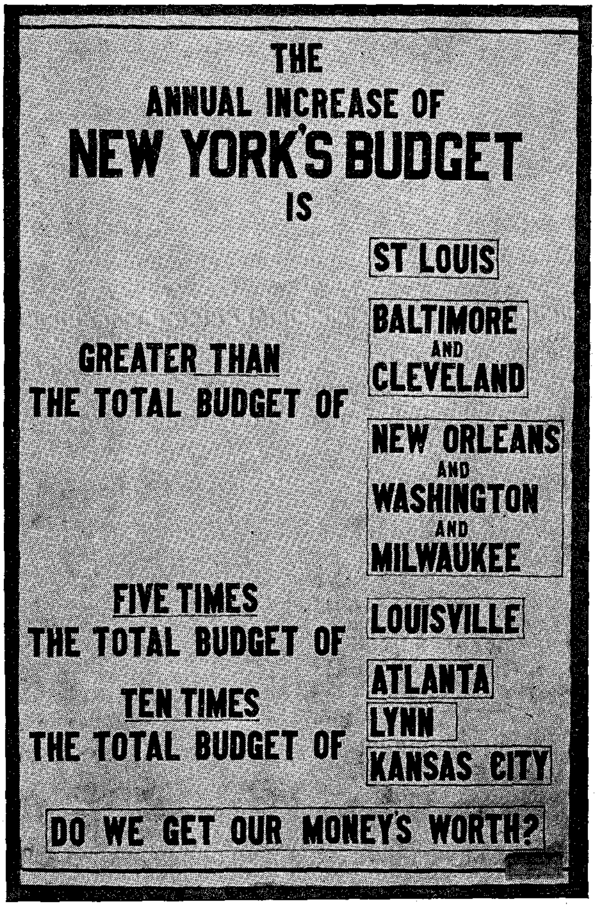
	20 WELSBACH BURNERS	28 MANTELS	12 MICA CHIMNEYS	14 CYLINDER CHIMNEYS	8 TRIPODS	4 REFLEX LIGHTS	4 GREEN SHADES	4 BY-PASSES	4 REFLEX MANTELS	ONE BRACKET	6 GREEN SHADES	TOTAL
COST TO CITY	$ 10.00	$ 10.40	$ 3.00	$ 2.10	$ 1.60	$ 8.00	$ 3.00	$ 1.60	$ 1.50	$ 3.00	$ 4.50	$48.75
WE PAID	$ 5.20	$ 5.20	$ 1.80	$ 0.70	$ 0.72	$ 4.00	$ 1.80	$ 0.92	$ 1.02	$ 0.45	$ 2.28	$24.09

WE BOUGHT AT THE SAME PLACE
THE CITY DID AND PAID HALF AS MUCH

THE CITIZEN WHO BUYS ONE GAS-MANTLE, ONE LAMP-SHADE, ONE BURNER, AT A TIME PAYS LESS THAN THE CITY, WHICH BUYS THEM IN BIG LOTS ALL THE TIME

for example rather than precept. In the summer of 1906 the situation of one department appealed to the Bureau as especially offering an opportunity for the introduction of a better system. The Department of Health had been one of the heaviest sufferers from the patchwork financial methods described, having had its appropriations cut in recent years anywhere from eighteen to forty-two per cent; and it had become a habit within the Department to borrow from one general fund to carry on work under another in an effort to meet the particular need—whether for milk inspection, medical care for school-children, tuberculosis work, or what not—that seemed at the moment most pressing. In August, 1906, the Department officials were sorely perplexed as to how they were to make a convincing appeal for the next year's needs. For this reason they were ready to welcome the proffered aid of the Bureau of City Betterment, which hoped thus, by illustrating the value of better methods of presentation in a case where needs were real and great, and of a sort to appeal directly to all minds, to secure the adoption of such methods in all branches of the city government. An examination of records was accordingly begun by way of preparation for work on the budget estimate.

It was soon found, however, that existing documents failed to furnish all the information needed for a complete restatement of service rendered and expenditures made in different classes of work. Thus, the Department's accounts were kept by "funds" or "appropriations," out of a single one of which were often paid employees engaged in widely different lines of work; as, for example, out of the school inspection fund were paid not only medical inspectors of schools and school nurses, but physicians and nurses engaged in house-to-house visits to discover sick babies and to instruct mothers in their care. Moreover, an employee's salary was sometimes charged to a class of work to which only a part of his time, or none of it, was devoted; and, again, accounts failed to show what proportion of supplies purchased in bulk were devoted to the various kinds of work. For these reasons, and others too complicated and technical for statement here, it was found impracticable to prepare in 1906 the sort of budget estimate which the Bureau desired to see adopted. A partial classification was, however, introduced in that year in salaries and incidental expenses; and the budget appropriation for 1907 was voted under twenty-nine titles, instead of under eleven, as in the preceding year.



THE
ANNUAL INCREASE OF
NEW YORK'S BUDGET
IS

GREATER THAN
THE TOTAL BUDGET OF
ST LOUIS
BALTIMORE
AND
CLEVELAND
NEW ORLEANS
AND
WASHINGTON
AND
MILWAUKEE

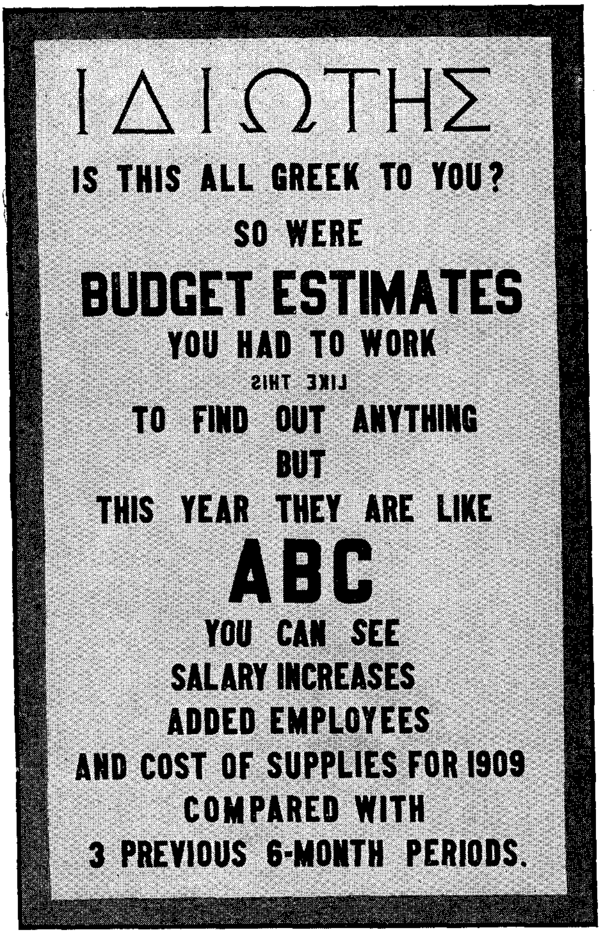
FIVE TIMES
THE TOTAL BUDGET OF
LOUISVILLE
ATLANTA

TEN TIMES
THE TOTAL BUDGET OF
LYNN
KANSAS CITY

DO WE GET OUR MONEY'S WORTH?

THE BUDGET RISES STEADILY
DO THE BENEFITS TO THE TAXPAYER INCREASE TOO?

This reorganization, limited as it was, did, however, serve the hoped-for purpose of an entering wedge. Several important steps speedily followed. In October, 1906, both the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, acting on resolutions introduced at the suggestion of the Bureau of City Betterment, placed themselves formally on record as in favor of what has come to be known as the "segregated budget;" that is, the voting of money to the various departments, no longer in lump sums to be employed absolutely at the department's own discretion, but in specified sums to be used for specified purposes only, all transfers from one such special fund to another being forbidden except upon permission granted by the Board of Estimate. Furthermore, the Comptroller was requested by the Board of Estimate to provide proper forms on which the segregated budget of the following year might be set up for all departments.



ΙΔΙΩΤΗΣ

IS THIS ALL GREEK TO YOU?

SO WERE

BUDGET ESTIMATES

YOU HAD TO WORK

LIKE THIS

TO FIND OUT ANYTHING

BUT

THIS YEAR THEY ARE LIKE

ABC

YOU CAN SEE

SALARY INCREASES

ADDED EMPLOYEES

AND COST OF SUPPLIES FOR 1909

COMPARED WITH

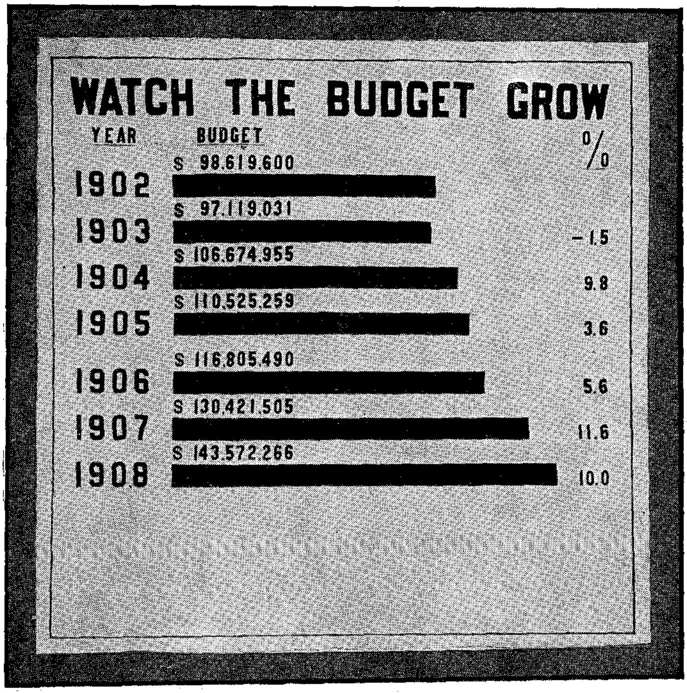
3 PREVIOUS 6-MONTH PERIODS.

ONCE NOBODY COULD UNDERSTAND THE BUDGET—NOW ANYBODY CAN

Exactly what the change thus inaugurated means may perhaps be made clear by an example. One of the eleven items of the Health Department budget for 1906—all of which together formed about two inches of printed matter—read, "Hospital fund (excluding payments to private hospitals)." What proportion of the sum voted under this general title was to go to each of the hospitals maintained in that year by the Department of Health no reader of the budget could guess; nor could any one discover what amount was to be expended for salaries—of superintendents, nurses, domestics, and so on—and what amount for supplies. On the other hand, the budget of the same Department for 1909, covering six full pages and voted under 154 titles, specifies exactly how much may be spent on salaries, supplies, vehicles, fuel, and so forth, by each of four hospitals and by a hospital clinic for contagious eye diseases. Again, the health budget for 1906 did not mention the division of communicable diseases, and it was a matter of conjecture what proportion of moneys voted under other heads would actually be expended for carrying on the campaign against tuberculosis and other important activities of this branch. In the 1909 budget all such ambiguities disappear in the light of clear and full classification.

During 1907 the Bureau of City Betterment, having been incorporated as the Bureau of Municipal Research, rendered important service by preparing for many of the leading city departments, in co-operation with the Comptroller's office, restatements of expenditures according to classes of work performed, thus making possible the preparation of a fully segregated budget for the following year. The new schedules furnished to the Board of Estimate and the public information never before available, and made impossible unbusinesslike practices long prevalent. For example, many department heads had been accustomed to swell their pay-rolls by the appointment of new employees in June, and then to demand, on the basis of this abnormally large force, enlarged appropriations to meet the needs of the next year, only to discharge these superfluous employees soon after, and apply the increase secured to raising salaries of favored subordinates. This practice was put a stop to by requiring that the estimate of new employees needed for any class of work should no longer be based simply on the number employed on June 30 of the current year, but should take account also of the number employed on the preceding January 1 and on June 30 of the year before. With this information before it, and much more of a similar nature, the Board of Estimate would obviously have only itself to blame if ever it were hoodwinked again by an inflated pay-roll.

Since the fall of 1907 the principle of the "segregated budget" has been still more widely applied. New systems of accounts and records, showing money expended and results accomplished by functions, have been installed in the various departments, under the joint supervision of the Bureau of Municipal Research and the Comptroller's office. The voting of money for clearly defined purposes has thus been made possible. Furthermore, in the fall of 1908 an important new principle was introduced when the Board of Estimate made the requirement that only one-twelfth of each annual appropriation was to be expended in any month, unless special permission were granted by the Board of Estimate for reasons stated. By this means it is possible to check the extravagant expenditures which used to be made during the first few months of the year with the expectation of securing special grants of money later on.



THE GROWTH OF THE CITY'S SPENDING

Let us see what all these changes mean in terms of benefit to the residents of the greater city. To help us in doing so, it may be well if we pause here to consider one question: What ends do we, as public-spirited citizens, most desire to see accomplished by our city government, whether that city be New York or one of her sister municipalities?

Many answers might be given to this question; but perhaps we shall not go far wrong if we sum up these ends somewhat as follows: Protection against criminals and against the spread of disease; care for the sick and suffering who cannot care for themselves; maintenance of conditions favorable to health in homes and schools, in shops and lodging-houses, in streets and public places; the best possible education to fit the young for the business of life; and an adequate, systematic development of transportation facilities and public improvements to meet the needs of a growing population. While each of these great ends might be indefinitely elaborated and others might be added, this summary may perhaps stand for the moment as embodying the common ends most essential to the welfare of the entire community.

Every citizen, then, should consider the city budget from two points of view: that of the resident, anxious to secure the largest possible measure of protection and opportunity for himself and his fellow-residents—results to be compassed only by the expenditure of many millions annually by the great city departments; and that of the taxpayer, direct or indirect, anxious to prevent unnecessary increases in the various departmental appropriations which make up the budget, and consequent increases in the tax rate.

Thus barely stated, this double view of the budget problem is not likely to decrease the perplexity and doubt already existing in the citizen's mind. Of course we can fancy him saying: "We want plenty of good schools, health protection, parks and playgrounds, adequate policing, new bridges and subways. But if this means higher taxes and higher rents and bigger prices for milk and meat to help our landlords and dealers pay the higher rates, we don't quite see how we're going to stand it. Is there no way out?"

Here it is that the Bureau of Municipal Research steps to the front with an answer and a solution—partial, as all things earthly must be, but practical, of immediate applicability, and yet so far-reaching in effect that we can scarcely yet begin to measure its probable consequences. "Yes," declares the Bureau, "there is a way out; not a way of entirely preventing the increase of taxes, indeed, for the city must be prepared to provide for its own growth, but a way to keep that increase within modest and reasonable limits. *Insist on knowing exactly what your money is to be spent for, and on getting full value for your money; cut out the possibility of waste and graft; replace antiquated labor, and money-wasting ways of doing the city's work by modern business methods*, as every private firm and corporation has to do if it is going to compete successfully in the business world. By such means you will save enough money now being expended without due return to pay for most of the developments in preventive health work and education, and so on, that you will need for years to come."

This answer makes clear at once both the importance of budget reform and its place as a part of a larger social and economic programme. If we do not know *exactly what our money has been and is to be spent for*, we cannot judge whether we are getting our money's worth; when we *do* know, we are enabled to take the next step, to frame the next demand for information needed to guide us in deciding what we want and how to get it. If we should discover, for example, that salary increases of five hundred dollars each were being asked for the wardens of a group of institutions who were already receiving more than they should; or that twice as many nurses were being requested for a new hospital as would be required in the best private hospitals to care for the same number of patients; or that, while thousands of school-children were being inadequately instructed in essential elementary branches, it was proposed to spend thousands of dollars to provide teachers of some relatively unimportant subject, we should then be in a position to ask for reasons and to weigh replies in explanation of such expenditures, and to say definitely, when we had weighed them, "Such and such things we do *not* want bought with our money, such and such things we *do* want bought with it."

While the larger programme in which budget reform plays so important a part is far too broad for comprehensive review here, a glance at it will be of interest. At the same time that the Bureau of Municipal Research has been laboring for the reorganization of budget proceedings it has been conducting investigations into the business management of various city departments, among them the Department of Parks, the Police Department, and the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, and has, by detailed examination of records and accounts, been enabled to point out defective methods which have permitted paying out public moneys without assured equivalent return and have resulted in failure to collect revenues due the city from permits and privileges of all sorts. Thus the system—or lack of system—which permits the purchase of supplies in small quantities directly by the various divisions using them has resulted in such absurdities—

not to use a stronger term—as the payment in one season by a dozen different offices in a single borough of a wide range of prices for the same grade of coal or the same kind of oats. Thus, again, boat-houses, fruit-stands, merry-go-rounds, and so forth, have been permitted to occupy park property either without paying anything for the privilege or on payment of such ridiculously inadequate sums as to make it evident that their proprietors are for some reason favored individuals; and to make evident, also, the need of methods of recording and reporting facts as to permits and leases which will render possible executive control of such conditions. Possessed of large and well-organized accumulations of such special information, the directors and skilled accountants of the Bureau have devised new methods to stop leaks in the exchequer and secure the receipt of moneys due the city, many of which methods have already been adopted and installed. In this work the Bureau has been in the main sustained by the co-operation of the chiefs of the very organizations criticised, from the Mayor and Comptroller down through the various department heads to the clerks and assistants; for where an official genuinely desires to discharge his duties efficiently, he is sure to welcome expert aid; and where he is conscious of having something to conceal, he may generally be counted on to display a most disarming candor and cordiality.

In this direct hand-to-hand struggle with the problems of municipal business the Bureau has employed most of its forces during the last two years, in the course of which period its staff and office force has increased from eighteen to forty-six. Yet at no time have its efforts been entirely limited to this sphere. A private organization, supported mainly by the contributions of a few wealthy men who have been won to approval of its aims by its earlier accomplishments, it has realized that the principles and methods it worked for could not be made a permanently effective part of the city government unless the citizen body could be brought to recognize their importance and demand their maintenance after they had been introduced. To share all the information gathered by its workers with the public has therefore been one of its chief aims, and to that end it has not only published formal reports, but has constantly furnished material for news items and editorials to the daily and weekly press. Carrying its educational effort yet a step further, it last fall prepared and conducted, in co-operation with the Greater New York Taxpayers' Conference, a Budget Exhibit, at which were displayed in graphic form facts in regard to appropriations and expenditures, wasteful methods and methods devised to prevent waste, together with many typical instances of improper transactions known to have taken place under the existing system—of supplies bought at two and three times their market value, of large gangs of laborers "putting in time" for weeks on a job that could have been done in a fraction of the time by a fraction of the force, and so on. Attracted by the vivid presentation of such significant facts and by the noon addresses of prominent officials and leading citizens, an average of over twenty-five hundred persons visited the exhibit daily during the month it was open; while the charts there exhibited not only found a prominent place in the current papers, but are even yet serving as illustrations for such articles as the present.

Not till late in October does the final action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment on the budget take place; yet from now on there is no week in which those who are seeking to safeguard the public interest can afford to be caught napping. Already the estimates for the various departments and bureaus have been made up and printed. Until October 30 the Bureau of Municipal Investigation and Statistics of the Department of Finance will be busy overhauling and analyzing these estimates, deciding what appropriations to recommend and what to deny. During three weeks of October the Board of Estimate will be engaged in hearing explanations of requests by department heads; while during the entire month a special committee representing the Mayor and the Comptroller will be in session preparing a tentative budget for submission to the Board of Estimate. Even as late as November the Board of Aldermen may cut down the appropriations allowed by the Board of Estimate, while the Mayor, later still, may veto aldermanic reductions, which can then be reinstated only by a three-fourths vote of the Board of Aldermen. At every stage, as well as at the formal taxpayers' hearing allowed by the Board of Estimate before its final vote on the budget, there is the possibility of influencing those engaged in deciding the city's fate by the presentation of clear-cut statements of facts bearing on needs and possible economies; for no official is entirely beyond the influence of enlightened and watchful public opinion effectively expressed.

What is the lesson which other cities can learn from the spectacle of this struggle of New York to free herself from the shackles of antiquated method and place her business on the same footing as that of any legitimately successful private corporation? Here and there, all over the country, groups of men are awaking to the existence in their own community of similar evils needing correction. In Philadelphia and Cincinnati Bureaus of Municipal Research are already organized; in Memphis, Buffalo, and other cities special investigations looking to the same end have been undertaken, or are soon to be begun. We have often been told that municipal government is the weakest point in all our American system, and at the present moment it would seem that we are coming with a rush to the realization of the fact and the discovery and application of effective remedies. While it may be confidently hoped that evils in the smaller communities will be found to be less firmly rooted, it is safe to prophesy that there will be work enough to be done in many of them to keep their public-spirited citizens busy for more than one decade to come. For it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the establishment of the most perfect system is, after all, but a first step, and that only by the safeguarding of every inch of territory gained can the permanence of any position attained be assured.

THE ABSENT HEART OF ME

BY IVAN SWIFT

The low sun paints the willow rows,
  Their shadows lengthening eastward fall
A purple tracery on the snows;
  And Spring is here—but that is all!

A silence broods upon the farm—
  Sweet, sweet as some forgotten song
After the battle's mad alarm.
  Such peace!—and yet I long and long!

Here dwell the memories of the past,
  A tribe as true as God has made,
And friends that yield their honor last;
  And yet my breast must bear a blade!

This house keeps Nature's wondrous plan,
  Old books and bronze and native art—
All things to move the soul of man;
  But voiceless to a stricken heart!

Ah, wealth and crafts of men, how frail,
  And empty of all constancy!
Yea, even grace of God must fail!
  You are the absent heart of me!

OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER XIII

I GO INTO BUSINESS PRO TEM., READ A GOOD POEM UNDER DIFFICULTY, AND LEARN SOMETHING OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER

I WAS writing letters at about noon, when Mrs. Duckie entered to see if I would be so good as to speak to Miss Wagstaff for a moment. Down I went, and found that bitter mercantile virgin all tears and trouble. She had a telegram to say that her mother was ill, and would she come at once; but Mr. Bemerton was in the country valuing a library, and who was to mind the shop? Could I make any suggestion?

I made the only natural one: I said I would mind it myself.

This apparently had not occurred to her, and it seemed to strike Mrs. Duckie (who is more jealous of the fair fame of what she calls gentlefolk than they themselves are likely ever to be) as an act of impropriety beyond pardon. But I had my way, and at last got Miss Wagstaff off in a hansom; but not before she had showered instructions upon me.

"The prices," she said, "are marked just inside. They are all net, but if any one bought several books, you might knock something off. Don't ever knock anything off a cheap book."

"Be very careful," she said, "with people who look at the illustrations. Sometimes they pinch the plates."

"Whatever you do," she said, "don't buy any books."

"Keep an eye," she said, "on the outside shelves."

"Don't let any one," she said, "stand too long reading."

"See that they don't slip one book into their pocket while they buy another," she said.

"Watch them," she said, "to see that they don't rub out our price and put in another themselves."

That, I think, was her very last counsel. I sank down in a chair in a kind of stupor. I had not been prepared for such revelations of perfidy. I had thought of a second-hand bookshop as being off the main stream of human frailty and temptation; and behold it was the resort of the most abandoned! Is there no natural honesty? I wished that Mr. Bemerton would return and liberate me to walk upstairs out of life again and get on with my make-believe.

It gave me at the same time a new idea of Miss Wagstaff, and I found myself admiring her. How naturally she took these things; how simple and right it seemed to her that customers should be suspect; while I—I had been sunning myself in a comfortable sense of all-pervading virtue, and was now cowering beneath the discovery of the contrary—I, a man of fifty and more, who had some claims to be considered a cosmopolitan and citizen of the world, and she a Cockney spinster with no experience of anything but her home and this shop.

But, a customer coming in, I had to suspend my reflections and attend to business, which in this case consisted in replying, with some decision, that we never bought last year's Whitaker's Almanack. The adaptability of man—how naturally I said "we"!

Apart from the necessity of replenishing his stock by attending sales and buying books; the wearing task of looking narrowly at larcenous fellow-creatures; the pangs that it must cost him to sell the books that he wants to keep; and the attacks made upon his tenderer feelings by unfortunate impoverished creatures with worthless books to sell; apart from these drawbacks, the life of a second-hand bookseller seems to me a happy one. I could myself lead it with considerable contentment. During my four hours of authority I took eleven shillings, met some entertaining people, discovered on the shelves a number of interesting books, and read at intervals a poem I had long known by repute but never had seen before—Walter Pope's "Wish."

---

[1] Copyright, 1908, by the Macmillan Company.

A second-hand bookseller, I found, may read much in his time, but he cannot read continuously. My perusal of Walter Pope's poem was broken somewhat in the way I have attempted to describe. I got throught the Horatian argument all right:

"When I'm at Epsom or on Banstead Down,
Free from the Wine, and Smoke, and Noise o' th' Town,
When I those Waters drink and breathe that Air,
What are my Thoughts? What's my continual Prayer?"

and I was allowed to complete in peace the first stanza and the chorus:

"If I live to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a country town:
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS

"May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

But here entered a very small dirty boy to know if I could spare his mother a piece of stamp paper.

I said it was the one thing we didn't keep, and resumed the poem:

"May my little house stand on the side of a hill,
With an easy descent to a mead and a mill,
That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read—
In the mill if it rains; if it's dry, in the mead.

"Near a shady grove and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile."

At this point there entered a rusty elderly man with a Cruden's Concordance, to know if I would buy it. I said we already had several, and I could not as a conscientious business man add to the stock. He sighed, surveyed me attentively, and went away, saying that he would bring something else. I implored him not to, but, with an ineffable look of misfortune, he shuffled away. I turned again to the page:

"With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.

"With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With Monte, Fiascone, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

"May my wine be vermilion, may my malt drink be pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too stale;
In lieu of desserts, unwholesome and dear,
Let Lodi or Parmesan bring up the rear.

"Nor Tory, or Whig, Observator, or Trimmer
May I be, nor against the law's torrent a swimmer;
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and hear read,
And with matters of State never trouble my head."

At this point a lady faltered in, saying she felt very faint, and might she sit down a moment. I gave her my chair and called to Mrs. Duckie for some water. The lady told me her home was in Ashford, and she was only up for the day, having to get some things for her boy who was joining a merchant ship, and did I know where Heronsgate Mansions were, because she had a cousin living there whom she would like to see, and was there a good dentist in this neighborhood, and could I tell her if the 4:43 to Ashford was still running?

Having at length resumed my chair, I proceeded with Walter Pope:

"Let the gods, who dispose of every king's crown,
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down;
I'll pay the whole shilling impos'd on my head,
Tho' I go without claret that night to my bed. . . .

"Tho' I care not for riches, may I not be so poor
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door;
May they court my converse, may they take much delight
My old stories to hear in a winter's long night." . . .

The rusty man here came in again, and, after spending a moment at the shelves, offered me another book, and pitched such a tale of woe that I bought it for myself. Two days afterwards, I may here remark, Miss Wagstaff came up to ask me if I had sold a copy of Rogers's "Italy" with Turner's plates while I was in charge.

"No," I said, "but I bought one."

She examined it swiftly, and informed me that it was their own copy which had been sold to me.

"He spotted you for a greenhorn all right," she said. "And had a starving family, hadn't he? And was only just out of the Brompton Hospital?"

I said it was so.

"Oh, that Brompton Hospital!" she added. "Life would be quite simple if it had never been built. They've all got some one there when they want to sell a book."

I gave Miss Wagstaff the book again, and said I was very sorry.

"You'll always be taken in," she said, as she hurried off. "You go about asking for it."

Probably, but how can one say no to certain forms of distress, real or so well managed as to seem real? After my experiences, I know that it is not the disposal of books that presents the greatest difficulty to a bookseller, but the acquisition of them. At least I know that that would be the case with me. My difficulty would always be to refuse to buy the books which the unhappy persons brought in. A very little while after the shabby man had departed with his ill-gotten gains a neat little old woman entered with a brown-paper parcel which she undid with excessive deliberation and care, revealing at last a shabby copy of an odd volume of Rowe's Shakespeare. At the same time she took out of her purse a folded newspaper cutting and placed it in my hands. Then she looked at me with an expression in which excitement, hope, and fear were almost unbearably blended.

The wretched cutting, as I knew by inspired prevision, related to the sale of a first folio, which, after spirited bidding, was knocked down for £987. The pathetic figure before me had read the paper, had dimly remembered that among her dead husband's books was an old Shakespeare, and at last, with a beating heart, had found it and seen infinite possibilities of debt-paying and comfort before her.

What was I to do? She was manifestly so truthful, and the hope dying out of her poor eager face left it so wan and wintry.

A second-hand bookseller, I suppose, having chosen to be a second-hand bookseller and to live by his choice, has a short way with such clients. I know he must have. But I wondered what Mr. Bemerton would do, that is, if Miss Wagstaff permitted him to come on in that scene at all. The disparity between anything that I could give her and the sum she was expecting was clearly so immense that I did nothing at all. I merely said I was very sorry, and bowed her out, and returned once more to Walter Pope.

"May none whom I love to so great riches rise
As to slight their acquaintance and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be
As to move either pity or envy in me. . . .

"To outlive my senses may it not be my fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;
But rather let death come before 'tis so late,
And while there's some sap in it may my tree fall." . . .

Here a little girl from a neighboring shop ran in to ask for two sixpences for a shilling.

"You won't buy a nice set of Dickens, too?" I asked her, quite in the Wagstaffian manner, I thought.

"Not to-day," she said, gravely, with perfect London readiness; "but mother'll be wanting the washing-book bound in morocco next week."

"With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say:
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and not left behind him his fellow. . . .

"I care not whether under a turf or a stone,
With any inscription upon it or none,
If a thousand years hence, 'Here lies W. P.'
Shall be read on my tomb; what is it to me?"

Here entered a studious-looking youth who wished to know if I had a copy of "Höffding's Psychology." I said no; and almost immediately after came a commanding matron with her daughter for a complete set of Trollope for an invalid son who was going a voyage to the Cape. I said I was sorry, but I could not tell whether I had one or not: I was not the real bookseller, and knew nothing of the stock.

"I call it disgraceful," said the lady. "Mismanagement on all sides. We've only just been to the Stores, and failed to get a pocket sextant. I can't think what's coming to London. Where are the standard novels kept in this shop?" she asked sternly.

"I have no idea," I replied. "Let's hunt for them together."

"Certainly not," she said. "I have no time," and off she marched; but not before her daughter, who looked as if she wished to sink into the earth for shame, had thrown me a glance of sympathetic compassion which was a perfect balm for any wounds I might have received. And then I finished Walter Pope's poem:

"Yet one wish I add, for the sake of those few
Who in reading these lines any pleasure shall take:
May I leave a good fame and a sweet-smelling name.—
Amen. Here an end of my wishes I make.

CHORUS

"May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

That is the song which Benjamin Franklin sang, as he informed George Whately, a thousand times when he was young; "but now," he added, at fourscore, "I find that all three of the contraries have befallen me."

CHAPTER XIV

THE LINKEDNESS OF LIFE IS ILLUSTRATED, AND I BECOME A MONEY-LENDER

One of the strangest phenomena in this life of ours, I often think, is the way in which one thing leads to another. We million mortals may live alone, each in his sea of life enisled, but our influence on each other is continuous and remarkable, and—and this is the thought that pulls one up so suddenly—very often unconscious. It is not every pebble, so to speak, that we drop into the water that makes rings: the water is often already too restless to feel it; but the widening circumference of the rings that even an idler's stone can produce are almost terrifying to think of. The facile moralist would say that, this being so, people of strong or attractive personality must be very careful; but to be careful is useless. A capricious fate more powerful than the vigilant self-protectiveness of any human being is in command.

I am led to these reflections by something that happened at Bemerton's in the afternoon on that summer day. It was about a quarter to three, and Mr. Bemerton was due back at three exactly, when a nice-looking school-boy of about fourteen, with a frank and courageous countenance, walked in, carrying a book.

This he handed to me, a little self-consciously, with a request to know if I could give him a shilling for it. It was Hall and Knight's Algebra, and inside was written Estabrook I.

Now I am no censor, but I have certain fixed theories as to the law of *meum* and *tuum* and the training of boys, and also some undimmed recollections of the financial straits of my own school-days; moreover, I liked this boy's ingenuous face.

So I said, "The book is yours to sell, of course?"

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"You bought it with your own money?" I continued Socratically.

"Well, I didn't exactly buy it with my own money," he admitted. "But it's mine; that's my name in it."

"A school-book," I said; "one that you use in your lessons?"

"I sha'n't want it again," he replied; "I go into another form next term."

"But you think you have a right to sell it, as it was bought for you and you only?"

"Oh, yes, of course I do," he answered "and I want a bob to-day most fearfully. We've got a half-holiday, and it's the Yorkshire match at the Oval."

"You think your father would like to

know that you are raising money on a school-book to go to a cricket match?" I asked.

"But I've done with it," he repeated.

"You think your father would like to know? That is the whole point. If you can assure me that he would not mind your selling the school-book like this just for an afternoon's pleasure, I will give you a shilling for it at once."

He thought a little while and shuffled his feet, and his fine face clouded.

"No," he said at last, "he wouldn't like it," and he put out his hand to take the book back.

"How much pocket-money do you get?" I asked, as I gave it to him.

"Threepence a week," he said.

"Well," I said, "I will lend you the shilling, and you can pay me back as soon as it is convenient."

"Oh, I say, how frightfully decent of you!" he exclaimed.

So I handed him the shilling, and he crammed the book into his pocket and rushed off, being joined just outside by a smaller boy whom I guessed to be Estabrook II.

Estabrook! Now you see the conjunction of ideas, for one of my closest companions at school forty years ago had been an Estabrook, and it is not a common name. Could this boy, I wondered, be the son of my old friend? I had not long to wait to discover, for an unexpected tip from an uncle made it possible for him to discharge his debt quickly, and he was back within a week with the shilling in his hand.

Bemerton sent him upstairs to me, after having explained that I was not really the bookseller, but an eccentric gentleman masquerading as such; and I asked him at once about his father, and soon ascertained that it was really my old schoolfellow. And so I gave Kenneth—which was the debtor's name—a message to the effect that I should give myself the pleasure of calling upon him next Sunday afternoon. We agreed that nothing should be said as to the circumstances under which Kenneth and I had originally met. All we were to say was that we had come upon each other accidentally in Bemerton's. This harmless compact of secrecy made, as must so often have been the case, a very firm foundation of our friendship—a friendship which led to some very agreeable afternoons.

But see how it came about. The Rev. Ephraim Pye-Lipwood, tiring of horses, buys a motor car of one of his parishioners. He goes for his first ride and forgets to put on enough wraps. He catches a cold, which develops into double pneumonia, and he dies. His widow wishes to sell his library, and asks a friend to recommend a good dealer. The friend recommends Mr. Joseph Bemerton, of Westminster, and Mr. Bemerton arranges to go down by the 10:7 from Victoria on Tuesday.

He does so, leaving the shop in the capable hands of Miss Ruth Wagstaff. Meanwhile what does Miss Wagstaff's mother do? For a long time she has not been quite herself; ever since, in fact, she ate that pork chop at her sister's husband's aunt's. Nothing, somehow, has seemed to agree with her since; and her dyspepsia came to a head this very morning, at about half-past ten, just as Mr. Bemerton, in his third-class compartment, had finished the Daily Telegraph.

Hence the summons to Miss Wagstaff, and cause of my finding myself stationed in the shop all ready to deal with Master Kenneth Estabrook, and thus resume acquaintance with an old friend and make acquaintance with a delightful family. We never know when we are molding destiny.

The Estabrooks have six children, for they belong to a generation that was not afraid of such liabilities. Estabrook is a stock-broker in a comfortable way, and they live in a large house in the Cromwell Road almost opposite the Natural History Museum, which is a regular Sunday afternoon resort in winter. The children are four boys and two girls. Kenneth is the eldest; then comes John, who is at Osborne, and has the proud privilege of calling Prince Edward of York "Sardines"—(which is, I am told, the very natural nickname of one destined later to take his title from Wales, *i. e.*, whales in school-boy humor); then comes Christopher, who is at Westminster (Estabrook II); then Norah, aged ten; Winifred, aged eight; and Sam, aged six.

They seem to me very nice children, but a shade over-sophisticated, and with the modern touch of mockery. In my innocence I offered the youngest a beautiful piece of silver paper from a packet of tobacco, such as would have made me, at his age, feel something like a millionaire. But it had no attractions for him. His toys are ready-made, I imagine, and cost money.

After Kenneth, I think that my favorite is Norah, whom the others rather impose upon (it is ill to be the first girl in a family that already numbers three boys), and Norah, I think, likes me. I have already taken her to the Hippodrome, to the Zoo, and to the Exhibition; and I don't in the least see why she should not have a pony and ride straddle-legged in the Park, as the little girls now do. Little girls are little girls for so short a time; they have such a way of leaving the room frank, loving, uncalculating creatures, and returning in a few moments (so to speak) as women, with their hair up and their skirts down, and views on art and music, that it behooves their elderly admirers to take advantage of all the opportunities of enjoying their society while they are still children.

Life is strangely suspicious and impatient of youth and candor and innocence and *naïveté*. Hardly does it perceive these exquisite qualities to exist than it rubs away their bloom with a rough finger. How often one longs for an arrested progress—for a little girl to go on being a little girl a little longer; for the perpetual kitten of our dreams! But no; the Creator is not that kind of artist.

I took upstairs with me a fine copy of "Paterson's Roads," a book I had not seen since the sixties, when I used often to pore over my father's copy and set forth on imaginary journeys from London to Truro, London to Norwich, London to Dover, London to Everywhere, with Paterson's aid. I remember how proud I used to be to find our own ancestor in the margin—John Murray Falconer, Esq., of West Wolves House, Long Melton, five miles north of Cirencester, my father's grandfather; and Winnington Oakes, Esq., of Masters Hall, just to the west of Evesham, grandfather of my mother. I had, indeed, an ambition at that time some day to be in Paterson myself, not knowing that the book was already outmoded, and that I was doomed to spend most of my life in a country where roads are chiefly tracks.

Paterson's noble book, once in every country house and most town houses, is now rare, but it remains the best outline account of England in existence. Publishers may vie with each other in bringing out guide-books, and highway and byway books, and atlases and gazetteers; but "Paterson's Roads" still conquers. Everything about the best edition of it is right; its arrangement, its type, its spaciousness, its interest in gentlemen's places, its little pictures of turnpike gates, its careful information; but, most of all, its period, before rails came in, when horses were still honored, and postboys never died, and innkeepers flourished.

Paterson may be said to pair off with Fielding. He is Fielding's courier, so to speak. Fielding has the romance; Paterson finds the roads and looks after the luggage and the horses. He is a companion to Pickwick, too; a serious, methodical Sam Weller. Spend an hour with Paterson, and you will have the England of Tom Jones and Samuel Pickwick before you; you will know it through and through. The period between these two books was Paterson's period. "Tom Jones" was published in 1749, "Pickwick" in 1837; Daniel Paterson was born in 1739 and died in 1825, living towards the end so quietly that Edward Mogg, who brought out a sixteenth edition in 1822 and dedicated it to George IV, referred to its true author as "the late."

Of Daniel Paterson little—far too little—is known, save that he was an officer and a gentleman. I have been looking him up. He was successively ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel of infantry. For a long time he was assistant to the Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards, and in 1771 his road book was first published and dedicated to his superior officer. In 1812 he was made Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, a post he still held at his death. There's a melancholy fate for the author of the best English road book. Quebec! It was probably due to this enforced exile that to Edward Mogg fell the task of bringing the great work up to date; but he certainly ought to have known that its author was still living. Daniel Paterson's grave is at Clewer, near Windsor; but where he was born I know not.

One can open Paterson at random, sure to alight on some name that will quicken and kindle the memory. For example, I opened it last night at page 524—and had good luck, coming at once upon the great name of John Warde. Page 524 is in the Cross-Roads section, and the gallant Colonel (assisted by Edward Mogg) is taking us from Maidstone to Guildford, by Westerham, Reigate, and Dorking. Against Westerham, a quiet Kentish town with some significance for himself, since it was there that Wolfe was born—destined in time to make Quebec a city requiring a Lieutenant-Governor—against Westerham he draws our attention to Squerryes, the seat of John Warde, Esq.; and is not John Warde of Squerryes one of Nimrod's heroes? "Whoever," says that large-hearted man, "heard him utter an ill-natured word respecting any one, living or dead? Where was there a kinder friend or a better neighbor? And, above all things, where was his equal as a companion?" That was the whole-hearted way in which sportsmen used to write of each other in the forties, before "Paterson's Roads" was quite out of date. "Rough as was his exterior, Mr. Warde was accomplished and well informed, and capable of adapting his conversation to any society into which he might be thrown. In short, it is a matter of doubt whether there has existed a man whose name has not been long before the public, either in the capacity of a senator, a soldier, a sailor, or an author, so universally known as Mr. Warde of Squerryes, in Kent, was to all Englishmen in all quarters of the globe." Such was John Warde, for fifty-seven years a Master of Foxhounds, and known as "The Father of the Field."

Mr. Warde did a little in the way of La Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues, but his maxims rarely departed from sport, although, of course, a man who is qualified to write sound maxims for sportsmen is automatically qualified also to sum up life. Here are some of the sententiæ of John Warde, Esq., of Squerryes, Master of the Pytchley and other Hunts, as reported by Nimrod's pen:

"Half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth."

"Never buy a horse from a rich man who hunts, or from a poor man till you have tried him."

"Never believe a word any man says about a horse he wishes to sell—not even a bishop."

"Never refuse a good dinner from home, unless you have a better at home."

"Never keep a drinking man—nor a very pretty maid-servant."

Most of the successful conduct of life could be secured by careful obedience to these five counsels.

Paterson's was by no means the first road book; but it is the best. Mr. Bemerton showed me the other day "Ogilby's," a delightful series of copperplates, fourth edition, dated 1753. Every word in it is engraved, which makes reading sometimes a little difficult, but the effort is worth making. The great charm of the book is that all the journeys start from London, and the road is pictured the whole way. Every mile is marked. Thus the journey from London to Berwick, 260 computed and 339 measured miles, takes ten pages of three columns each. Nothing is needed but gradients and a few technical particulars to make it still perfect for the motorist. It would be an agreeable task to bring one of these books into line with the present day of machinery and petrol—agreeable, although tinged with melancholy.

(To be continued)